

For my respects J. P. H. 1835

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Vol. I.]

RICHMOND, AUGUST 1835.

[No. 12.]

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other Barbary States.

NO. VII.

Events of great importance had also occurred in Algiers, by which this ancient stronghold of piracy was stripped of its terrors, and its impotence fully demonstrated.

The resources of this state were even more severely affected by the wars of Europe, than those of Tunis and Tripoli, as it depended less than either of them upon native industry for support. A Pasha of Algiers, who wished to retain his throne and consequently his life, was forced to keep his troops engaged in wars from which they might individually derive profit; to increase their pay at the expense of the public treasury was ineffectual, and he who attempted thus to win their favor was soon despised and overthrown. They required the excitement of contests and plunder, and bread not won at the dagger's point seems to have had no relish with them. In 1805, these desperadoes murdered their Dey Mustapha, only because he was of too peaceable a disposition. Under Achmet his successor, they had a war with Tunis, but it was conducted in a very languid manner, for no plunder could be expected.

The United States continued to pay the enormous annual tribute which had been stipulated in the treaty of 1796, but not punctually. The little respect which was paid to neutral rights at that period by France and England, rendered the transmission of the naval stores composing the tribute difficult and unsafe, and this was the reason always alleged by the American Consul in accounting for the delay; but it was also in a great measure intentional, from the idea on which the other nations tributary to Algiers acted, that by thus remaining always in arrears, the fear of losing the whole sum due, would render the Dey less inclined to make any sudden depredations on their commerce. A strict adherence to engagements voluntarily entered into, would have been perhaps the better, and certainly much the more dignified course, as the Dey would have found it to his interest to conciliate those who paid so regularly.

Whilst the American squadron remained in the Mediterranean, these excuses were listened to without many signs of impatience, but on its departure Achmet raised his tone, and after threatening for some time, he at length in the latter part of 1807 sent out his cruisers with orders to seize American vessels, informing Mr. Lear at the same time, that this was not to be considered as a hostile proceeding, and should not disturb the peace between the two countries.

The Algerine cruisers took three American vessels, of which two were brought into port and condemned; the crew of the third the schooner Mary Anne, rose upon their captors, killed four of them, and having set the remaining four adrift in a boat, carried the vessel

safe into Naples. As soon as the Dey received the news of this, he ordered the American Consul instantly to pay sixteen thousand dollars as satisfaction for the lives of his eight subjects. Mr. Lear endeavored to obtain a delay until he could receive the orders of his government; but he was threatened with imprisonment, and a number of ships of war were ready to sail for the purpose of plundering American vessels; he therefore, after a formal protest, paid the sixteen thousand dollars for the Algerines killed, as well as the whole amount of the tribute then due.

Shortly after this occurrence, on the 7th of November, 1808, the Turkish soldiery revolted, and having killed Achmet, placed in his stead Ali the keeper of a small mosque. What were their reasons for such a choice cannot be stated, but the expectations of the Turks seem not to have been fulfilled; for on the 4th of March, 1809, they quietly took their sovereign to the common house of correction, and there strangled him. They then raised to the throne a decrepid old man named Hadji Ali, whose character was much more conformable with their wishes, for he proved to be one of the most energetic, as well as most ferocious tyrants ever known even in Algiers. He determined to revive the old glory of his state, and again to offer to all Christian nations the alternative of war or tribute.

Great Britain and France were at that time the only commercial nations at peace with Algiers and paying no fixed tribute, yet they vied with each other in the richness of their presents, which were made with great regularity on all public occasions. Great Britain too, passively encouraged the piratical propensity of the Algerines, by allowing them to plunder and carry off the miserable inhabitants of the territories which were occupied by her troops and at least nominally under her protection, while France and the countries subject to or in alliance with her, were secure from such depredations. The British did more; for in 1810,—when neutral commerce had been extinguished, and the resources of Algiers were in consequence almost cut off, as neither could tribute be sent nor compensation be obtained for it by piracy—at this conjuncture two large ships and a brig entered the harbor, laden with warlike munitions, the whole sent as a present to the Dey from the Government of Great Britain. Seventy thousand dollars were soon after received through the agency of the same government from Spain, in satisfaction for a pretended injury committed by a Spanish vessel.

By the aid of this timely supply, Hadji Ali was enabled to fit out a respectable naval force, which under the command of the Rais Hamida a daring and skilful corsair, sailed for the coast of Portugal, and for some time continued to insult and plunder the vessels of that wretched kingdom; this too, at a period when its fortresses were held by British troops, and its harbors filled with British ships of war.

At the commencement of 1812, it was almost certain that war would soon take place between the United States and Great Britain; in expectation of this, it was

important to the latter power to raise up as many enemies as possible to the Americans, and to deprive them of places of refuge for their vessels. It was principally with this object, that an Envoy was sent to the Barbary States; and he was made the bearer of a letter from the Prince Regent to the Dey, containing an offer of alliance, with the obligation on the part of Great Britain to protect Algiers against all its enemies, on condition of the observance of existing treaties between the two nations. The Envoy, Mr. A'Court,* was a man well calculated for carrying into effect the objects for which he was chosen, and he here first gave proofs of those talents which have since raised him to exalted stations in his country. He soon acquired great influence over the savage Turk; he demonstrated to him the designs and advances of Napoleon towards universal dominion, and made him tremble for the safety of his own Regency. On the other hand, he exhibited the mighty naval power of Great Britain, and endeavored to convince the Dey, that he could only escape the fate of the greater part of the European sovereigns, by seconding her efforts in resisting the insatiable conqueror. The United States were represented as the allies of France, possessing an extensive commerce, but having no naval force to protect it.

These views were confirmed by the assurances of the Jewish merchants, who conducted nearly all the outward trade of Algiers, and who were generally consulted on points of foreign policy. A truce was in consequence obtained for Sicily, the captives from that island being however retained in slavery. A peace was also negotiated between Algiers and Portugal, the latter agreeing to pay a large sum immediately, and a heavy annual tribute in future. However, the Dey could not be led to declare war against the dreaded Emperor of France, although he had no objection to a quarrel with the United States, conceiving that it might be made very profitable, either by depredations on their commerce, or by obtaining an increase of their tribute. He gave the first hint of his intentions to the American Consul, by sending him the Prince Regent's letter, under pretence of requesting a translation of it into Italian, but really for the purpose of inducing him to bid higher for the friendship of Algiers. No notice being taken of this, he became more insolent in his demands and threats.

At length, on the 17th of July, 1812, the ship *Alleghany* arrived at Algiers, laden with naval and military stores, which were sent to the Dey and Regency by the United States, according to the terms of the treaty of 1796. The Dey at first expressed his entire satisfaction with what was sent, and a part of the cargo was landed; a few days after, the Minister of Marine informed the American Consul, that his master had been much astonished on examining the lists of the articles, to find that several of them were not in such quantities as he had required, and also that some cases containing arms had been landed at Gibraltar, for the Emperor of Morocco; that he considered the latter circumstance as an insult to himself, and he would not, therefore, receive any part of the cargo of the ship. Mr. Lear endeavored to show that the value of the articles sent, was more than equal to the amount due by the United

States, and that if this were true, the Dey should not complain if a part of the cargo originally shipped were destined for another purpose.

In reply to this a new demand was made. By the treaty of 1796 the United States engaged to pay, "annually to the Dey, the value of twelve thousand Algerine sequins (21,000 dollars) in maritime stores," and payment to this amount had been made for each year since 1796. The Dey now contended that the time should have been counted by the Mahometan calendar which gives only 354 days to the year, and that consequently the United States owed him arrears of tribute for six months, to which the differences between the Mahometan and Christian years since 1796, when added together would amount. Against this novel demand, the Consul remonstrated and protested in vain; he was ordered to pay the whole sum due immediately in cash, the stores offered as tribute not being receivable, otherwise he would be sent in chains to prison, the Americans in Algiers be made slaves, the *Alleghany* with her cargo be confiscated, and war be declared against the United States. With such a prospect before him, the Consul could only pay the money, which was effected through the agency of the Jewish mercantile house of Bacri. As soon as this was done, the Consul and all the Americans were commanded to quit Algiers immediately; they accordingly embarked in the *Alleghany* for Gibraltar, where they arrived on the 4th of August.

Orders were then given by the Dey to his cruisers to take American vessels; but the apprehension of war with Great Britain had caused most of them to leave the Mediterranean, and the only prize made by the Algerines, was a small brig the *Edwin* of Salem.

Information of these outrageous acts was officially communicated to Congress by President Madison on the 17th of November, 1812; but war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain, and the American flag was not seen in the Mediterranean until 1815, in which year ample satisfaction was obtained for the indignities which it had suffered from Algiers.

In 1814 Hadji Ali was murdered, and his Prime Minister was invested with the sovereign authority; within a fortnight afterwards, the latter underwent the fate of his predecessor, and Omar the Aga or commander of the forces was made Pasha. Napoleon had by this time been overcome, and a congress of European potentates and ministers was assembled at Vienna, engaged in regulating the affairs of that portion of the world, which circumstances had placed under their control. To this congress a memorial was presented by the celebrated Sir Sidney Smith, the object of which was the formation of a naval and military force, by means of contingents furnished and supported by the nations most interested, for the purpose of protecting commerce and abolishing piracy in the Mediterranean. It was declared that the Ottoman Porte would willingly contribute to the attainment of this end, and that Tunis was also disposed to relinquish its unlawful attacks upon the commerce of Christian nations, provided it were sure of protection against the other two states of Barbary.

This romantic proposition seems to have engaged but little the attention of the congress, and a petition of the Knights of Malta for a restoration of their island was equally disregarded. Sir Sidney's plan was im-

* Now Lord Heytesbury.

practicable, and the Knights of St. John could never have seriously imagined that Great Britain would give up such a possession as Malta on considerations of doubtful philanthropy; they probably only hoped for some individual indemnification. No question concerning the Barbary States indeed seems to have been debated at the Congress of Vienna; the execution of any plan respecting them, must have depended on the approval of Great Britain, the commerce of which being secure from interruption, she had no interest in the suppression of these pirates.

Attempts had been made on the part of the United States, to obtain the liberation of the crew of the *Edwin* and of some other Americans who were held captive in Algiers; but Hadji Ali refused to part with them for any sum that would probably be offered, his object being to increase the number of his captives, in order to compel a renewal of the treaty on terms still more favorable to himself than those of the convention of 1796. Omar, who was a much more rational being than Hadji Ali, would probably have acceded to these offers, but they were not again proposed; no sooner were the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain arranged by the Treaty of Ghent, than the former power made preparations to rescue its citizens from slavery by force, and to punish the Algerines for the outrages committed in 1812.

A squadron consisting of three frigates, a sloop, a brig and three schooners, was fitted out and sent under Commodore Stephen Decatur to the Mediterranean, which sea it entered on the 14th of June, 1815. The Dey had already been notified of its approach by a British frigate, which appears to have been despatched for this purpose to Algiers; but the warning was disregarded, for his ships were all sent out, and no measures were taken by him to put the city in a state of defence.

On arriving at Gibraltar, the American Commodore received information that several Algerine ships were in the vicinity, and he immediately sailed in pursuit of them. On the 17th, the frigate *Guerriere* Decatur's flag ship overtook near Cape de Gatte the Algerine frigate *Mazouda*, commanded by the famous Rais Hamida; after a short action the *Mazouda* was taken, Hamida and thirty of his crew being killed. On the 19th an Algerine brig of twenty-two guns was also captured and sent into the port of Carthage, in Spain; on the 28th the American squadron appeared before Algiers, and proposed to the astounded Dey the terms on which he might obtain peace with the United States.

Confounded at the loss of his ships and the death of his daring Admiral, and dreading that the rest of his cruisers which were out, might fall into the hands of the Americans, Omar at once assented to the terms proposed, and a treaty was signed on the 30th of June, 1815. By its terms all the American prisoners were instantly to be surrendered without ransom, indemnification being made for their injuries and losses, and for all the seizures of American property in 1812; the Americans on their part, surrendering without ransom all their prisoners. No demands for tribute, under any name or form, were ever after to be made by Algiers on the United States; all American citizens taken on board the vessels of any other country, were to be set at liberty and their property to be restored as soon as their citizenship should be proved; vessels of either party were to be protected

in the ports, or within cannon shot of the forts of the other, and no enemy's vessel was to be allowed to leave a port of one country in pursuit of a vessel of the other, until twenty-four hours after the sailing of the latter; with many other provisions highly favorable to the United States. The American commander promised to restore to the Dey, the frigate and brig which he had taken, and the frigate was in consequence immediately given up; the brig was for some time detained by the authorities at Carthage, on the pretence that it had been captured within the jurisdiction of Spain.

The peace being thus made, and the stipulations of the treaty complied with as far as possible, Mr. William Shaler was installed as Consul General of the United States for the Barbary Regencies, and the squadron sailed on the eighth of July for Tunis, where its presence was required by circumstances which it will be necessary to detail.

During the great European war, the armed ships of France and England were in the habit of conducting their prizes into the Barbary ports and there selling them; a number of American vessels were indeed thus disposed of by the French, under the infamous Decrees of Berlin and Milan. The British Government, not content with this species of neutrality, sent Admiral Freemantle with a squadron to Tunis and Tripoli, and thus obtained from each of these powers, an engagement not to suffer any of the belligerents on the other side, to bring British vessels as prizes into its ports. After the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, no American armed vessel had ventured to pass the Straights of Gibraltar, until December 1814, when the privateer brig *Abellino*, from Boston, commanded by W. F. Wyer, entered the Mediterranean and took a number of prizes, some of which were sent into Tunis and Tripoli.

On the arrival of the first of these prizes at Tunis, Mr. Noah, the American Consul, at the request of the master, applied to the Bey for permission to sell her and her cargo. Mahmoud in reply showed him the engagement with Great Britain, which forbade his granting such a license; and the British Consul threatened, in case it were allowed, to send to Sicily for a squadron, in order to avenge this infraction of the treaty with his country. License to sell the vessel was however obtained by Mr. Noah, and she was accordingly disposed of with her cargo, Prince Mustapha the Bey's youngest son, contriving by fraud and by force, to become the purchaser of the greater part of the cargo, at very reduced prices.

Information of this having been conveyed to Admiral Penrose, who commanded the British naval forces on the Sicily Station, he sent a ship of the line and two brigs of war to Tunis, with a letter to the Bey, enjoining him to arrest the sale of the prize, and to forbid admission to others in future. With the latter requisition Mahmoud declared his readiness to comply; and two other prizes having soon after been sent in by Captain Wyer, he permitted the British to take possession of them, although they were at the time actually at anchor under the guns of the Goletta fortress. The vessels were immediately carried to Malta, where they were restored to their original owners, the prize crews being retained as prisoners.*

* It may be proper here to observe, that although the treaty of

Mr. Noah protested against these proceedings, as being contrary not only to the general principles of national law, but also expressly to the terms of the tenth article of the treaty between the United States and Tunis, which stipulates that "the vessels of either party if attacked by an enemy under the cannon of the forts of the other party, shall be defended as much as possible;" he at the same time gave notice to the Bey, that he would be required to make indemnification for the prizes which he had thus suffered to be carried off. Mahmoud, who had not had so much experience with regard to the customs and institutions of the Franks as had been acquired by Hamouda, could not comprehend this; he offered to intercede for the restoration of the vessels, and plainly told the Consul that if the captain of the *Abellino* chose to cut out two British merchant vessels which were then lying in the harbor, no attempt would be made to obstruct him.

Things were in this state on the 20th of July, when the American squadron arrived at Tunis from Algiers. The Bey was instantly required to pay forty-six thousand dollars, at which the two prizes which had been carried off were estimated; he of course refused, endeavored to evade the demand, and finally threatened resistance. But he had by this time been fully informed of what had taken place at Algiers, and the martial appearance and determined bearing of Decatur, who treated with him personally, not a little contributed to intimidate him; under these circumstances he thought it expedient to yield, and paid the money on the 31st, making some remarks on the occasion, which clearly showed that he had been encouraged by the British Consul to persevere in resisting the demand.

As soon as this business was concluded, Decatur sailed with his whole force for Tripoli, where he arrived on the 10th of August. Into this port the *Abellino* had carried two prizes; shortly after their entrance, the British armed brig *Paulina* with another vessel of war entered the harbor, and retook the prizes, the commander of the *Paulina* at the same time declaring his intention to pursue the *Abellino* if she should leave the place. This was done immediately under the castle walls, without any attempt at interference on the part of the Pasha. The American Consul, Mr. Jones, instantly requested Yusuf to cause the vessels to be restored, intimating that in case they were not, the Pasha would be compelled to pay for them himself; the Consul also demanded, that measures should be taken, in compliance with the tenth article of the treaty, to retain the British ships of war in the harbor, twenty-four hours after the sailing of the *Abellino*, which was about to put to sea. To both these demands Yusuf refused to yield assent; the prizes were in consequence sent to Malta, and the *Abellino* was detained in Tripoli. The American Consul then pulled down his flag, and sent information of the circumstances to the other Mediterranean Consulates, in order that it might be communicated to the commander of the squadron immediately on its arrival.

peace between the United States and Great Britain, had been signed at Ghent on the 24th December 1814, and ratified at Washington on the 17th of February 1815, yet a space of forty days after the ratification was allowed by the terms of that treaty, during which all prizes taken by either party in the Mediterranean, were to be retained; and hostilities were in fact continued in that sea until the 29th of March.

As soon as Decatur entered the harbor, he required the Pasha to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for the two prizes which he had suffered the British to carry off; it was paid in two days. In recompense for the assistance which had been rendered to the Americans by the king of Naples and the Danish Consul, the commodore also demanded the delivery without ransom, of eight Neapolitans and two Danes, who were held in slavery in Tripoli; they were immediately surrendered and restored to their homes.

Thus, in a great measure, in consequence of the promptitude and energy of the gallant officer who commanded the American squadron, within fifty-four days after its arrival in the Mediterranean, were these three piratical powers completely humbled by a force apparently inadequate to make any impression on the weakest of them. The treaty with Algiers was doubtless extorted by fear, and the Dey had no intention to keep his engagements longer than he was obliged, as facts afterwards showed; but important benefits were obtained at once, in the liberation of the captives and the restoration of the property taken in 1812. The moral effects produced in favor of the United States, not only in Barbary but in Europe, were incalculable; since that period, no Americans have been enslaved in either of those countries, and not a cent of tribute has been paid by the United States to any foreign power.

Scarcely had the Americans quitted Algiers, when a Dutch squadron consisting of four frigates, a sloop and a brig, under the command of an admiral, made its appearance. The object of this display was merely to propose a renewal of the treaty made before the subjugation of the United Netherlands by France, on conditions of annual tribute. Omar however refused to renew the treaty, unless all arrears of tribute, which were for more than twenty years, were paid; negotiations on these terms was impossible, and the admiral sailed away.

The Barbary cruisers, then undisturbed, renewed their depredations on Sardinia and Naples; the vessels of these defenceless countries were taken, and the inhabitants of the coasts were dragged away in great numbers to the slave markets of Africa. Great Britain alone could put a stop to these outrages; the French navy was disorganized, those of the other European powers were inadequate. But the British government was unwilling to give up the old system with respect to the Mediterranean pirates, and a relation of its proceedings will suffice to show, that they were by no means to be ascribed to a more liberal policy, and that their results were not proportioned to the means employed.*

* It may not be improper here to quote the observations contained in the *London Annual Register*, [for 1816, page 97] a work generally remarkable for its temperance and impartiality. "It has long been a topic of reproach which foreigners have brought against the boasted maritime supremacy of England, that the piratical states of Barbary have been suffered to exercise their ferocious ravages upon all the inferior powers navigating the Mediterranean sea, without any attempt on the part of the mistress of the ocean to control them, and reduce them within the limits prescribed by the laws of civilized nations. The spirited exertions of the United States of America in the last year, to enforce redress of the injuries they had sustained from these pirates, were calculated to excite invidious comparisons with respect to this country; and either a feeling of national glory, or some other unexplained motives, at length inspired a resolution in the British government, to engage in earnest in that task which the general expectation seems to assign it."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Extraordinary Indian Feats of Legerdemain.

[From the Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell, Esq.]

I have felt some reluctance in narrating the following singular feats, (I had almost said miracles) which I saw performed among the Arickara Indians, not because I considered them unworthy the attention of the curious, but lest I should be accused of sporting with the reader's credulity, or of availing myself too largely of what is supposed by some to be the *traveller's privilege*. I acknowledge that the performance was altogether above my comprehension, and greatly excited my astonishment.

In civilized life, we know the many expedients to which men resort in order to acquire a subsistence, and are not therefore surprised, that by perseverance and long practice, stimulated by necessity, they should attain great dexterity in the art of deception. To find it, however, carried to such great perfection by wild and untutored savages, who are neither urged by necessity, nor indeed receive the slightest reward for their skill, is certainly very surprising.

In travelling up the Missouri during the summer of 1831, we lost our horses near the Arickara village, which caused our detention for several days. As this nation has committed more outrages upon the whites than any other on the Missouri, and seem to possess all the vices of the savage without a redeeming virtue, we found ourselves very unpleasantly situated near the principal village, without sufficient force to repel an attack if one should be made. After some deliberation, we adopted the advice of an old Canadian hunter, and determined to move our chattels directly into the village, and, whilst we remained, to take up our lodgings with the tribe. We were emboldened to this step, by the assurance of the hunter, that the Arickarees had never been known to kill but one man who had taken refuge within the limits of their town, and that their forbearance originated in the superstitious belief that the ghost of the murdered had haunted their encampment, and had frightened away the buffalo by his nightly screams.

We were received in the village with much more politeness than we expected; a lodge was appropriated to our use, and provisions were brought to us in abundance. After we were completely refreshed, a young man came to our lodge and informed us that a band of bears, (as he expressed it) or medicine men, were making preparations to exhibit their skill, and that if we felt disposed we could witness the ceremony. We were much gratified at the invitation, as we had all heard marvellous stories of the wonderful feats performed by the Indian medicine men or jugglers. We accordingly followed our guide to the medicine lodge, where we found six men dressed in bear

skins, and seated in a circle in the middle of the apartment. The spectators were standing around, and so arranged as to give each individual a view of the performers. They civilly made way for our party, and placed us so near the circle that we had ample opportunity of detecting the imposture, if any imposition should be practised. The actors (if I may so call them) were painted in the most grotesque manner imaginable, blending so completely the ludicrous and frightful in their appearance, that the spectator might be said to be somewhat undecided whether to laugh or to shudder. After sitting for some time in a kind of mournful silence, one of the jugglers desired a youth who was near him, to bring some stiff clay from a certain place which he named on the river bank. This we understood, through an old Canadian named *Gar-row*, (well known on the Missouri,) who was present and acted as our interpreter. The young man soon returned with the clay, and each of these human bears immediately commenced the process of moulding a number of little images exactly resembling buffaloes, men and horses, bows, arrows, &c. When they had completed nine of each variety, the miniature buffaloes were all placed together in a line, and the little clay hunters mounted on their horses, and holding their bows and arrows in their hands, were stationed about three feet from them in a parallel line. I must confess that at this part of the ceremony I felt very much inclined to be merry, especially when I observed what appeared to me the ludicrous solemnity with which it was performed. But my ridicule was changed into astonishment, and even into *awe*, by what speedily followed.

When the buffaloes and horsemen were properly arranged, one of the jugglers thus addressed the little clay men or hunters:

"My children, I know you are hungry; it has been a long time since you have been out hunting. Exert yourselves to-day. Try and kill as many as you can. Here are white people present who will laugh at you if you don't kill. Go! don't you see that the buffalo have already got the scent of you and have started?"

Conceive, if possible, our amazement, when the speaker's last words escaped his lips, at seeing the little images start off at full speed, followed by the Lilliputian horsemen, who with their bows of clay and arrows of straw, actually pierced the sides of the flying buffaloes at the distance of three feet. Several of the little animals soon fell, apparently dead—but two of them ran round the circumference of the circle, (a distance of fifteen or twenty feet,) and before they finally fell, one had three and the other five arrows transixed in his side. When the buffaloes were all dead, the man who first addressed the hunters spoke to them again, and ordered them to ride into the fire, (a small one having been previously kindled in the

centre of the apartment,) and on receiving this cruel order, the gallant horsemen, without exhibiting the least symptoms of fear or reluctance, rode forward at a brisk trot until they had reached the fire. The horses here stopped and drew back, when the Indian cried in an angry tone, "why don't you ride in?" The riders now commenced beating their horses with their bows, and soon succeeded in urging them into the flames, where horses and riders both tumbled down, and for some time lay baking on the coals. The medicine men gathered up the dead buffaloes and laid them also on the fire, and when all were completely dried they were taken out and pounded into dust. After a long speech from one of the party, (of which our interpreter could make nothing,) the dust was carried to the top of the lodge and scattered to the winds.

I paid the strictest attention during the whole ceremony, in order to discover, if possible, the mode by which this extraordinary deception was practised; but all my vigilance was of no avail. The jugglers themselves sat motionless during the performance, and the nearest was not within six feet of the moving figures. I failed altogether to detect the mysterious agency by which inanimate images of clay were to all appearance suddenly endowed with the action, energy and feeling of living beings.

* * * *

—
[From the same.]

Remarkable Dream and Prediction, with their fulfilment.

Many whose opinions are entitled to profound respect, have believed that man in his primitive or savage state, without the means of cultivating or exercising his reasoning powers, has been occasionally favored by divine or supernatural illumination. Whatever difference of opinion may exist however, in reference to this subject, there can be none as to the *facts* about to be recorded. In the fall of 1827, an old Mandan chief proclaimed early in the morning, through the village or town of his tribe, the following dream, which he alleged to have had the over night. "The Great Spirit," said he, "appeared to me last night and told me that my feast had given him much satisfaction—that he had concluded to take pity on me, and afford me an opportunity to avenge the death of my son. He told me when the sun had performed about half his journey, that I must start and go down to the little lake, (about ten miles distant)—that there I should find four of my enemies lying asleep, and that amongst them was the one who had slain my son—that I should attack and kill all four, and return safe to the village with their scalps." This dream the old Mandan repeated to William P. Pilton and James Kipp, traders, who

were then present, and who are now living and can vouch for the fact. About noon he departed for the lake, and would suffer none to accompany him. In the evening, to the astonishment of every one who had heard the dream, he returned with four scalps and the arms and clothing of four Arickara warriors. This chief was afterwards called "Four Men," in commemoration of this exploit.

But the following extraordinary prophecy, and its subsequent exact fulfilment, came within my personal knowledge. If it does not prove direct supernatural interference, it at least shows that events previously foretold, have come to pass in a manner which no human sagacity can well understand.

In the spring of 1829, about the 14th of March, I was preparing to leave my wintering ground, which was just below the fork of the *River Des Moines*. A camp, consisting of about fourteen lodges of Menomonies, or Wild Rice Indians, situated a few hundred yards below my house, was also prepared to move down the river immediately on the breaking up of the ice, which was then daily expected. The wife of one of the principal men was very sick, and inasmuch as her illness would delay their departure, they felt much solicitude for her recovery, and requested an old man among them called "*The Bears Oil*," to call down the Spirit who presides over human life and question him respecting her recovery. The venerable doctor or seer at first seemed reluctant to comply, but on receiving several presents he commenced preparations. The first thing to be done was the erection of a house or lodge for the reception of the Spirit. Four poles of about ten feet in length were planted in the ground, forming a square of about four feet. The whole camp brought out their blankets, which were wrapped around the poles from the bottom to the height of about eight feet. On the ends of the poles was suspended all the finery which the camp could afford, as a greater inducement, I suppose, for the Spirit to descend. When these preparations were completed, the old man raised up the lower edge of the blankets and crawled into the lodge, where he remained entirely concealed from the spectators—not forgetting however to take with him his drum and medicine bag. From the time he entered, he was silent for nearly an hour, when at last he commenced singing in a low voice, accompanying himself on the drum. The words of the song, as well as the conversations which he afterwards carried on with the Great Spirit, were in a language entirely unknown to any except the initiated; and I have observed in all ceremonies of a similar kind, and among all tribes of Indians, the same unintelligible jargon is used. The Great Spirit delayed making his appearance so long, that I began to think the inducements were not sufficient;

and being anxious to witness the conclusion of the ceremony, I sent to my house for some tobacco and ammunition as an additional offering. This gave much satisfaction to the Indians, and appeared also to be highly acceptable to the Spirit,—for a violent shaking of the lodge, and the jingling of the hawk bills which were fastened to the end of the pole, announced his arrival.

The old man proceeded immediately to business. In a short time he announced to the wondering crowd which surrounded the lodge, that the woman would die about sunrise on the following morning. He also stated that the cause which would produce her death was a fever in the heart, and this was occasioned by her always being in a bad, angry humor. The object of invoking the Spirit was accomplished in what had been announced; but the priest of the oracles further observed, that the Great Spirit had signified his willingness to answer any one question which might be asked. As the Menomones were apprehensive of an attack from the Sioux, their fears naturally induced them to ask if any other person belonging to their camp should die or be killed previously to their reaching the Mississippi. The old man soon returned the answer of the Great Spirit, which was, that three of those who were then present would never see the Mississippi again. I was astonished at the old fellow's boldness in thus hazarding his reputation on a prophecy, the fulfilment of which seemed so very improbable. Some of the young men ventured a second question, and inquired the names of the persons who were sentenced to die—but immediately the shaking of the lodge and the jingling of the hawk bills, as before, announced the sudden departure of the Spirit. The old man made his appearance, but was evidently much displeased that the last inquiry was made. His look was sullen and angry, and he maintained a stubborn silence. Finding that nothing more was to be learned, I returned home, and amused myself with what I then supposed a ridiculous superstition.

Early next morning I walked to the Indian camp, in order to ascertain if the sick woman was still living; and before I proceeded far, I met several of her own sex, provided with hoes and axes, going to prepare her grave. They told me that she died precisely at the time that *Bears Oil* had predicted; and they further informed me that the Indians were preparing to move down the river as soon as the ice had started, not doubting that the other three condemned to death by the prophet were doomed to be killed by the Sioux.

Two days after the woman's death, an Indian ran into my house and told me, that a tree which they had commenced cutting down the evening before, and which had been imprudently left standing cut half way through, had just blown down, and had fallen across one of the lodges, by

which a woman and child had been instantly killed. He congratulated himself that, according to the prophecy, only one more person was to die, and earnestly hoped that it might not be himself.

On the 20th of the month the ice broke up, and on the 22d the Indians and traders started in company to descend the *Des Moines* in boats. For several days we journeyed on without accident or annoyance—and when we at length arrived within ten miles of the Mississippi, several of the men began to tease and joke the old prophet, asking if he meant to throw himself overboard in order to verify his own prediction. The old man paid no attention to their jests, but sat silently smoking his pipe, and apparently absorbed in deep thought. He was an object of general attention, nor shall I ever forget his appearance. His tall and emaciated form lay stretched at some length on the deck; his hollow sunken eyes were turned upward, and appeared straining in search of some invisible object; and ever and anon long streams of tobacco smoke were blown through his nose, ascending in curling vapors above his head. His imagination appeared to be busied in forming figures out of the smoke, and when a breeze scattered it away, he immediately sent forth another whiff, again to resume his ideal occupation. As we approached the Mississippi, the laugh and jests of the boatmen became more loud and frequent—but he appeared to be entirely insensible to surrounding objects, and I had almost come to the conclusion that the venerable seer was about to fulfil his own prophecy. Just at that moment the man who was steering my boat complained of a violent headache, and begged me to place some other person at the helm, which was accordingly done. He seated himself on deck, but I remarked that his countenance underwent various changes in quick succession. He paused for a moment, and then exclaimed, apparently in great agony, "I am the third person destined never to see the Mississippi, for I am now dying. Oh, my friends, raise me up and let me but behold the river, for it may possibly change my destiny!" I exhorted him to keep up his spirits, and to dismiss such apprehensions from his mind, assuring him that it was impossible for him to die before we reached the Mississippi, for that as soon as we turned the point below we should be in sight of the river. Thinking that some slight indisposition had concurred with the words of the prophet to excite his imagination highly, I stepped to the bow of the boat, and ordered the men to row round the point as quick as possible. I stood on the bow until the point was turned, and the majestic Mississippi lay stretched before us in full view. I immediately called to *Baptiste*, (the sick man's name,) and told him he might now see the river; but the only answer I received was from one of the men—"He is dead!" "Impossible!" I thought, and ran to the body—

but it was too true; the man was a corpse, and his eye now glazed in death *had not perceived the perturbed waters of the Father of Floods!* I turned to the old sorcerer, whom I now considered as such, and was struck with the calm indifference with which he received the intelligence. "Villain!" I exclaimed, seizing him at the same time, with strong indignation, by the arm, "it was you who killed this man! You have poisoned him, and I will have you drowned for it." The old man replied with great composure, and without the least symptom of fear—"if you believe it was I who raised the wind which blew the tree across the lodge and killed the woman and child, then you may believe that I poisoned this man." I was struck with the justness of the defence, and said nothing more to the prophet.

* * * *

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

On the Death of James Gibbon Carter.

O'er the fam'd seat of science and of arms,
What dire disaster spreads such wild alarms?
What requiem sad is chanted o'er that bier?
Why streams the silent, sympathetic tear?
Why droop the ensigns of our sister state,
As though they mourn'd a fallen nation's fate?
In long procession through the crowded hall,
With measur'd footsteps and uncover'd pall,
Columbia's youthful chivalry appears
With crape-clad banners, and with trailing spears;
Whilst o'er each head funereal cypress bends,
And the sad streamer from each arm descends;
They weep the young—the noble—and the brave,
Consign'd by "doom" to an untimely grave;
Ere manhood stamp'd its image on his brow,
Or gave his lips the soldier's gen'rous vow,
Snapt was this scion in an evil hour.
Nor ling'ring death, nor sickness claim'd their pow'r;
But full of life—joy sparkling in his eye—
The fell destroyer came, commission'd from on high,
And Carter perish'd! Casuists, be still!
Was it without his mighty Maker's will?
Has not Omnipotence itself the pow'r
To bring repentance in the final hour?
Oh sad vicissitudes of earthly trust—
Hopes—bright as seraph's smile, consign'd to dust!
Here would we drop the veil o'er mortal woe,
Or give the dark'ning picture brighter glow,
But Truth forbids. At duty's call we come
To paint the horrors at his distant home.

Lo! by the patriot's couch a group appears,
Repressing anguish, and restraining tears;
Though at the effort nature's self recoils,
(For nature claims her tributes and her spoils,)
Brief are the hours which now the sick man claims,
Nor asks he more, since Zionward he aims:
The feeble sands of life are almost spent—
Dim is his eye—his locks with silver blent;
He, with the Patriarch of eld, may say,
"Short, but replete with woe, has been my day."
Then spare the agony his heart must know,
Ere waning life should sink beneath this blow.

But, oh! the Mother's desolated heart!
What charm can sooth—or what a balm impart?
Her hope—her stay—snatch'd to an early tomb,
Involving life itself in tenfold gloom!

MARCELLA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

When in my life's propitious morn
The sun of joy and hope once smiled,
Fair Poesy, of Pleasure born,
Each fancied sorrow oft beguiled.

But when the blast of real woe
Withered the brightness of my soul—
Bade me to dream of bliss no more,
And yet denied the Lethean bowl,

Did Poesy, like that bright star
That burns upon the brow of night,
Scatter misfortune's clouds afar,
And with her beauty glad my sight?

Ah, no! She flies the wretched breast,
To seek the gay and happy throng;
In mirth's soft bowers she loves to rest,
And speed the flying hours along.

Where fountains play, and flowrets bloom,
And where no thoughts of care intrude,
To beauty's halls the Muse has flown,
And left me to my solitude.

But lo! a fairer form appears,
On heavenly pinions hovering nigh;
She bids me dry repining tears,
And points me to her native sky.

She tells me of repose and peace
Which to the pure in heart are given,
And bids my sorrowing bosom cease
To mourn for those who're blest in heaven.

Religion! on thy brow doth glow
The rainbow hues of hope and joy;
That perfect peace thou canst bestow,
Which nothing earthly can destroy.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

STANZAS.

The moon as brightly shines to-night,
The scene as lovely ought to be,
As when I gazed upon its light
And thought sweet Hope was born for me;
'Tis I am changed, and not the hour—
Alas! the darkness centres *here*;
No clouds about yon planet lower,
I only view it through a tear.

Soft, lovely orb! some smiling eye
Ev'n now reposes on thy beams,
Some maid that never breathed a sigh,
Forsakes for thee her tranquil dreams;
Methinks I view her buoyant breast,
And mark the hopes that tremble there;
I also dreamed that I was blest,
'Till waked from slumber by a tear.

F. L. B.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. V.

The voice of youth! the air is rife
 With a dream of glorious things,
 And our harp is thrilling with the life
 Of all its shining strings.—*Newspaper.*

The famed drinking song of Rabelais "*Remplioz tous verre vuide*," the offspring of that wonderful man whose humor electrified an age, and whose sarcasm did as much for religious reformation as the logic of Luther, greeted my ears when I descended at the Raleigh in Williamsburg. Before me was a huge and curiously misshapen edifice, surmounted by a box, which looked more like a coffin than a porch. Over it the frowning head of the immortal patron of tobacco and potatoes ghastly smiled through its gamboge and vermilion, looking like one of those rough portraits, which in the earlier maps of Virginia, are placed amid the *terra incognita*, where "*divers salvages inhabit*." The porch was filled with young men, sitting in that peculiar posture, which resembled them to the mortars which grimly flank some armed fort, moving themselves and their legs from the banisters, only to examine a case of pistols, on which an atrabilious youth was lecturing with great spirit. A few seemed to be absorbed in a newspaper, while more than one was employed in catching the echo of the bacchanial song, and murmuring it back to the festive board. The arrival of Arthur Ludwell and myself, produced a momentary sensation of curiosity and attention, and we had scarcely dismounted from our horses, ere we were frankly invited to join in the festivities of the club. With his accustomed prudence, Arthur declined the dangerous honor, while I, through an utter recklessness of heart, and a burning thirst for excitement, quickly accepted the offer, and was immediately ushered into the "*Apollo*," a long and dimly lighted room, in which, around a table, were gathered the bloom of boyhood and the bud of adolescence. Wine, adulterated into poison by its union with brandy, and that original sin of southern intemperance mint julap, stood forth the bold heralds of an incipient debauch. A young man of dark complexion and melancholy countenance, acted as the president of the board, occasionally struggling with himself for a bad pun, or joining in the chorus of each mirthful song.

"How has the affair between Leger and Allan terminated?" inquired a faint voice near me.

"*Diffugere vives*," responded the president, "for they fought this morning at the hay-yard with my pistols. Leger had the advantage of the ground, '*mutat terra vices*,' and hit Allan at the third fire. However, his wound is not dangerous; they are now friends. Here's to their health, and to the ball, which in purifying honor, exalts friendship."

I did not comprehend either the logic or morality of this toast—yet I drank it through common civility; and from my desire to be considered as a youth of spirit, I soon reeled in the full grossness of intoxication. The lights were now extinguished, and we sallied forth, fired with the ambition of "putting the town to rights." At the door I met Scipio, who gazing on me for a moment, averted his face and burst into tears. I passed rapidly by him, and with difficulty smothered a curse which my pride aimed at his weakness. Unno-

ticed by my companions he silently followed me; and it was his hand which raised me from the earth where I had fallen, and his arm which bore me to my room.

I arose the next morning with a shattered frame and an aching heart, nor could my crazed philosophy destroy the blush with which memory every moment bitterly suffused my cheek. But was not drunkenness the attribute of genius! the unerring characteristic of intellect!—for while tradition sighed over the memory of the victims of intemperance, the lustre of genius awoke the pity of sympathy, the pardon of virtue, and the emulation of folly. All the promising young men who have sunk into a drunkard's grave, were full of high and lofty intelligence, and would have realized the proudest hope of fame but for this fatal excess of genius. Strange fatuity! and stranger that its rottenness should excite either our pity or forgiveness!

College life is a little dream of human passion and human infirmity. It is the same eternal track of disappointment, over which folly vaults and ambition staggers—a record of youthful happiness written on a summer's leaf, it glitters for the moment, and fades away beneath the spirit which freshens it into beauty. 'Tis the miniature arena in which human life first disports its vices, its hopes, and its imaginings—and if no other knowledge be acquired, the collegian can look with pride on his acquaintance with the world, its follies and its pleasures, and hug to his bosom that kernel of truth which has been wrested from the hard husk of disappointment. We had numerous debating societies, where the elements of government, the subtleties of law, and the vagaries of taste were nightly discussed. We were either orators or philosophers—the former declaiming in all the pomp of verbosity, the latter deciding in all the solemnity of silence. Newspapers were eagerly read, and many a maiden pen first fleshed itself in these shambles of faction. All write in Virginia for these greedy receptacles of morbid ire and political venom—and he who can sketch the hundredth-told tale, in improved bombast, or provincial dialect, becomes the little great man of the cross-roads, or struts the swelling Junius of the court-yard. Write in jagged orthography—the dictionary is at hand; scuffle through the rules of grammar—the printer has a happy talent of correcting by his own grammar; violate the sense of language and the chastity of style, for this is a trait of towering genius; but write, and write again, until you can gaze with triumph on the tenth number of some masterly Cato—some learned Sidney—or some eloquent Curtius. These compliments are the certain rewards of your labors—for the printer's praise is measured by your fustian, and that of his readers is gained by the length of your numbers.

I found Pilton, a student of reputation and character, which added bitterness to the malignity of my hate. Our meeting was cold, formal and ceremonious; and on my part, I was repulsive almost to direct insult. My hate was fierce, violent and untamed—but still it was open and undisguised, apparently losing its malice in good breeding, and its assassin-like propensity in honor. As usual, his habits of intense application had given him a high rank both in his class and in the esteem of the professors, while his ill-breeding was forgotten in the light which learning threw around him. To all my open attacks, secret insinuations, and ma-

levolent hints, he exposed that affected candor and subtle magnanimity, which neutralized the poison and blunted the edge of my weapons.

There was a ball at the Old Raleigh during the Christmas holidays, to which the city as well as its vicinity sent a numerous representation of those soft, fragile and dove-like females, who, springing like so many Venus' from the bosom of the sea, claim their home only in the tranquil and affectionate hearths of tide-water Virginia. Like the mocking bird, their dwelling place is amid the ripple of the murmuring tide, while their song is the melody which thrills into life the fearful and eternal solitude of the pine forests. When I entered the room, the dance was exultingly triumphant, and each mazy figure was softened into intense interest by that joyousness of mirth which takes its pride of place only from early hearts and youthful hopes. One girl instantly arrested my attention; and the long, deep and ardent gaze which I directed towards her, mantled her cheek with a deep and struggling blush, giving that delicate tint which, like the fabled rose, twines itself around, only to bloom over the pallid countenance of disease. She was pale, attenuated and fragile, with that dewy-like softness which is stolen from the couch of sickness, and that tranquil firmness which shows both a capability of happiness, and a peaceful resignation at the want of it. Her form was full of grace and symmetrical beauty, and her eye, like a glow-worm, lit up the saddened paleness of her face. How wonderful is the contagion of friendship! How curious are the hallowed sympathies of love! Unseen though felt—unknown though experienced, they breathe that pathos of congeniality, which in exciting attachment, confirms constancy, and which ever leaves us to wonder not so much at their commencement as at their continuance. I do not know that my appearance was calculated to impress the heart of the fair girl who trembled under my searching gaze; but her blush truly responded to the passion, poetry and sympathy which my eyes discoursed, and I soon found that the shadowy gloom of my countenance had arrested her kindness and excited her curiosity. I was soon formally introduced, though in the confusion of the moment I did not hear her name; and on her complaint of fatigue, I led her to a retired seat, and in a short time we were fairly launched into that great sea of conversation, the mental difference of the sexes—a subject on which man ever shows his ill-nature, and woman her superiority. I found her mind opening like the flowers of the wilderness in richness, variety and freshness, and her wit leaping and gambolling like an uncaged bird. I poured out all the long-hived treasures of my erudition, disclosed the whole extent of my learning, and disported all the little elegancies and graces of my nature. I could tell her no secret of taste, or display no gem of literature, with which she was not familiar; and looking up in her tranquil and placid face, I took no note of time, or of the whispers of the crowd, which had declared me “a case.”

Towards the conclusion of the ball, a gentleman taking advantage of a pause in our conversation, addressed her by the name of Miss Pilton. Good God! how that word rang and tingled through the deepest recesses of my heart, and how quickly did my hate leap up to it as a fortuitous gift for its demoniac revenge.

“Are you the sister,” I inquired, “of Mr. Henry Pilton, now at William and Mary?”

“I am his only sister,” was her reply. “You certainly know him, and if you do not, you must seek his acquaintance. I will tell him that I am about to make you my friend, and he will love you for my sake.”

“I do know him,” I answered; “he is studious and intelligent, and possesses the esteem and confidence of all the professors.”

She rewarded this constrained, though frank avowal, with a smile—and in the rapture of her joy, she betrayed all that confidence which her brother's pride had deposited in her bosom, and told with enthusiasm the little history of his ambition, his fears, and his hopes. He boldly anticipated every honor within the compass of society; and that proud determination to be great, which invigorated his youthful ambition, added a deeper hue of malignity to the venom of my hate.

“He hardly gives me time,” she said, “to love him; for gazing like the eagle on the sun, he never looks down on the insipid dulness of earth. I do not admire students, Mr. Granby; they are cold and selfish, and though they gain our flattery, they rarely win our hearts.”

I construed this remark, though made at the expense of her brother, as a compliment to myself, and soon gained her smiles, by many sarcasms which I levelled at pedants, scholars and students. Without professing flattery, I pleased her by a ready acquiescence of sentiment and opinion; and anticipating her pride of sex and her tenderness of heart, I lauded in the richest language of quotation, woman's love, and woman's constancy. The artlessness of her character, and the simplicity of her nature, could not hide from my vanity the favorable impression I had made on her heart. I looked on my victim with some emotions of pity, and paused for a moment under the goading sting of conscience; yet the fiend-like passion which rioted on my life, told me that the ruin of her peace, and the destruction of her happiness, would be the proudest victory which my hate could achieve.

Leaving her for a few moments, I looked around at the mirthful throng which filled the room, and sauntered to the *bar*, which was a point where conversation converged its focus. About a table prodigally ornamented with decanters and glasses, were collected numerous groups of young men, who were all talking at the same time on beauty, horseracing, politics and duelling. Here and there a solitary tobacco chewer might be seen, stealing to some fire place or window, and enjoying in mute rapture, the filth, excitement and grossness of his depraved appetite. Two or three youthful legislators from the adjoining counties, were flaunting their maiden honors in the broad light of political vanity—while four elderly gentlemen, in embroidered waistcoats and fair-top boots, were eloquently deprecating the onward march of democracy, which made the legislature a mob of demagogues, and the ball room a collection of fine clothes and vulgarity. This was my uncle's favorite theme, and from the folly of such croaking aristocracy, common sense and not education had delivered me. An aged negro, the “harmonious Phillips” of the country, dressed in the ample costume of the old school, with a powdered head, a large knob of watch seals, and a silver ship in his bosom, controlled with fierce tyranny his partners of the bow, fife and trian-

gle. Bowing almost to the floor, he would ever and anon cry out in a magisterial tone, *cross over—forward—turn your partners—done*, and catching the inspiration of catgut and rosin, his ivory teeth were displayed like the keys of a piano-forte, while his broad face fairly laughed itself into ecstasy.

At the conclusion of the ball, I became the solitary escort of Miss Pilton. The moon was shining coldly and brightly over the world; and when I was about to leave my fair charge, looking up she exclaimed, "How beautiful!—how melancholy!—it makes me almost a poetess. What a contrast to the busy crowd we have just left; oh! that human life was as cloudless, and human love as pure!"

There was no affectation in this rhapsody—no girlish sentiment in the display; for nature called forth the gushing softness of her heart, and I quickly took advantage of this moment of philosophic romance.—Where is the lover who has not found the moon his silent yet most impassioned advocate, and who, when gazing on its mellow light, has not caught that saddened sympathy which brightens every dark spot in the horizon of the heart.

"Yes," I replied, "it is the same cloud-wrapt sphere which has always looked down on the little drama of human folly, unmoved amid the desolations of death and the fall of empires, forever whispering love, and exalting the best affections of our nature. Marriages must be made in *heaven*—and this pale messenger, in expanding the heart, almost persuades me that it is commissioned to teach love and awaken affection."

Ere she could reply, I placed a leaf of evergreen in her hand, and uttered enough of love to call a burning blush to her cheek. I lingered for a few moments at the door, and on leaving the scene, I turned around to gaze on the being who was thus insensibly falling into the toils of my duplicity. I saw her place in her bosom the treacherous emblem which I had given her; and as the silvery light of the moon trembled over her marbled brow and placid countenance, I almost believed that its rays had claimed that spot, as the only tranquil home in the wide world on which they might kiss themselves into slumber.

THETA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER SEVENTEENTH.

The Garden of Plants—The Camel Leopard—The Library, Museum, and Cabinet of Anatomy—Manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry.

PARIS, —.

My dear Sister:—

I do not wonder that you are surprised at my not having yet described to you the "Royal Garden of Plants." The fact is, we have been thrice disappointed in our arrangements to go there, but at last have accomplished our project, and devoted both Tuesday and Wednesday to the investigation of this famed spot, and we have seen nothing in Paris that has interested us more. It is of great extent, and affords the visiter as much information as amusement. It was founded by Jean de Brosses, the physician of Louis XIII, and much improved by the exertions of Buffon the naturalist. It contains various enclosures, some of which are appropriated to botany, and display every plant, flower and shrub, native and foreign, that can be made to

grow there. Each is labelled, and bears its botanical name; and there are spacious hot-houses for such as require shelter and extreme care. We remarked here some fine specimens of the bread tree and sugar cane. Other enclosures are filled with all sorts of culinary vegetables. There are besides, nurseries of fruit trees and samples of different kinds of fences, hedges and ditches, and of various soils and manures. The enclosures are separated by wide gravel walks,

"Bounded by trees, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

In the centre of the garden is an artificial hill, crowned with a temple, from which you enjoy a view of the city, and may aid your sight with a spy glass, by paying a trifle to a man who owns it and generally sits there, for the purpose of hiring it, and indicating to strangers the names of the public edifices visible in the perspective. On the way to the temple, you pass under a huge and towering cedar of Lebanon, which De Jussieu the botanist planted more than eighty years ago. This superb tree was considerably injured during the revolution; and had it not been for the remonstrances and influence of Humboldt the traveller, the whole garden would probably be now in a ruinous condition—for when the allies were in Paris, it was owing to his exertions that the Prussians were prevented encamping there.

The menagerie exhibits the greatest variety of animals. The ferocious are kept in iron cages; those that are gentle, in enclosures and habitations suitable to their propensities and natures, and embellished with such trees and shrubs as are found in their native climes. Goats for instance, are furnished with artificial acclivities for climbing, and bears with dens and rugged posts. The populace often throw biscuits and fruit to the bears, in order to witness their endeavors to catch them; but this is dangerous diversion, for in doing this, a boy was not sufficiently alert in his movements, and ere he withdrew his arm, had it severely lacerated by the eager animal. On another occasion, a careless nurse, while amusing herself in a similar manner, let a child fall in, which was instantly devoured! Among the gentlest and most curious of the quadrupeds, is the giraff, or camel leopard, which was brought from Africa about two years ago, and threw all Paris into commotion. Thousands visited him daily, and belts, reticules, gloves, kerchiefs, and even cakes and blanc mangés were decorated with his image. It is said that he possesses both sagacity and sensibility, to prove which the following anecdote is related of him. As his keepers were bringing him to Paris, they were joined by a man on horseback, who continued to bear them company for several miles, until he came to another road. The giraff, which had manifested great delight when the traveller first appeared, then evinced deep distress, and even shed tears! Upon inquiry, it was found that the traveller's horse and the giraff were from the same part of Africa, and probably old acquaintances. This is a marvellous story, I must confess; nevertheless, many persons believe it. I will now tell you another less incredible, and which shews to what perfection the flower makers here carry their art. The giraff is very fond of rose leaves; and not long since, seeing a bunch of artificial roses in a lady's bonnet, and thinking them natural, he seized hold of them, and

pulled with such force, that he soon had possession of hat and all. It must have been a ludicrous scene. He is so delicate, that strict attention is obliged to be paid to his food and lodging. The first consists of *delicate* vegetables, and the heat of the last is regulated by a thermometer; and his African attendant sleeps near to guard him and supply his wants. Leaving the quadrupeds, we proceeded to look at the birds, which are also admirably arranged. The water fowls have their pools and lakes—the ostrich its sands, and so on.

I have now detailed what we saw on Tuesday. On Wednesday we returned to the garden, and examined the Library, the Museum of Natural History, and the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, where, for the first time in my life, I beheld the human form, divested of its skin and flesh, and changed to a machine of dried bones and sinews, and bloodless veins! The sight made me shudder, and I felt relieved when we came away.

Not far from the Garden of Plants, at the corner of the Rue Mouffetarde, is the celebrated manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry, which derives its name from a dyer who first owned the establishment, and employed himself in coloring worsteds. Colbert, the patriotic champion of the arts and sciences, during his ministry, occasioned the rise and perfection of it in the following manner. He engaged workmen to weave tapestry in imitation of that of Flanders. The attempt succeeded, and such has been the proficiency of those who have since carried on the work, that their productions are now equal to any others of the kind. You may imagine what care and expense is required in the business, when I inform you that a single piece of tapestry frequently demands two years labor to finish it, and has cost almost three hundred pounds sterling!

The clock is striking two, and I must prepare for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. It being a delightful afternoon, we shall no doubt find it alive with carriages, pedestrians and equestrians. Those who repair there in coaches, usually drive to a pleasant spot, and then descend to walk to and fro in the shade, for air and exercise, until the approach of the dinner hour, or some other engagement calls them elsewhere. Farewell.

LEONTINE.

LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

Ceremony of taking the Veil—Palace of the Warm Baths, a Roman Ruin.

PARIS, —.

Oh! Jane, how we wished for you yesterday! Early in the morning we received a note from Madame F— saying, that if the ladies of our party would like to witness the ceremony of “taking the veil,” and would repair to her house by nine o’clock, she would accompany them to a neighboring convent where it was to be performed about the hour of ten. The Abbess being her friend and cousin, she had obtained her consent to our attending on the occasion in case we wished it. We *wished* it, you may be sure, and her kindness was eagerly and thankfully accepted. On reaching the convent its portal was opened by two of the sisterhood, who greeted Madame F— very cordially, made their curtsies to us, and then conducted us to the gallery of a small chapel, the main body of which was filled with nuns clad in black, and seated on rows of benches each

side of the aisle. In the centre of it, upon a damask chair, sat a young lady richly dressed. She wore a yellow silk frock trimmed with lace, white satin shoes, long white kid gloves, and ornaments of pearl. A wreath of orange blossoms mingled and contrasted with her dark hair, and were partly concealed by a flowing veil. Madame F— related her history, and to our surprise we learned she was an English girl who had been placed in the convent at an early age to be educated. As might have been expected, associating so constantly and closely with Catholics from childhood, she became one herself; and when her parents came over to France for the purpose of carrying her home, they found her resolved on becoming a nun. Having tried in vain to dissuade her from it, they at length yielded to her entreaties, and were even present when she took the vows; and as they did not appear distressed on the occasion, I suppose they had finally become reconciled to their bereavement. I wonder they did not *compel* her to relinquish her determination. But to proceed to the ceremony. Long prayers were said, incense scattered, and a fine hymn chanted—the novice kneeling down before a table covered with a crimson cloth, and reclining her head upon it, in humble submission to that Divine Power to whom she was dedicating her heart and days! When the music ceased the Abbess advanced, and taking her hand, led her out through a side door; and while they were absent, a nun distributed among the sisterhood a number of large wax candles, which she afterwards illumined. The Abbess now re-entered with her charge, and prayers and incense were again offered, a second hymn sung, and the novice had her hair, or a portion of it, cut off; she then prostrated herself before the altar, and a black pall was cast over her, to signify she was dead to the world. On rising, she retired a second time with the Superior, and in a few minutes re-appeared, clad in the habiliments of the cloister, and went round the chapel to receive the kiss of congratulation and welcome from each of the community; after which the lights were extinguished, and every one departed, leaving her to solitude, meditation and prayer, until the vesper bell should tell the hour for rejoining her. How awful I felt while a spectator of the solemn scene; and how strange, is it not? that reflecting beings who know the fickleness of human nature—that “nature’s mighty law is change,” can venture thus to bind themselves for life to stay in one limited space, and pursue one unvaried mode of existence! I hope and think I love religion truly; but I am sure if I were a *saint* upon earth, I should never hide my light in a monastery. I ought to mention, that except the father and brothers of the new nun, no gentlemen were admitted to the ceremony; and I ought also to state that *she* was very pretty. Leonora says that notwithstanding the scene and place, she was constantly imagining the interference of some brave youth, to save the fair creature from her fate, by rushing in and bearing her off by force; but alas! the age of chivalry is long past, and now-a-days a *hero in love* would be thought a prodigy and hard to find, unless perhaps, he was sought for in a certain old fashioned fabric in the vicinity of Morven Lodge. *There*, peradventure, such an *odd personage* might be discovered.

From the convent we drove to what is called the

"Palace of the Warm Baths." This is a relic of Roman antiquity. In it, the Roman emperors, and after their dominion ceased in France, the French monarchs, used to reside. Its foundation is attributed to Julian the Apostate. The sole remaining apartments consist of an extensive and lofty hall, and some cells beneath it. The hall is lighted by an immense arched window, and its vaulted roof for several ages supported a garden. By this we may judge how firmly and strongly the Romans used to build. I cannot, for lack of space, express to you the kind messages with which I am charged. Suffice it to know, we all love you dearly.

LEONTINE.

LETTER NINETEENTH.

Visit to Versailles—The Little Trianon—The Grand Trianon—Church of St. Louis, and Monument of the Duke de Berri—Mendon—Chalk Quarries—Tortoni's—Wandering Musicians—An Evening at Count Ségur's—Children's Fancy Ball.

PARIS, —.

My dear Sister:—

I have really a great mind to give you a *scolding*, instead of a *description*, for your perusal. What are you all about at the Lodge, that you have not written to us for this fortnight. Papa and Mamma are quite out of patience with you, and desire me to request you will answer this the moment it reaches you. Indeed I hope you *will*, for they are evidently uneasy in consequence of your long silence.

Now let me tell you of our visit to Versailles. We spent Friday there, and carrying with us a cold dinner, partook of it under the trees near the Petit Trianon, having gained a keen appetite by first walking over the immense palace and its garden; of the splendors of both you are well aware. We were not much pleased with our rustic mode of eating on the grass, the premises of the table cloth being frequently invaded by insects. Like dancing on the turf, such arrangements are pleasanter in description than in reality. The Petit Trianon was the favorite residence of Marie Antoinette, and there she passed a great deal of her time, free from the bustle and formality of the court, and devoted to rural occupations. The place still exhibits evidences of her taste and innocent amusements. The grounds are diversified with grottos, cottages, temples, mimic rivers and cascades. Then there is a beautiful little music room, a labyrinth, a dairy, and a lake. The palace is a tasteful edifice, and a part of the furniture is the same that was used by the decapitated queen.

The Grand Trianon, another palace situated in the park of Versailles, is superior to this in elegance and embellishments, but not half so interesting. The parterre behind the mansion, teems with Flora's choicest gifts, and reminded me of the saying, that "Versailles was the garden of waters; Marly the garden of trees; but Trianon that of flowers." In the orangery at Versailles we were shown an orange tree which is computed to be three hundred years old! It is denominated "The Old Bourbon," and has been the property of several kings of that race. Its trunk and foliage are remarkably thick. The garden and park are five miles in circumference; and only think of these and the magnificent structure overlooking them, being completed in seven years! But perhaps did we know the

number of workmen employed upon them during that period, the fact would not seem so amazing.

We rode through the wide streets of the town, visited the Church of St. Louis, where a simple monument is erected in honor of the Duke de Berri, and then turned our course homewards, stopping for an hour at Mendon, a royal chateau that Napoleon fitted up elegantly for his son; it is now unoccupied, though I believe the Duke de C—— sometimes spends a few weeks there. A noble avenue leads to the house, and from the terrace in front of it the prospect is very fine. As we traversed the grounds, guided by an old soldier, we were quite diverted at the astonishment he expressed, on discovering from an observation of Leonora's that she and her family were Americans. "Mais comme vous êtes blondes!" cried he, "et j'ai toujours entendu dire que les habitans d'Amerique étaient rouges ou noirs!"*

At the foot of the hill of Mendon, near the banks of the Seine, are large quarries of chalk, that we were told merited our attention; but it was too late to profit by the information, and we hastened on to Paris.

After resting ourselves and drinking tea, we sallied forth again, and strolled on the Boulevard as far as Tortoni's, to eat ices. He is master of a grand *café*, and famous for his ices and *déjeunés à la fourchette*. His establishment is splendidly illuminated every night, and so thronged with customers, that it is often difficult to procure a seat. Some prefer regaling themselves before the door in their carriages; and there is generally a range of stylish equipages in front of the house, filled with lords and ladies, and beaux and belles, partaking of the cooling luxuries of iced lemonade and creams, and listening to the bands of ambulatory musicians, that here are always to be found and heard, wherever there is a crowd. They select the popular airs of the theatres and those of the first composers of the day, which are as familiar to the common people as they are to amateurs.

We recently spent another delightful evening at Count Ségur's. We found him, as usual, surrounded by the learned and refined; and he met us with his accustomed smile of benevolence and bonhomie. There was a lively young relative of his present, and when most of his visitors had departed, she insisted on his joining her and myself in playing "*L'Empereur est Mort*," &c., and with the utmost amiability he complied with her wishes. The play of *L'Empereur* is similar to that termed the "*Princess Huncamunca*."

While we were at the Count's, Mr. and Mrs. Danville attended a levee at the Hotel Marine, and the girls accompanied a young friend of Marcella's, (a Miss Y—— from Soissons) to a fancy ball given by the children of Madame Clément's seminary. Miss Y—— being a pupil, had the privilege of inviting two acquaintances, and chose Marcella and Leonora as her guests. They were highly entertained. All the scholars wore costumes, and several supported the characters they assumed with proper spirit. There was a little round, rosy faced girl, of five years old, decked as a Cupid. She was entwined with a silken drapery, thickly studded with golden stars; sandals laced on her feet,

* But how fair you are! and I have always heard that the inhabitants of America are red or black.

and a quiver slung over her plump and naked little shoulders! In her right hand she held a gilt bow, and her curls were confined by a glittering bandeau. They danced until ten o'clock, and as none of the masculine gender were admitted, the elder Misses played the part of beaux. I should have liked to join in the frolic, I confess, though not upon condition of foregoing the pleasure we had at No. 13, Rue Duphot, Count Ségur's residence.

Papa has presented me a beautiful watch, and intends purchasing another for you. With tender regards to aunt M—— and Albert, I remain your attached sister

LEONTINE.

LETTER TWENTIETH.

Mechanical Theatre—The Boulevards—the derivation of the term.

PARIS, —.

"Joy! joy!" cried I, on looking out of the window yesterday, and spying Arnaud returning from the post office with a letter, which, according to our wishes, proved to be from our naughty Jane. Arrant scribbler that I am, I hasten to answer it, though you must feel you do not deserve to be replied to so speedily. However, as this is the first time you have been negligent, we ought not to be relentless—so here is my *hand* in token of forgiveness and good will; but beware of repeating the offence.

Having finished my lecture, and knowing you are fond of listening to adventures, I will now recount a droll one that happened to us last evening. At sunset we were walking on the Boulevard du Temple, which abounds in every variety of the lower order of amusements, when suddenly a violent shower began to fall, and of course every body to scamper to some shelter. We took refuge in the portico of an illuminated building, entitled in large transparent letters over the door, "Théâtre Mécanique," and finally determined to enter and witness the acting within. We accordingly purchased tickets of the woman employed to sell them, and following her up a narrow flight of stairs, were ushered into a confined gallery, overlooking a dirty pit, the highest grade of whose occupants seemed to be that of a cobbler. Four tallow candles lighted the orchestra, where *two hard* plying fiddlers performed their tasks. We began to think we might be in "Alsatia!" and then the actors and actresses! what were they? Why, a set of clumsy wooden figures that tottered in and out, and were suspended by cords so coarse, as to be visible even amidst the gloom that surrounded them. A ventriloquist made these puppets appear very loquacious; and whenever they stopped to make a speech it was quite ludicrous, for they vacillated to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, for more than a minute. We would have rejoiced to get out, but the rain still poured, and we were compelled to remain. After the piece was concluded, and the fiddlers had put up their instruments, and were puffing out and pocketing the bits of candles, and we were reluctantly preparing to issue forth into the storm, up came the above mentioned vender of billets, (who it seems was manager likewise,) and calling to the musicians to resume their operations, begged us to be re-seated, in order to see the first act repeated, which we had lost by arriving too late. We availed ourselves of her politeness and *honesty*, but

could scarcely refrain from laughing as we did so—and fortunately, during the half hour that succeeded, the weather cleared, and we were thus enabled to get home without the dreaded wetting; but the Boulevards not being paved, the walking was exceedingly muddy, and it was so long ere we reached a stand of carriages, that when we did, we thought it more prudent to continue our route on foot, than to risk sitting in our wet shoes.

As you may not know what is meant by the "*Boulevards*," I will tell you. They are wide roads, or streets, edged with spreading umbrageous elms, and formerly *bounded* the city, but now, from its increase in size, they are *within* it. Their appellation of "*Boulevards*" is derived from "*bouler sur le vert*," to "*bowl upon the green*"—being once covered with turf, and the frequent scene of playing at bowls. Here, nightly, the citizens forget the cares and labors of the day, and resign themselves to pleasure and mirth. Rows of chairs, owned and placed there by poor persons, may be hired for two sous a piece. Adieu.

LEONTINE.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Burning of the Richmond Theatre.

The following lines are from the pen of a venerable lady of Virginia, widow of one of the patriots of the revolution. They were written in 1812, shortly after the conflagration, and are now for the first time published.

What is this world? thy school, oh misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
And they who know not *that* were born for nothing.

[*Young's Night Thoughts.*]

Whence the wild wail of agonizing woe
That heaves each breast, and bids each eye o'erflow?
Ah, me! amid the all involving gloom
That wrapt the victims of terrific doom,
While *palsied fancy* casts an anguish'd glance,
What *phrenzied* spectres to my view advance!
Appalled nature shrinks—my harrowed soul
Dares not the direful scene of death unrol;
Yet o'er the friends she loved the muse would mourn,
And weep for others' sorrows and her own;
To their sad obsequies would *grateful* pay
The heartfelt tribute of a mourning lay.
And lo! through the dark horrors of the night,
What form revered now rushes on my sight!
Ye blasting flames, oh spare the cheek of age!
Ah, heaven! they with redoubled fury rage!
Yet undismay'd she view'd the fiery flood,
Resign'd amid the desolation stood—
To God alone address'd her feeble cry,
Oh! save my child, and willingly I die!
Approving heaven propitious heard her prayer,
To bliss receiv'd her, and preserv'd her care.
Oh, long lov'd friend! oh, much lamented Page!
How did thy goodness every heart engage—
How oft for *me* thy generous tears have flow'd,
What kind attention still thy love bestow'd;
When sickness mourn'd or sorrow heav'd a sigh,
Thy useful aid benignant still was nigh;
The best of neighbors, and the truest friend,
O'er thy sad urn disconsolate we bend.

Heardst thou that shriek? the accent of despair!
 The mother's deep felt agony was there:
 My only hope, Louisa, art thou gone?
 Is thy pure spirit to thy Maker flown?
 Oh! take me too! the mourner frantic cries,
 When such friends part 'tis the survivor dies!
 She was my all—so gentle, good, and kind;
 Then she is blest, and be thy heart resign'd!
 And see, of sympathy, alas! the theme,
 In woes experienc'd, and in griefs supreme!
 Yon aged matron now to view appears,
 One thought alone her anguish'd bosom cheers;
 For while on vacancy she bends her eye,
 She sees her children angels in the sky!
 Juliana! Edwin! beauteous Mary too!
 To yon bright realm from earthly suffering flew;
 Well tried in fortune's ever changing scene,
 A mourner now with calm resigned mien,
 Who bears a name to every patriot dear,
 Nelson! who long Virginia shall revere,
 Ah, see! submissive to the direful stroke,
 No murmurs from her pallid lips have broke;
 Though lov'd Maria, long her age's stay,
 Whose duteous care watch'd o'er her setting day,
 The awful mandate bade, alas, depart!
 "Lean not on earth—'twill pierce thee to the heart;"
 Yet must our sorrows stain the mournful bier,
 When virtue lost demand the flowing tear!
 And youthful Mary shares Maria's fate,
 Her gentle cousin and endearing mate;
 For hand in hand they mount the ethereal way,
 To brighter regions and unclouded day.

Great God! whose fiat gives the general doom,
 Speaks into life, or lays within the tomb,
 Oh! teach our hearts submissive to resign;
 Thy will be done—be much obedience mine.
 And lo! advancing from the deepest shade,
 A generous youth sustains a sainted maid;
 Down his pale cheeks the gushing tears o'erflow,
 And fancy's ear attends the plaint of woe.
 Oh, much lov'd Conyers! lov'd so long in vain,
 Could but my death thy fleeting soul retain,
 Far happier I, than doom'd, alas! to prove
 The bitter pangs of unrequited love;
 My constant heart disdains on earth to stay,
 While thou art borne to native realms away—
 Nor at my hapless fate can I repine,
 Since bless'd in death to call thee ever mine!
 Oh, gallant youth! Oh, all accomplish'd maid!
 At your sad shrine shall votive rites be paid;
 There oft at eve shall pensive lovers stray,
 And future Petrarchs pour the plaintive lay;
 For, ah! behold a faithful wedded pair,
 Blest too in death, an equal fate to share!
 In their sad breasts no selfish fears arise,
Each for the other feels—each in the other dies!
 Yon man of woes, oh! mark his furrowed cheek;
 What deep-drawn sighs his misery bespeak:
 'Tis Gallego! Each bosom comfort flown,
 In the dark vale of years he walks alone.
 And now amid the victim train appears
 A friend of worth, approv'd through twenty years;
 Just, wise, and good, true to his country's cause,
 He from opposing parties gain'd applause:
 From life and usefulness forever torn,

Virginia long for Venable shall mourn;
 And for her chief, lamented Smith, shall share
 His orphan's grief, his wretched widow's care.
 Nutall—a man obscure, of humble name,
 Virtuous, industrious, tho' unknown to fame,
 Escap'd in safety—heard his wife's sad cries!
 "Safe tho' we are, alas! my daughter dies!"
 He heard, nor paus'd, but dar'd again the fire,
 Resolv'd to save or in the attempt expire;
 Oh! noble daring—worthy to succeed—
 But Heaven forbade, yet bless'd the generous deed:
 The daughter lives—the father's toils are o'er—
 Where sorrow, pain and want, can wound no more;
 In the bright glow of youthful beauties bloom,
 Ill-fated Anna sinks beneath the gloom:
 Her lovely orphan—yet too young to know
 Her cruel loss or the extent of woe—
 In deepest grief while all around her mourn,
 Still piteous cries, "When will Mamma return!"
 What tender cries, what anguish'd moans prevail,
 How many orphans join the plaintive wail!
 For Gibson, Heron, Greenhow, Gerardin,
 And Wilson, borne from the heart-rending scene!
 While frantic husbands, mothers, widows rave,
 O'er the *vast urn* the *all-containing grave!*
 But ah! my muse the death-fraught theme forbear,
 Nor longer tread the abyss of wild despair;
 I sink with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
 And fain with those would share eternal rest;
 Yet impious, let me not presume to scan—
 Great God—thy ways mysterious all to man!
 But while for mercy humbly I implore,
 "Rejoice with trembling," and resign'd adore.

M. L. P.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

I'll neither call thee beautiful
 Nor say that thou art fair;
 I will not praise thy witching eye,
 Nor compliment thy hair;
 I'll speak not of the roses sweet,
 That blush upon thy cheek,
 Nor of the tresses richly hung
 About thy snowy neck.

For thou wouldst deem it flattery,
 Altho' it would not be,
 And flattery would never do
 To win a smile from thee;
 And surely I would proudly win,
 Without the help of guile,
 A look that would be mellowed
 By the magic of thy smile.

JACK TELL.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

GIRL OF BEAUTY.

Girl of Beauty! can you tell,
 Gazing in the crystal well,
 Who it is that madly dreams
 Of thine eye's bewildering beams?

Girl of Beauty! is the bird,
 In the spring, with pleasure heard,
 When the melody of song

Leaps the listening boughs among?
If the birds delight the grove,
Can I hear thee, and not love?

Girl of Beauty! does the Bee
Love the rose's purity?
Does the Miser love his dross?
Does the Christian love his cross?
Then *I love thee*, gentle girl,
Dearer than the crown of earl.

Girl of Beauty! does the sky
Seem all beauteous to thine eye,
When the stars with silver rays
Brightly beam before thy gaze?
Thou art dearer far to me,
Than the stars *can be* to thee.

Girl of Beauty! does the tar
Love to dream of scenes afar,
When the mildly sighing gale
Fills the proudly swelling sail?
Then I love to dream of thee,
And thy sweet simplicity.

Girl of Beauty! does the boy
Kiss his sister's cheek with joy
When they meet in after years,
Having parted once in tears?
May you kiss your brother soon—
Ere the rounding of the moon.

JACK TELL.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE RECLAIMED.

It was a bright and beautiful summer evening. All nature seemed to speak the language of peace and joy; the birds warbled in the groves, the gentle breezes sported among the lofty trees, and all objects wore the soothing aspect of that benevolent spirit who had spread them before the eye of man. While indulging the pleasing sensations which scenes like this never fail to inspire, my attention was directed to an elegant mansion situated on the opposite hill, and my companion asked whether I had ever heard the history of its present inmates. To my reply in the negative, he remarked, that being personally acquainted with the family, and knowing their history, he would relate it, aware of the deep interest I felt in every thing which bore any relation to the subject, to which the narrative will afford a sufficient clue.

In the summer of 1824, Mrs. Loraine removed to this neighborhood with two children, a son and a daughter; the former twelve, the latter ten years of age. Her husband alike distinguished for talents and humanity in his medical profession as well as social relations, had died during the previous autumn in New Orleans, where he had removed shortly after his marriage with Miss Allen, who was adorned with the virtues and graces which are requisite to make the amiable wife, the prudent mother, and valuable friend. Deeply affected at the loss of a husband tenderly and deservedly beloved, and being herself a native of Virginia, and having relations in this county she resolved to remove to her native spot; preferring the retirement of the

country to the gaieties of a city, not only on her own account, but also on that of her children. A young lady who had been for several years the instructress of her two children, agreed to accompany her and continue their education till such time as it might seem advisable to employ more extended means of instruction for one or both. In Miss Medway were happily blended a strong and energetic mind, a correct judgment and taste, affectionate heart, polished manners, and an education liberal and elegant. Born to high expectations, reared in the lap of wealth and indulgence, *loving* and *beloved*, a cruel tide of misfortune deprived her of all, and threw her at the age of nineteen, poor and dependant, on a cold and unfeeling world. But why descend to particulars which intercept the thread of our narrative? Of her much remains to be told, which you yet will hear, but for the present let it suffice to say, that in this state of sorrow Dr. Loraine became her friend and bountiful benefactor. At this retired and beautiful spot, the minds of William and Lavinia were not only expanded by the faithful care of their mother and tutress in literature, but in the richer and far more valuable lessons of virtue, which were daily enforced by precept and example. Six years rolled round, and found little change in the domestic circle. William was now eighteen, and his mother determined to enter him the ensuing session at the college of ———, in order to prepare him for the study of that profession in which his father had excelled, and for which he seemed peculiarly adapted by the tender benevolence of his heart, and the discriminating powers of his mind. In William Loraine were strangely blended the softness and gentleness of woman, with the noble firmness and independence of man. Beloved by all who knew him, and reared up in the precincts of his mother's influence, it was not unreasonable to believe that he had grown sufficiently strong in the theory and practice of virtue, to stand uncontaminated, among the vices and follies of a collegiate life. But alas! how often is the morning which dawned in cloudless beauty soon succeeded by storm and tempest; and the bud which promised beauty and fragrance, withered ere it expands to maturity: and how often, thus linger on the bright visions of fancy and hope, while before us lie the sad realities of life.

With many tears, and tender caresses, and regrets, William left his peaceful happy home, to mix with strangers in a distant state. Deeply did he feel the trial, and while his mother's tender and ardent benediction and admonitions sounded in his ear, the tear of love and promised obedience trickled down his manly cheek. Soon after his introduction to the beings with whom he was to associate, he resolved to watch for awhile the conduct of all the students, and choose for his friend that youth whose feelings and conduct most nearly accorded with his own views and intentions. Nor did he wait long ere he found an object to love and confide in. There is in the heart of all a desire for friendship which nothing can satisfy but the belief that it is possessed. Various are the properties which may lead to a selection of the object in different minds, but congeniality in some respects is almost indispensable to the formation of friendship. James Drayton, of South Carolina, seemed to the confiding heart of William, the very being he had sought. In James Drayton was presented a union of the most opposite traits of character,

yet so blended as to almost add effect and interest to each other. Singularly handsome, of polished and elegant manners—of a gay disposition, but a deeply reserved and shrewd mind—generous to a fault, and possessing every facility for the gratification of every wish—ardent but injudicious in attachments, and above all of a memory which required no exertion to make a conspicuous figure in his studies, he was at once beloved, envied, flattered, and caressed. In such a being the innocent heart of William confided, and to imitate him and gain his affection, constituted his great delight. Nor were his affections unreturned. Drayton loved him with a passion at once impetuous and sincere. Pleasures were but half enjoyed when William Loraine was not a participant, while his presence rendered pleasant scenes otherwise unpleasing. Twelve months rolled round and found their hearts fondly united, not only by scenes of profitable research and benevolent acts, but also by the baneful yet fascinating pleasures of wildness and dissipation. The regular examination which as usual concluded the collegiate year, was to them a time of real and almost unalloyed pleasure. Distinguished in their various studies, and improved by their teachers for moral deportment and dutiful demeanor, generally beloved by their companions, few youths seemed to enjoy a more enviable lot. It was determined that James should accompany William to Virginia, to spend the vacation at Roseville, with his friends and relations. Accordingly the day after the close of their examination, they took seats in the stage, and in about eight days arrived at the lovely spot. In silence we pass the meeting scene, and all the usual events which mark such periods, the welcome given the friend of their William, and the joy felt by all who knew the amiable inmates, at again seeing him among his friends. Time had dealt bountifully with Lavinia, and to the eye of her brother, every day had added to her charms, since they parted.

James saw her with admiration and delight. True she was young, being little over sixteen, but to the playful innocence of the child, was added the grace and dignity of manners, befitting the woman. She was not strictly beautiful, yet a spell seemed thrown around her, that insensibly drew the hearts of all who lingered in her presence. Tall and elegantly formed, her dark brown hair hung in natural ringlets on her white neck, the rose and lily mingled their choicest tints on her cheek, while her full dark eye spoke the strong and polished mind, the soft and innocent heart that illuminated it. Her features were not what the connoisseur would term unexceptionable, while the less critical observer would almost declare them perfect. Such was the *person* of Lavinia: but who can paint the endowments of her heart and mind? the casket was indeed pleasingly garnished, but the jewel within was of transcendent brightness. To the enthusiastic mind of Drayton, she was a being of unearthly mould; and while he almost gave to her his adoration, it was blended with a serious awe. In Lavinia Loraine he beheld a christian, and while he loved the woman he feared to approach what he deemed the saint. We have said Drayton was wild and dissipated: but it was not that grosser kind of dissipation which is visible and disliked by all. He loved the social card table and glass—the night spent in folly and mirth—but morning found him

in the path of the gentleman, pure in honor, and unstained in truth.

William too loved the pleasures of his friend, and though he dipped deep in the gilded pool that allured him to its banks, he found it bitterness in the end. His mother's tender admonitions sounded in his ears—his sister's kind counsels, and the earnest appeals of his beloved friend Miss Medway, turned every cup to gall. Yet still he went on, and vainly hoped to find a solace in the thought, that to them he was a moral and religious youth. Two months flew on rapid wing, and the two young men were again to return to the college.

With many swelling emotions William left the maternal roof, and with many tender regrets bade adieu to the friends who had welcomed him to their mansion. But James felt what his proud soul could not own even to itself. He felt he left his heart with one who gave only friendship in return; whom he must honor and adore, feeling he could never be beloved, and for once the thought of his unworthiness of such a being darted with painful sensations through his heart. He knew he was not what the pure and pious mind of Lavinia would choose for a companion, and feeling his inferiority he had not dared to breathe his flame. Sadly he entered the halls he lately left, the gayest of the gay—coldly he received the greetings of his collegiates, and with loathing opened the learned volume it was his duty to explore. Even to William he was altered. He avoided his presence as though it conjured up some phantom to torment. Grieved at this change, William sought some means to draw from him the cause of his altered appearance and manner, but sought in vain. Six months at length passed by, and he gradually began to assume his former self. Again William was his favorite companion, and again they mingled in the same seductive joys. Gradually intemperance was seizing upon them, and in like manner they were becoming dead to the ennobling feelings of the heart.

The next vacation came. They still wore a mask that few could penetrate: again honors were awarded them, and William was now to accompany his friend to South Carolina. James welcomed him with feasts and revelry: his parents poured out the richest allurements to joy and indulgence. He seemed to be in Elysian fields, and almost forgot the quiet and rational delights of his own home. Splendid profusion marked the whole domain, while races, balls, and the like amusements filled up every hour.

Yet even here could *James* find room for ennui. He would sometimes stroll away from all, and seem lost in a deep and painful reverie. He appeared to enjoy few of the objects around them, and although he loved his parents, he avoided their presence, as though he dreaded to meet their scrutiny. With pleasure he welcomed the day that he was to be again seated among his books and papers—not that he delighted in their pages, but they drew his mind from other thoughts.

In six months the two young men were to complete their course, and James resolved then to visit Roseville again, and see the object of his ardent love. Their course is finished—they went together—and once more the heart of Drayton felt a gleam of joy. He saw Lavinia more beautiful than ever, and fondly fancied she was less indifferent; but he was still unhappy—he felt that he had been unworthy of her—that he had been seducing

the heart of her brother from the path of piety she trod—and that he was endeavoring, by deep dissimulation, to win a being free from guile, and who knew vice but to detest it. Lavinia saw her William changed. She heard the unguarded expressions of profanity that sometimes escaped his lips; she saw him disposed to leave the family hearth, and go she knew not whither—yet feared to ask; she saw the smile of contempt that curled his lip when religion was the theme of conversation; nor could she fail to see that the society of his family was a painful restraint.

Young Drayton, deeply skilled in dissimulation, had as yet retained the esteem of Mrs. Loraine and Miss Medway, while the heart of Lavinia had owned his fascinating power. He saw he was not to her an object of indifference. The glowing cheek and downcast eye, when he approached her, he could not fail to understand. Six weeks he remained at Roseville, ere he dared to breathe to Lavinia the love that glowed in his bosom. One lovely evening, after a long conflict between inclination, hope and fear, he determined to pour out his heart, and hear from her own lips that doom which would either seal his weal or woe. According to his determination, he proposed a walk on the banks of the river, to which she reluctantly acceded. He then informed her of the ardor of his affection, and urged his suit with such address, that the heart of Lavinia almost resisted the voice of prudence and duty. But the conflict was to be but short, as the impetuous youth would hear of no postponement. Lavinia discarded him; but not without candidly acknowledging, that his want of true morality, proper sobriety and religion, (facts long suspected, but recently ascertained beyond a doubt,) had induced her to relinquish the hand of the only man she had ever loved. In vain he attempted to shake her resolution; and the next morning's sun rose not, till he was far from the hitherto happy Roseville.

When Lavinia arose, she was handed the following note:

"*Lavinia!*—A fond, a long, an eternal adieu. I leave you, and with you, all I ever valued or loved. I go where none will know my sorrow or my shame. Lost to all that made my life desirable, I go—where—it matters not what I may become. May you be happy, if the thoughts of my misery will allow it. You deserve it—you are virtuous; but as for me, I am only left to drink *that cup* of misery which a life of dissipation never fails to prepare for its votaries. Your brother's principles I have corrupted; and, wretch that I was, who have madly sought to unite an angel to a demon. Oh! Lavinia, I deserved you not. You are born to bless, and to be blessed—and I, alas! to curse, and to be cursed. *Farewell*—again *farewell!*—but know, that while life and memory last, you will be dear to the heart of the wretched

JAMES DRAYTON."

The heart of Lavinia bled over every line of that impassioned note. She saw her brother changed from what he once had been—her mother's cheek pallid—and the fond friend and instructress of her youth sharing the sorrows of all.

Four years rolling round, brought to her many admirers—but to her they talked of love in vain. William had married a lovely, wealthy girl—but was bow-

ing her happy spirit by his folly and extravagance. Her mother was gradually sinking; and but for the stay of religion, *she* too would have sunk under the pressure of her sorrows—but he whose promises she trusted, never forsook those who lean on his almighty arm. Renowned for piety and benevolence, beloved, admired, she moved around the circle of her acquaintance like a spirit of light and peace. But her youthful attachment haunted her riper years—of James no tidings had been heard—vain had proved her numerous endeavors to learn his fate. She was one day alone, when a young man of fine appearance knocked at the door. She arose and admitted him, when he asked if she had ever known a Mr. Drayton. To her reply in the affirmative, he arose and presented her the following letter, which she no sooner took, than bowing, he wished her a happy evening, and withdrew. Hastily she broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Will Lavinia now remember him whom once she knew, and who gave to her the only sincere portion of his nature which he possessed? Does she remember him whose follies and vices removed him from her and happiness? Yes, she cannot have forgotten the once wretched, but now comparatively happy Drayton. But you shall know what I owe you, and though I may be disregarded, you will joy that you have saved a being from misery and disgrace. But to my narrative.

"The day I left you, I resolved to join some lawless band, and strike your heart with sorrow by your hearing of my crimes. But the thought of your piety and virtue, were like a mountain between me and crime. I went from place to place, but found no peace. Home I dreaded to approach; but after three months of wandering, determined again to behold my parents, and fix on some course of conduct. I went—my father was on his death-bed. His illness was augmented by anxiety for my return, as he had not heard from me since I left Roseville. I received his dying blessing; and in less than two months my mother lay beside him. Watching and grief had been too much, and perhaps the folly of her son added another mortal wound. I was now left sole master of about fifty thousand dollars, and with it a heart almost lost to virtue. I sold out my lands, &c., vested nearly all the amount in stock, and embarked for the Indies, determined to see my native land no more. Tossed on the wide ocean, I was surrounded by ten thousand dangers, more lawless in feeling than the billows around, beneath, above me. I cared for nothing—regarded nothing—and often hoped to find a watery grave. A storm arose—we were shipwrecked—and the near approach of death brought with it the instinctive love of life. A vessel bound to England spied out the wreck; a few only had clung to its ruins. I was taken on board, and after a voyage of a few days was landed at Liverpool. I was then an altered man; five days of hunger, cold and suffering had brought me to reason. I had thought of what had caused all the woes I then endured. I thought of Roseville, and of you—of my native land, and all it once contained; *they* were, I felt, lost to me, and I sunk into despair. On board the English vessel I had found a pious Quaker and his family. I now longed again to behold them. Having sought them in vain in Liverpool, I advertised for tidings of them; and hearing they

were in London, I went thither and found them. They received me like a child, and to them I related my history and my misery. They pointed out to me the only means of present and future happiness. I thought of you, Lavinia, and of your frequent, modest and affectionate exhortations to your brother and myself, to seek the pearl of matchless price. I resolved to strive to win the smile of heaven, and to give up all on earth.

"America I never expected again to behold, but the joys of religion to seek till life was o'er. Yes, often in the anguish of despair, I recollected some passage you had marked in the Bible I took as I left the house at Roseville for the last time. It lay on your work-table; I knew you loved it—I took it to give you a pang. I read it to cavil—to disbelieve. I was tempted to burn it; but it had been yours, and I could not give it up. In the horrors of the storm, I kept it near my heart. It raised my hopes—for I felt that though I had despised its truths, *they* were still immutable. Even now I have it—dear, precious volume. But I have wandered from my narrative.

"After many months of struggling—sometimes for truth, then to forget it—I at length gave up all as lost, and in anguish sought my friend. He bade me look to him who alone could save. I looked with faith—I seized the promises—I was blessed. Yes, Lavinia, I felt what was worth a world. I immediately resolved to engage in business, and not return to America, till I had tested the truth of my present feelings. I entered into a life of activity. I read and grew in knowledge, and I trust in grace. I thought of you, but feared to trust my heart. You had been, and might be again its idol. I resolved to tear it from the throne I had vowed to give to God. But I could not forget. Three years had at length rolled round since we had parted. You were, I doubted not, another's. But for me, I could not love again. I consulted my friend, who had returned to America, as to what course I should take. He advised me to return. Of my fortune I had not heard; but I was able to defray the expenses of my voyage. I left London; four months ago I landed in New York. From thence I went to Philadelphia—remained a month with the Quakers—thence to South Carolina, and was joyfully received by all except the 'nearest of kin.' Of you I could hear nothing. William I heard was married, and wild enough. I sent my friend Mr. Alston to Virginia. He heard you were single—saw you at church—heard the whole history of your family. He wrote me; I came to —. He is the bearer of this. I there await an answer, saying whether or not you will again behold your ever faithful

J. DRAYTON."

Immediately after she concluded this interesting epistle, she poured out her heart in praise to God for preserving and reclaiming him for whom she had so often wept and prayed, and whom she had loved with unaltered fervor. She then hastened to communicate the glad tidings to her mother and Miss Medway, and to despatch a servant to the village to bring to Roseville the still dear Drayton. He came. Again he beheld the being he so long had loved. Again he saw William, and exercised his former influence—but in a holier channel. You can imagine the scene—the mutual relations—the ensuing courtship, and the result. Yes,

my friend, Lavinia is the wife of Drayton. His large fortune is now useful in acts of pious benevolence and zeal. His fine talents are employed in dispensing good; his fascinating manners in winning others to admire that which made him what he is. William Loraine is snatched from ruin. His amiable mother is again blessed with duteous and devoted children. And whence the mighty change? In this simple narrative stands forth in glowing colors the truth of that maxim, that the influence of the female sex is great, when enlisted either on the side of virtue or of vice. Had Lavinia been less prudent and pious, how great would have been the contrast; and amidst all the blessings that have attended her through life, none diffuse such thrills of rapture through her grateful, peaceful heart, as when reflecting on the history of him, to whom is not inaptly applied the title of "The Reclaimed."

The evening was far spent. My friend and myself bade each other adieu, to return to our respective homes—but not without his promising at some future day to inform me of the history of that young lady, to whose eventful life he had briefly hinted. Ruminating on the moral of the narrative, I could but deplore that the fair sex of our state did not more nearly resemble Lavinia—refuse to unite their destinies with the slaves of dissipated pleasure, and thereby reclaim from vice thousands of her victims.

PAULINA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE OCEAN.

I've stood and watch'd the inconstant Ocean's wave,
Till it within my mind has grown to life,
And when the hoarse, loud storm did wildly rave,
I've loved the dashing, boisterous, foaming strife;
And when the angry tempest died away,
I've gazed upon its bright unruffled breast,
Till my responsive soul in quiet lay,
Just like the scene it view'd—so calm—so blest.

Wide Ocean! I have mark'd thy silvery sheen,
And when the dark cloud frown'd upon thy face,
I've felt my soul expanding with the scene,
And glowing with thy bright enchanting grace;
But when I think that thy proud billows heave
Between ten thousand hearts that once have twined,
And still to their lost friends would fondly cleave,
A pensive sadness steals upon my mind.

'Tis hard that in our pilgrimage below,
In all the storms and trials of the heart,
A friend, the only balm to sooth our woe,
That from that friend we should be forced to part,
Proud Ocean, thou hast borne a brother o'er
Thy heaving bosom to another strand;
Tho' not unfriended was the distant shore,
Still, still, it was a strange and foreign land.

My brother—if my heart could but disclose
Its warmest wish, it is with thee to be.

My brother—if the fondest feeling glows
Within my bosom, it still points to thee.

My brother—does thy heart in transport hear
The name of friends, of country, and of home?

My brother—does thy soul these things revere,
As once in early days untaught to roam?

My brother—does a hope thy breast inflame,
To clasp those dear loved objects to thy heart?

I fear the charm has faded from their name,
The bliss forgot, that it could once impart:

No, no—upon thy heart are deep portray'd
The home, the friends that thou hast left behind;

'Tis not in time's destructive power to fade
Those generous feelings from a noble mind. J. M. C. D.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

DISSERTATION

On the Characteristic Differences between the Sexes, and on the Position and Influence of Woman in Society.

No. III.

Resignation—Fortitude.

In my first number I described woman as modest and timid, and man as bold and courageous, and endeavored to explain the causes of this characteristic difference between them. In the same number, however, I showed that so strong are the humane feelings of woman, so powerful are her kindly sympathies, that under peculiar circumstances she will sometimes conquer all the weaknesses of her nature, triumph over all opposing obstacles, and finally carry consolation and relief to man, when overwhelmed by misfortunes of so appalling a character as even to intimidate the hardier sex, and keep them at a distance. In my last I pointed out the religious differences between the sexes together with their causes, and the subject naturally invites me to compare them together in relation to their *fortitude and resignation* under calamities and misfortunes.

I think there can be no doubt that woman is generally more resigned than man under any very severe affliction which cannot be avoided. Her calm resignation under the severest strokes of fortune, has been the theme of eulogy for the poet, and the puzzle for the philosopher, from the earliest times to the present. She who in her "hours of ease" is so timid, so shrinking, so fearful of even a shadow, has always been found in the dark hour of adversity to bear up with more fortitude and resignation against the tide of woe than man. This character belongs to woman even in the most savage state. She supports, in that state, misfortunes both physical and moral with more resignation than man. Ask, says Gisborne in his "Duties of Woman," among barbarians in the ancient and the modern world who is the best daughter and wife, and the answer is "she who bears with superior perseverance the vicissitudes of the seasons, the fervor of the sun, the dews of night." In fine, she who is most resigned and meek under the heavy and intolerable burthen which is ever placed upon her.

Physicians tell us that woman supports sickness, pain and suffering, much better than man. We are told that in the great earthquake in Calabria, in 1783, which destroyed 40,000 persons, there was a very noted difference between the men and women in regard to their resignation. The very bodies of the sexes dug from the ruins marked the difference in this respect between them—those of the women exhibited calmness and resignation in the hour of death—their arms were generally found hanging by their sides, or calmly folded over their breasts; all struggle seemed to have ceased before death, and they quietly submitted to their fate. Not so with the men. Their bodies when dug from the ruins exhibited a mortal struggle to the last—a leg thrust out here, an arm protruded there, and the whole body thrown into an agonizing contortion, but too clearly marked the fearful conflict which endured till the moment of dissolution, and the great reluctance with which they let go their hold on life.

Let us then inquire into the causes of this difference between the sexes, and we shall find them to spring out

of circumstances already pointed out and explained. I shall therefore be very brief on this point.

I have already said that woman is physically weaker and consequently less capable of laborious and constant exertion than man. The latter, therefore, occupies the front station, whilst the former takes possession of the back ground in the picture of human society. The former is more self reliant, more bold, more confident and active—the latter more modest, more timid, more dependent and passive. Man depends on his activity, his energy and his strength, for the mastery of all around him. Woman depends on her modesty, grace, beauty, in fine upon her fascinations to command those energies which she finds not within herself. *Activity* is eminently the character of the one, *passivity* of the other. Now I have already pointed out the effect of this dependence of woman on her feelings of devotion and religion. A similar effect is produced on her resignation when visited by some remediless calamity. Her weakness and dependence, at an early period of her life admonish her of the hopelessness of all conflicts with the mightier powers around her. When visited by any great misfortune, therefore, whether the work of nature or of man, she is more resigned and patient under her suffering, whilst man in the vain confidence of his powers is disposed to battle and struggle with fate even to the last.

Her religion, her superior devotional feelings, have likewise a mighty influence in the production of that calm resignation which woman so often exhibits amid the storms and calamities of this world. She has a more abiding and implicit faith in the protection of heaven—her trust, her reliance is greater; and whether she be overtaken by calamity upon the land, or on the sea, she at once throws herself into the arms of the divinity and quietly awaits the result. Man is like the mariner aboard the ship—he must be always on the alert—he must trim the sails, watch the midnight blast, and steer the ship on her way over the rolling billows. Woman is like the passenger in the vessel. She is carried forward by powers that are not hers, by energies that she is unable to control. When then the tempest comes, and the sea is lashed into the mountain wave—while every sailor is on the deck at his post, battling against the storm, she is calm and quiet within—she knows full well that all her efforts will be in vain—she therefore looks to heaven for aid and protection: she trusts in God whose arm alone is mighty, and able to save, and in the full devotion of a confiding and trusting heart, she can truly exclaim:

"Secure I rest upon the wave
For thou, my God, hast power to save,
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep."*

There is certainly nothing which contrasts so beautifully with the restless activity and feverish impatience of man, as the calm and subdued countenance of woman in the hour of resignation, amid the stern powers that are at work around her. How beautiful, how transcendently lovely does the Thekla of Schiller's Wallen-

* These beautiful lines are taken from the Ocean Hymn, published in the 10th number of the Messenger, from the pen of Mrs. Emma Willard.

stein appear in the camp surrounded by soldiers encased in iron. I borrow from the graphic pen of M. B. Constant. "Sa voix si douce au travers le bruit des armes, sa form delicate au milieu des hommes tout couverts de fer, la pureté de son âme opposée a leurs calculs avides, son calm celeste qui contraste avec leurs agitations, remplissent le spectateur d'une emotion constante et melancholique, telle que ne la fait ressentir nulle tragedie ordinaire."

Again, I have already explained how it happens that woman is capable of suffering more than man in silence, without wearing even such an aspect of countenance as may betray the internal agony. For the same reason, of course, she has more resignation and fortitude.

Lastly, her physical organization renders her much more liable than man to constitutional derangements, to periodical sickness, and physical infirmities of all descriptions. Disease gradually inures the mind to resignation and patience, and at last teaches us to bear with fortitude all the ills we have. "We seldom," says Bulwer, "find men of great animal health and power, possessed of much delicacy of mind. That impetuous and reckless buoyancy of spirit which mostly accompanies a hardy and iron frame, is not made to enter into the infirmities of others;" and he might well have added, is not made to bear its own infirmities and calamities with resignation and fortitude, when at last overtaken by them. It is well, perhaps, in the order of nature, that we should be afflicted sometimes. It improves all our sensibilities, and strengthens our patience and resignation, to have our thoughts occasionally directed to

"The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm."

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco," is the noble motto which disease and infirmity have written on the heart of many a female.

Having thus cursorily pointed out the causes of the superiority of woman in regard to the resignation and fortitude with which she bears misfortune, I cannot refrain from indulgence in a few remarks on the admirable adaptation of the sexes to each other in this particular. There is nothing more grateful to the feeling of piety, than to be able to trace out in the works of nature, such adaptations as not only mark the intelligence and unity of divinity, but proclaim in language as clear as revelation itself, his unbounded benevolence and goodness. It is this superior resignation and fortitude of woman, which so well befits her to be the comfort and support of man in the hour of remediless misfortune. Man is necessarily an active, restless, energetic, impatient being. This character is generated by the functions which he has to discharge in this world. He must not too soon retire from the conflict. He must not bear too calmly and quietly, the misfortunes and ills of this life. He must arouse himself, and be in action. He must oppose and conquer all the obstacles around him. In the beautiful language of one of the ancients, "he must remember that nature has not intended him for a lowspirited or ignoble being, but brought him into life in the midst of this vast universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that he might be a spectator of all her magnificence, and a candidate for the high prize of glory." Under these circumstances resignation and patience could not, perhaps ought not to have been prominent

traits in his character. Woman, however, moves in a different sphere, and acquires, of course, a different character. Her resignation and fortitude not only supports herself but man likewise, amid the calamities of the world. "As the vine," says Irving, "which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifled by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

It is in the conjugal state where all the kind and humane attributes of woman are augmented and softened by the mighty influence of human love, that we most frequently behold her supporting and cheering her partner, when visited by the rough blasts of adversity; and sometimes, when all hope on this side the grave has fled, when his doom is fixed, and disease or the execution of the law is quickly to hurry him into another world, we find woman still his dearest solace, sometimes encouraging him by examples which mark so much devotion, so much self-sacrifice, as frequently to rise into the region of the moral sublime. It is well known that the stoic religion of the ancients justified suicide, when the individual, after a due consideration of all the circumstances, came to the conclusion that he had fulfilled all his more glorious destinies on earth. Hence it was frequently considered a duty incumbent on man to put an end to his existence, when calamity and misfortune seemed to mark him out as a nuisance on earth. Hence, too, according to Dr. Smith, this religion may be considered as "the noblest death-song ever sung by man." We must go back then, to antiquity, when this religion was prevalent, and of course when suicide was justified, to see what woman is capable of doing to console or encourage her husband in the midst of his calamities.

Pliny the younger, tells us of a neighbor, in the humbler walks of life, who was visited by a loathsome, painful disease, of an incurable character. Himself and wife came to the conclusion that it would be better for him to end his existence; and in order that she might encourage him to execute this resolve, she determined to die with him. The death which she chose, was truly characteristic of that devoted affection which she had so constantly felt for him whilst alive. She was bound in his arms, and in this condition they precipitated themselves from a window into the sea beneath. Montaigne seems to have been particularly struck with this act of heroism on the part of a female who was of an humble and obscure family, and remarks, that "even amongst that condition of people, it is no very new thing to see some examples of uncommon good nature."

— "Extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terribis vestigia fecit."

Seneca, the philosopher and tutor of Nero, was condemned to death by his pupil, in the decline of life, after having married Pompeia Paulina, a young and noble Roman lady, who loved and was loved devotedly by him. She too, in the plenitude of her grief and affection, nobly determined to die with her husband, and

thus to encourage him by her example, quietly but firmly to bear the last struggle of humanity. She, however, was saved, after having opened her veins, by the emissaries of Nero, who feared the effect which this act of self-immolation might produce on the excitable populace of Rome.

Plutarch, in one of his most interesting Dialogues, makes Daphneus assert that there is something divine in the love of woman, and compares it to the sun that animates all nature. He places the greatest felicity in conjugal love, and gives us as an exemplification, the very interesting tale of the adventures of Eppopina, which passed before the eyes of Plutarch, as he was at that time living in the house of Vespasian. Sabinus, the husband of Eppopina, being vanquished by the troops of the Emperor Vespasian, concealed himself in a deep cavern between Franche Comté and Champagne. The unbounded affection of Eppopina and her untiring researches, soon enabled her to find the hiding place of him who commanded all the affections of her heart. She determined to be the consoler and the comforter of her husband, who was buried from the world. She accordingly shut herself up with him, attended on him in that dark cavern for many years, and bore children whilst there; and all this she encountered for his sake. When brought before Vespasian, who was astonished at her heroism and fortitude, she said to him, "I have lived more happily underground, than thou in the light of the sun, and in the enjoyment of power."

But one of the most celebrated examples on record, of the ardent desire of woman to console and encourage her husband in the dismal hour of despair, is furnished by Arria, the wife of Cecina Pætus. This Pætus, after the defeat by the troops of the Emperor Claudius of the army of Scribonianus, whose party he had espoused, was condemned to death by the same emperor. It was the custom under the emperors, to leave condemned individuals to terminate their existence themselves, provided they could have the resolution to do it. Pætus wavered and hesitated. The dreadful struggle which it cost him, made a deeper impression upon the devoted and tender heart of Arria than even the sentence of death had inflicted. After caressing and encouraging him by the most tender offices to nerve himself to the act, she took the poniard which he wore by his side, and exclaiming, "Pætus, do thus!" she plunged it into her own bosom; then drawing it from the reeking wound, she presented the dagger to her husband "with this noble, generous, and immortal saying: "*Pæte non dolet!*" "Pætus, it is not painful!"*

Such instances as these we do not find in modern times, because the introduction of a more humane and rational religion, together with juster and more philosophical notions upon the subject of morality, have taught us that under no circumstances short of *absolute*

* This death has afforded Martial the subject of one of his most elegant epigrams, which has been thus rendered:

"When to her husband Arria gave the sword,
Which from her chaste, her bleeding breast she drew,
She said, 'My Pætus, this I do not feel;
But, oh! the wound that must be made by you!'
She could no more—but on her Pætus still,
She fix'd her feeble, her expiring eyes;
And when she saw him raise the pointed steel,
She sunk—and seem'd to say, 'Now Arria dies!'"

necessity, can suicide be justified. But we are not to infer that woman is not as kind, as tender now as in the days of antiquity, when her religious creed did not forbid suicide. What, for example, can show more kind solicitude, more tender anxiety about the last moments of a condemned husband, than the letter written by Lady Jane Grey to her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, a short time previous to his execution, when she herself at the same time was lying under a sentence of condemnation. "Do not let us meet, Guilford," she says, "we must see each other no more, until we are united in a better world. We must forget our joys so sweet, our loves so tender and so happy. You must now devote yourself to none but serious thoughts. No more love, no more happiness here upon earth! We must now think of nothing but death! Remember, my Guilford, that the people are waiting for you, to see how a man can die. Show no weakness as you approach the scaffold; your fortitude would be overcome perhaps, were you to see me. You could not quit your poor Jane without tears; and tears and weakness must be left to us women. Adieu, my Guilford adieu! be a man—be firm at the last hour—let me be proud of you." Well then might Guilford die like a hero, when he had such a wife to encourage and be proud of him. And who was this tender, kind, consoling wife, in the hour of death? Her political history is known to all. Almost forced for a moment to wear the crown of England, she incurred the guilt of treason, was condemned to death at the very time when she forgets herself in trying to impart resignation and fortitude to her husband, and was executed a few days afterwards. She is described as having been lovely beyond measure. Her features were beautifully regular, and her large and mild eyes were the reflection of a pure and virtuous soul, peaceful and unambitious. Yet even she could forget blood and royalty, and all the weakness of her own nature, and the terrors of her own execution, to impart moral courage and resignation to a husband about to die.

Many most affecting instances of the same kind might be cited from the French revolution; but my limits will permit me to adduce no more. I hope then, all my readers are ready to acknowledge the justice of the celebrated eulogy which the Duke de Lioncourt passed upon the merits of woman in this particular—a eulogy whose justice and truth his condition and career in life, seem to have well befitted his head to comprehend and his heart to feel. "Their friendship," says he, "is inviolable, their fidelity unshaken, their courage invincible. They are intimidated by no difficulty, and bid defiance to dangers. Amiable woman! while man desponds, she animates him with new hopes. When he is sick, she ministers unto him; when in distress, she comforts him, bids him live, and makes him in love with himself. And well can she sooth and comfort him: she is all patience, she is all fortitude. The endearments of her smiles, the melting accents of her voice, and her bewitching softness, beguile him of his sorrows, and make his prison a palace." Enough has been said to prove the admirable adaptation of the sexes to each other in the particular under discussion, and to show what a kind ministering angel woman can become in the dark hour of adversity.

It has been truly remarked, that when a married man falls into adversity, he is more apt to retrieve his

situation in the world than a single one, "because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is the monarch." He can truly say, "if I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me, from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection." Let every husband then remember this, and never keep from his wife his misfortunes, no matter how heart-rending they may be. Woman is always full of resources on these occasions, and will ever submit with cheerfulness to every privation which her altered circumstances may demand. There is many a husband who has never known the true character and value of his wife, until he has seen her resignation, fortitude, and almost angelic cheerfulness under the dark clouds of misfortune. It is then "she openeth her mouth in wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Then may the husband well acknowledge that he has found a truly virtuous woman, and her price to him at least, is far above all rubies. One of the most beautiful tales of Washington Irving, is that which is entitled "The Wife," and owes its great merit to the singular beauty with which he describes the fortitude and encouraging cheerfulness of a young wife whose husband is ruined. Women even who have been reckless and dissipated, and have ruined their husbands by their extravagance, have frequently reformed in adversity, and become the stay and solace of their husbands when stripped of all their possessions. It is then we may truly say of the reformed woman in the language of holy writ, "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Even Bulwer, in his England and the English, makes his fictitious Mrs. Thruston, after ruining her husband by her extravagance, occasioned by vanity and ambition, consent with cheerfulness to assume the coarser and more homely garments of penury, and forget her own proud self in the desire to console and comfort her ruined husband. And Miss Edgeworth too, in that beautiful romance, "The Absentee," after misfortune had visited the Clonbrunny family, makes the vain and haughty Lady Clonbrunny, who was so desirous to reside in London, and whose very heart and soul yearned after the society of the fashionable circles of that great metropolis, consent to return to her deserted castle in Ireland, on the *reasonable condition* that she might never be mortified with the sight of the old *yellow damask curtains* which hung in the windows of the hall. Well then may we truly say of woman what Cicero so beautifully asserted of the genuine friend. She doubles our enjoyments by the pleasures which they afford her, and she halves our sorrows by the comforts, and consolations, and sympathies which *she* affords us.

" 'Tis woman's smiles that lull our cares to rest;
Dear woman's charms that give to life its zest:
'Tis woman's hand that smooths affliction's bed,
Wipes the cold sweat, and stays the sinking head."

Intellectual Differences between the Sexes.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the differ-

ences between the sexes in regard to their intellectual powers; and here we shall find differences of the most marked and important character, which perhaps have more puzzled the philosophers, and given rise to more speculation, sophism and false reasoning, than any others observable between the sexes. At one time a spirit of gallantry and blind devotion, at another time of revenge and jealousy, has mixed itself more or less with the spirit of speculation upon this subject, and of course warped and biased the conclusions of authors. Hobbes, in his writings, has asserted that if the interests or passions of men, could ever be steadily opposed to the mathematical axiom that the whole is equal to all the parts, its truth would quickly be denied and boldly reasoned against. It stands because neither interest nor feeling is opposed to it. Our feelings are more or less to be guarded against in all our moral speculations, but particularly in discussions relative to the comparative merits of the sexes.

Shortly after the revival of letters, when the institution of chivalry was still in successful operation, there seemed to be a combination among the literati in Europe, to place woman in every respect above man. The celebrated Boccaccio, the most beautiful writer, one of the most devoted lovers, and perhaps the greatest favorite of his time with women, led on the van of this band of gallant authors. In his work "On Illustrious Women," he runs through the whole circle of history and fable. He ransacks the Grecian, Roman and sacred histories, and brings together Cleopatra and Lucretia, Flora and Portia, Semiramis and Sappho, Athalia and Dido, &c.—and lavishes out his sweetest praises on charming woman. We are not to wonder then at his popularity and authority among the women of his age, when we remember his devotion and his eulogy. His harangue against the marriage of christian widows, did not however share the same popularity with those to whom it was addressed, although backed by quotations and ingenious explanations thereof, from the apostle Paul.

Boccaccio was followed by a host of imitators, singing the praises of the sex. Throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the tide of discussion, if I may be allowed the expression, ran almost wholly on the side of the females. Love, polytheism, christianity, and the worship of the saints, were strongly blended by the over-zealous gallantry of the times, into one incongruous heterogeneous compound, calculated to excite the smile of the philosopher, and the frown of the theologian. Ruscelli, for example, one of the most celebrated writers of his day, maintains the decided superiority of woman over man. "But the effect of his reasoning," says a modern writer, "is destroyed by the confused impression which is made on the mind of the reader by the mixture of divinity and platonism; by blending through the whole the name of God and woman; by placing Moses by the side of Petrarch and of Dante; and by giving in the same page, and even in the same period, quotations from Boccaccio and St. Augustine, from Homer and from St. John." "This however," says the same writer, "must necessarily be found in a country where we often meet with the ruins of a temple of Jupiter in the neighborhood of a church, a statue of St. Peter upon a column of Trajan, and a Madonna beside an Apollo."

Throughout the whole of this period it seems to have been ungallant in the highest degree in an author not to place woman decidedly above man in every particular. Even in intellectual power she was considered as superior; and in perusing the voluminous proofs which were so industriously, and sometimes so ingeniously brought forward to prove it, we find ourselves as bewildered as the *femme de chambre* of Molière, under the learned remarks of the doctor upon the death of the coachman. The poor woman at last exclaims, "Le Medecin peut dire ce qu'il veut, mais le cocher est mort." Whatever may have been written or said in praise of the intellectual powers of woman during the very gallant period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is now a conceded point, that under the actual constitution of society, and with the superior education of our sex, the intellectual endowments and developments of man are generally found superior to those of woman at the age of maturity. In fact, the remark is susceptible of the greatest possible extension. Among all the barbarous nations—among the half civilized, as well as among the refined and polished, we find the intellectual powers of man every where and in every age superior to those of woman.*

It is fable alone which tells us of whole nations of Amazons. There is no well authenticated history of any people where the women have taken the lead, and governed the men by their superior intellectual endowments. Of course, as already remarked, individual exceptions prove nothing. We are here concerned with masses of individuals; and from the foundation of the world to the present time, we find that man has been uniformly the commander in the field; he has formed the material of the armies; he has led them to battle, won the victories and achieved the conquest. He has directed at the council board; his eloquence has been most powerfully felt in the senate and the popular assembly; he has established and pulled down dynasties—built up and overthrown empires, and achieved the mighty and convulsive revolutions of the nations of the earth. All the great, and learned, and lucrative occupations of life are filled by him. 'Tis he who studies the wondrous mechanism of our frame, the nature and character of our diseases and physical infirmities, and applies the healing balm to the suffering individual stretched on the couch of pain and sickness. 'Tis he who made the law—who studies its complicate details, its massive literature and profound reasoning, and traces out the chain of system and order, which like the delicate thread of the labyrinth, runs through the whole range of its subtleties and sinuosities. 'Tis he who has studied most profoundly and elaborately the record of man's fall and redemption. 'Twas he who conducted the children of Israel, under the guidance of heaven, out of Egypt, through the wilderness, into the promised land of Canaan. 'Twas a man who first preached the new gospel of Christ at Jerusalem, before the assembled nation, on the great day of Pentecost. It is man upon

whom devolves the sacred functions of preaching and spreading the gospel through the world. It is

"He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy."

It is he whose sublime and warning eloquence is heard from the pulpit, arousing and awakening the apathy of the listless, and stimulating the ardor of the pious. 'Tis man who carries forward, by his restless energies, all the complicate business of that great commerce, which binds together by the indissoluble ties of interest, all the nations of the earth. 'Tis he who creates the stocks, charters companies of enterprise, and works by his skill the mighty machinery of capital and trade. And if we look to the rich and varied fields of literature and science, we shall find his footstep every where, and see that his labors have reared the choicest fruit, and produced the most stately and enduring trees. We cannot then for a moment question his past and present intellectual superiority in society.

But whence arises this actual superiority? Is it the result of nature? or is it the result of education in that enlarged sense which I have already explained in my first number? Is the capacity of man naturally greater than that of woman? or are they born with equal natural endowments in this respect? and are the great differences which we observe in the full maturity of age, generated by the different circumstances under which they act, and the different positions which they occupy in society? I have already said that we have no data by which this question can be positively and satisfactorily settled; that long before the child arrives at that age at which we are able to detect the development of the intellectual powers, his education both physical and moral, has already advanced to such an extent as to render all our deductions from mere experiment and observation entirely fallacious. I am inclined however to the belief, that there is *no natural* difference between the intellectual powers of man and woman, and that the differences observable between them in this respect at mature age, are wholly the result of education, physical and moral. At all events, I think I shall be able to show that the difference in education is fully sufficient to explain these differences, without looking to any other causes.

First then, we find that the education which boys receive from teachers, is much more scientific and complete than that of the girls. The latter are sent to school but a few years, and those during the earlier period of their lives, before the development of the reasoning powers. What they learn at school, therefore, must be acquired by the exercise of memory alone, and not by the employment of the far higher powers of judgment, reason and reflection. These latter powers are not generally developed before the age of seventeen or eighteen, and in some cases still later. It is for this reason we so often find the mature man failing to fulfil the promise of his youth. In the early part of our lives we learn principally by memory, and the boy with the most ready memory therefore, is he who treasures up the knowledge generally acquired in youth with most facility. He, therefore, is apt to pass for the brightest genius. But it may happen that this bright youth may never develop to any extent the reasoning powers; and if so, he will rarely go much

* I do not mean to assert here that woman has been found inferior to man in every department or modification of the intellect; for in some kinds of intelligence she always has been, as we shall soon see, man's superior;—but my meaning is, that in the higher department of the intellectual powers, and in the general range of the mind, man is superior to woman.

beyond the mere smartness and quickness of youth. Memory will ever be his principal and greatest faculty, and with it alone he can never travel out of the common routine of knowledge, or disenthral himself from the dominion of mere precedent and example. On the other hand, we frequently see the dull boy developing at the age of maturity a large share of the reasoning power, and infinitely surpassing, in stretch of mind and depth of research, the individual who far outstripped him in his boyhood. Every man can readily call to mind illustrations of the remarks here made. Newton never exhibited any very great range of faculty till he commenced the study of the mathematics; and Dean Swift, the great wit and philosopher, is said to have been rather a dull boy.

Now then, just at the period when the reasoning faculties are about developing themselves—when a new intellectual apparatus is just coming into play, by which we are capable of achieving at school, in one or two years, more than we have done by all our past labors—the girl is taken from her studies, enters into society, plunges into all the scenes of gaiety and fashion, and is frequently married before that age at which the boy is sent to college. It is impossible then, under the prevalence of such a system as this, to give an education at all scientific to the female. Her mind at school is not sufficiently developed to receive such an education. You frequently find our female teachers professing to teach the higher branches of science, such as chemistry, natural philosophy, moral and mental philosophy, and political economy. I do not pretend to call in question the capacity of such teachers, or their ability to teach what they profess to do; but I do assert that most of our young ladies are not competent at the time they are sent to school to acquire such knowledge. They skip, at so early a period of life, as lightly and fantastically over the buried treasures of science, as they would over the floor of the ball room. I have never known an individual, no matter how apparently bright his intellect—no matter how much Latin and Greek, and Grammar and English he had studied, who was capable, at the age of sixteen, of mastering the abstruse principles of the philosophy of the human mind. Such a science as this absolutely requires a development of the higher powers of the mind, before it can be studied with any degree of success; and that development very rarely takes place before the age of seventeen, no matter how stimulating may have been the previous education of the youth.

But again: not only is the female stopped in her studies at a time of life when she is becoming most capable of acquiring knowledge, but, even whilst at school, her studies are of a lighter character, contributing more to *accomplishment and grace*, but far less to intellectual vigor than those of the boy. Much of her time is consumed in music, painting, needle work, &c. while the boy is laboring over his Greek and Latin. I do not pretend to condemn this difference in education. It arises principally from the opposite position of the two sexes in society, as we shall soon see. But I would like to see a classical education become more fashionable among the ladies than it has heretofore been. I would not insist upon such studies at a later period of life, when the mind might be capable of mastering those of a higher and more useful order; but between the ages of ten

and fifteen, there is nothing with which I am acquainted that can be so advantageously studied as the Latin and Greek. "The grammatical education," it has been justly observed by D. Stewart, "which boys receive while learning Latin, by teaching them experimentally the aid which the memory derives from general rules, prepares them for acquiring habits of generalization when they afterwards enter on their philosophical studies." I am happy to find the great authority of Mr. Stewart to be decidedly in favor of giving to females a classical education. In a foot note of Vol. III of *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, he says: "Latin, I observe with pleasure, is now beginning to enter more into the system of female education, and nothing could have so long delayed so obvious an improvement, but those exceptionable passages with which the Latin classics abound, and from which it is devoutly to be wished that the common school books were carefully purged, in editions fitted for the perusal of youth of both sexes."

Not only, however, are boys confined to studies which invigorate and discipline the mind more thoroughly than those of the girls, but they are much more stimulated and encouraged by parents, guardians, and friends, to persevere in the arduous, and at first excessively disagreeable career of study and literary labor. Whilst the father is perfectly contented with the most superficial knowledge—with the little music, and the few graces and accomplishments which his daughter acquires at a boarding school—he watches narrowly the progress of his son. He stimulates him by every means to assiduity and exertion. He impresses upon his mind the important truth, that his standing, his career in after life, his ultimate success, all may depend upon these his preparatory exertions. It is to be expected, under this unequal system of stimulation, that the efforts of the boys will generally be greater than those of the girls.

Those who have not reflected much upon this subject, can form no adequate conception of the vast influence exerted over the minds of students by that discipline which depends upon a well directed system of opinion and encouragement, entirely extraneous to the school or the academy. Those who have attempted to teach the children of savages in New Zealand and New Holland, in the isles of the Pacific, or on our own continent, have all borne witness to the truth of this remark. For example, a teacher in New Zealand tells us that the first day his scholars met they were exceedingly anxious to learn; it was a new thing: they, and their parents too, expected some sudden, mysterious kind of benefit which was to result from this system, requiring no great lapse of time, or exertion on the part of the children. In a day or two the confinement and tedium of school hours became intolerable; the children became lazy in spite of all the efforts of the teacher. Parents knew not the advantages of an education, and consequently did not enforce the regular attendance of the pupils, nor stimulate them to exertion; and for this reason the school soon became a total failure.

From all these causes combined, we are not to wonder that the education of a boy up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, is of a more invigorating character than that of the girl. At this age the girl is taken

home to be *turned out*, as it is termed, and the boy is sent, when the parent's circumstances will admit it, to college. The college education, therefore, of the young men, may be considered as a clear superaddition to that which young ladies receive. It is the college education which is decidedly the most efficacious, when properly conducted, in nurturing and developing the higher powers of the mind. The lecturers in well endowed institutions, are generally men of superior attainments and intellectual powers. The division of mental labor, in consequence of the number of professors, renders each one more perfect in his department. The library and apparatus are great advantages not possessed at common schools. Well delivered lectures too, upon the text of some good author, though they may not impart a greater fund of positive information than might be acquired by reading, yet they deeply interest the attention, and stimulate the exertions of the student; they awaken a spirit of inquiry and research; they teach him to examine and sift all he peruses with a skeptical mind. They break the charm which is created by mere precedent and written authority, and furnish, if I may so express myself, the leading strings by which we are gently led forth to more hardy and manly explorations in the field of science and literature. All these are advantages *exclusively* enjoyed by our young men, and hence, so far as the school education of the sexes is concerned, there is no question that men have decidedly the advantage over women.

This then must certainly be looked upon as one of the most powerfully operating causes of the intellectual differences between the sexes. But it is only a proximate cause, and the question immediately presents itself, how has it happened that the young men have been so much more universally and deeply educated in all ages and countries?

And here we are led to a consideration of the effects of that more enlarged and general education which arises from physical and moral causes, independently of mere teachers. I have already explained the causes which assign to woman the domestic sphere, and all the occupations pertaining to it, and to man the out of door world with all the business, occupations, and cares pertaining to its management. These separate, distinct, and widely different spheres in which the two sexes move, as we have already observed, generate characters distinctly marked and widely different. And it is not to be wondered at that these characters, so totally different, belonging to persons moving in different spheres, should require different kinds and degrees of intellectual powers. Woman is domestic in her habits, she requires therefore a knowledge of all those minutiae—all those details which can best befit her for her domestic occupations. She is more concerned with the individual than with the multitude. She feels more deeply interested in a mere family, than in a whole nation. Hence she studies individual character, individual disposition, and the motives by which individuals are governed, more than she does the general traits of the multitude, the distinctive character of nations, or the great and general principles by which they are governed. Woman is the delight and ornament of the social circle. She therefore aims to acquire that knowledge, and become possessed of those graces and accomplishments which may cause her to be admired

by all while she is walking the golden round of her pleasures and duties; her object is rather to please and fascinate the imagination than to instruct the understanding. She is more humane, more tender, sympathetic, and moral than man, and, consequently, she is more interested in the study of the feelings and the passions than in that of the understanding and the intellectual powers. In general she is more eager for the perusal of all that addresses itself to the fancy and the feelings, such as novels, romances, and poems, than for the study of philosophy and science. In fine she is much more literary than scientific.

Abstraction and Generalization.

We can now easily account for that great difference which we observe in the intellectual powers of the sexes, dependent on habits of abstraction and generalization. Undoubtedly one of the greatest and most useful powers of the human mind, is that by which we are enabled to classify and generalize our ideas—that power which enables us, from the observance of multitudes of facts and details, to seize on those which possess a resemblance, to arrange them together under genera and species, and thus to arrive at general principles or facts applicable to thousands of cases which may occur in our passage through life. It is this power of abstraction and generalization which may be truly said to give to our reasoning faculties the wings of the eagle. We are enabled thereby to soar to a height, and command an extension of prospect which cannot be reached by those who do not cultivate this power. It is the great labor saving machinery in the economy of the human mind, and belongs in all its perfection only to a few gifted and educated minds, capable of rising to an altitude far, very far beyond the common intellectual level. According to the degree in which this noble faculty is possessed, the metaphysicians have made a division of the human race, very unequal as to numbers, into *men of general principles* or *philosophers*, and *men of detail*. The former possessing minds inured to habits of abstraction and generalization, the latter more conversant with mere individuals and individual character, with the details and minutiae of common life, and therefore better suited to the ordinary routine of every day duties in the common transactions of the world. But if I may borrow the sentiment of Mr. Burke, when the path is broken up, the high waters out, and the file affords no precedent, then men who possess minds of comprehension and generalization, are required to lead the way through the chaos of difficulties and dangers which surround them.

When we compare the sexes together in this particular, we see that man has generally, and *necessarily* must have, from the very nature and requisitions of that extended sphere in which he moves, a greater share of this power of abstraction and generalization than is commonly found developed in the female mind. The confined sphere in which woman moves, requires, as I have already observed, close attention to all the details and minutiae of the little events daily and hourly transpiring around her. Instead of studying the general traits of character which belong alike to the whole human family, she studies most deeply the individual characters of those who compose her household, and her circle of friends and relatives. Her mind becomes one of detail and minute observation, rather than of abstrac-

tion and generalization. The intellectual eye of woman is like the pleasing microscope; it detects little objects, and movements, and motives, upon the theatre of life, which wholly escape the duller but more comprehensive vision of our sex. Man, in the wider sphere in which he moves, deals not so much with the individual as with masses of individuals. Take for example the statesman. Is he a legislator? Then he must make laws not only for the few individuals with whom he has been raised, but for the whole nation. In doing this he is obliged to discard the mere individual from his mind, and look to the population in the aggregate. He must abstract himself from the consideration of the minutiae, the little details and peculiar circumstances which operate *exclusively* on his own little narrow neighborhood, and attend to those general circumstances which affect alike the condition of the whole body politic. His intellectual vision should not be too microscopic. He must look to generals rather than particulars. The minute vision of the fly would perhaps best survey the little specks and blemishes that may exist on the vast and mighty fabric of St. Peter's church, but it requires the more comprehensive vision of a man to survey the whole building at a glance. In like manner the honest, high minded, intellectual statesman looks to the good of the whole—discards the more petty consideration of self and friends. In contemplating the compound fabric of mind, law, and human rights, if he survey mere individual peculiarities with too intense a vision he will never be able to form in the mind one comprehensive, connected whole with the position and relation of all the prominent and distinct parts fully exhibited and well defined. Now there are few women who can wholly abstract themselves from the influence of those peculiar circumstances which operate exclusively on the circle in which they move. The circle they live in, conceals from them the rest of the world. The general remark made on this subject by Madame de Stael in her *Corinne*, is particularly applicable to woman. "The smallest body," says she, "placed near your eye, hides from it the body of the sun; and it is the same with the little *coterie* in which you live. Neither the voice of Europe nor of posterity can make you insensible to the noise of your neighbor's family; and therefore whoever would live happily, and give scope to his genius, must first of all choose carefully the atmosphere by which he is to be surrounded."

Politics and Patriotism.

We can now easily explain why woman has, in general, less patriotism, and is more unfitted for the field of politics than man. The very intensity of her domestic and social virtues makes her less patriotic than man. The ardor with which she loves her husband, her children, her intimate friends and associates, concentrates the mind within the little circle by which she is surrounded, and clips the wings of that more expanded but less ardent love which embraces whole states and nations. Her *individuality* is much too strong for the feeling of patriotism. She is, in this respect, like the knight of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who coveted individual honor and glory alone. He lived only for his mistress, his God, and himself, and did not like to share his glories and his honors with an army, a nation, or mankind. Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," has pronounced the Achilles of Homer to be the most beautiful

picture that ever was portrayed of this character (of chivalry). And strange as it may appear, the political character of woman in general, bears a very close and striking analogy to that of Achilles; who has been pronounced by competent judges, to be the most terrific human personage ever portrayed in prose or poetry. In search of individual glory and renown Achilles consents to join the allied army of Greece, with his myrmidons, in the siege of Troy. He receives an insult from Agamemnon, the chief of the Grecian forces, who determines to take from him a captive female slave. Instantly he resolves on revenge; his patriotism yields to his intense feeling of individuality, and he sullenly withdraws his troops from the field of battle, remains unmoved while the Trojans are gaining victory after victory, until they begin to burn the ships; then the security of himself and his particular friends required that he should drive back the Trojan army. Reluctantly he consents that Patroclus might lead forth the myrmidons to battle, but with strict injunction to retire from the field the moment the Trojans were beaten from the ships. Patroclus goes forth and is slain by Hector, the great rival of Achilles in war. Then is the wrath and jealousy of Achilles raised against the Trojan hero who has slain Patroclus, for whom his bosom throbbed with the intensest friendship. He now arms himself for the fight, and consents to go forth to battle; not for any love he has for Greece, not for any hatred which he bears to the Trojan state, but because he loved Patroclus and his own glory, and hated Hector, who had wreathed his brow with the laurel won by the death of his dearest friend.

Such is the patriotism of woman. Her husband and children are more to her than her country. You never hear of woman consenting to sacrifice her son for the country's welfare; the reverse is much apter to be the result. She would sooner sacrifice the welfare of the nation, for the promotion and happiness of her family. In the various political contests of our country, it has sometimes been my lot to be present when ladies have received intelligence of the defeat of brothers, husbands, &c. in their political aspirations. Such defeats I have generally found to disgust them at once with the whole subject of politics, and almost instantly to extinguish the little patriotism which their political hopes had kindled. It is well known that misfortune of all kinds has a most wonderful influence in darkening the picture which the imagination sketches of the future. Pope has admirably hit off this feature of the mind in his allusion to the pensioner who suddenly has his pension stopped.

"Ask men's opinions, Scots now can tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone."

So have I known ladies, from the defeat of their husbands at a county election, to predict more disaster and calamity to the nation, than if an army were on the frontier or a revolution threatened from within. I have known brother arrayed against brother, and father against son in politics, so decisively as to attempt to defeat each other's election; but I do not know that I have ever yet seen a mother, sister, or wife, whose politics were of that stern, unbending character which would lead her to vote, if allowed, against a son, brother, or

husband opposed to her in political sentiments. Their affections and sympathies for those connected with them, are sure to triumph over the general feelings of patriotism and justice.

Woman therefore cannot make a good politician, because she has too much feeling, too much sympathy and kindness for her friends; her very virtues lead to injustice. Let us take, on this subject, the testimony of a lady who is well acquainted with the whole moral and mental constitution of her sex. "I never heard," says Mrs. Jameson, "a woman *talk* politics, as it is termed, that I could not discern at once the motive, the affection, the secret bias which swayed her opinions and inspired her arguments. If it appeared to the Grecian sage so 'difficult for a man not to love himself, nor the things that belong to him, but justice only,' how much more for a woman." Bulwer, too, tells us that women always make prejudiced politicians in England. "No one will assert," says he, "that these soft aspirants have any ardor for the public—any sympathy with measures that are pure and unselfish. No one will deny that they are first to laugh at principles which, it is but just to say, the education we have given precludes them from comprehending—and to excite the parental emotions of the husband, by reminding him that the advancement of his sons requires interest with the minister." Again, he says, "how often has the worldly tenderness of the mother been the secret cause of the tarnished character and venal vote of the husband; or to come to a pettier source of emotion, how often has a wound or an artful pampering to some feminine vanity, led to the renunciation of one party, advocating honest measures, or the adherence to another subsisting upon courtly intrigues." Doctor Johnson is reported by Boswell to have said, that in these matters no woman stops short of integrity.

Women, therefore, whose husbands are engaged in political life, ought ever to recollect their foibles in this respect, and beware of yielding too much to their sympathies and partialities, lest they ruin the political reputation of their husbands, or alienate their affections by too much tampering in matters which do not belong to them. Madame Junot thinks that the constant interference of Josephine in politics, her constant, ardent desire to serve her friends, weakened very much the attachment of Napoleon for her. Nothing so much tormented Charles II, as the constant intermeddling of his mistresses in politics; and one reason of his very sincere attachment to Nell Gwyn was, that she rarely gave herself any concern about the political squabbles of the day. She never interfered, except on behalf of her own children and one or two friends.

But although woman is much apter to err in politics than man, we must ever bear in mind, as some mitigation and justification of her errors, that they arise in a great measure from those kindly feelings, those strong sympathies, those family endearments and social ties which, whilst they mark her unfitness for the ruder arena of political life, demonstrate unequivocally the goodness of her heart.

Even women of corrupt hearts do sometimes manifest strongly the most amiable feelings and tender sympathies in their political intrigues; take, for example, the Duchess de Longueville, that bold, arbitrary, intriguing, profligate, vain, facetious heroine of the *Fronde*, who is

described as making rebels by her smiles—or if that were not enough, she was not scrupulous; without principle and without shame, nothing was too much! Now "think of this same woman," says a modern writer, "protecting the virtuous philosopher Arnauld, when he was denounced and condemned; and from motives which her worst enemies could not malign, secreting him in her house, unknown even to her own servants; preparing his food herself, watching for his safety, and at length saving him. Her tenderness, her patience, her discretion, her disinterested benevolence, not only defied danger, (that were little to a woman of her temper) but endured a lengthened trial, all the ennui caused by the necessity of keeping her house, continual self-control, and the thousand small daily sacrifices which to a vain, dissipated, proud, impatient woman, must have been hard to bear."

Again, let us look to the celebrated Duchess de Pompadour—the corrupt, profligate, and intriguing mistress of that weak, effeminate, heartless monarch, King Lewis XV, whose abandoned, lewd court, is so well described as plunged in the sink of corruption and debauchery, and dead to all shame of decency and morality. Even she is represented by some of the wisest men of the day, as being exceedingly kind and beneficent to her friends, or tender and sympathetic in the highest degree towards misfortune of all kinds, when the parties concerned had not in any manner wounded her feminine vanity or prejudices. How interesting even does this woman become in that scene in which Marmontel, pleading the claims of Boissy to a pension, so works on her feelings by the recital of the galling poverty of Boissy, as to make her exclaim, "Good God! you make me shudder. I'll go and recommend him to the king." Marmontel was so much influenced by her kind attentions to her personal friends, of whom he was one, that he every where speaks of her in the most grateful terms as one not only willing to do a kindness, but to do it in the most flattering, affectionate and pleasing manner, frequently adding little injunctions or recommendations, which communicated the highest pleasure whilst they imposed no heavy obligation. For example, when he applied to the king, through Mad. de P. for a favor relative to a work of his entitled the "*Poetique*," he says, "I owe this testimony to the memory of this beneficent woman, that at this simple and easy method of publicly deciding the king in my favor, her beautiful countenance beamed with joy. 'Most willingly,' said she, 'will I ask for you this favor of the king, and it will be granted.' She obtained it without difficulty, and in announcing it to me, 'You must give,' said she, 'all possible solemnity to this presentation; and on the same day all the royal family and all the ministers, must receive your work from your own hand.'"

When, however, any prejudice exists in the mind of woman, from pique at the conduct of a particular individual, or from any cause which wounds her feminine vanity, you may in vain expect such kindnesses and sympathy. All a woman's benevolence is dried up the moment the object of it becomes *disagreeable* to her. Madame de Pompadour disliked the king of Prussia, and she could never be prevailed on to do anything for d'Alembert, because he was a great admirer and eulogist of that celebrated monarch. Racine basked in the

royal sunshine of courtly favor, while Madame de Maintenon was the ascendant at court. He happened one day, in presence of the king and Madame de M. in one of those fits of absence for which he was remarkable, to observe that the theatre had fallen into disrepute, because the managers selected plays of too inferior a character, such as those of Scarron, &c. Now Scarron had been the husband of Maintenon, and from that day poor Racine, the immortal tragedian of France, was never more invited into the royal presence, or loaded with the royal favors.

Not only, however, does woman's feelings, sympathies, prejudices, &c. make her an unsafe and most partial, and sometimes very unjust politician, but her mind is rarely of that order, from reasons already pointed out, which will enable her to take large, and comprehensive, and unbiassed views of political subjects. Woman's individuality is too strong for general principles and abstract considerations. She has too much pleasure in the particulars and details around her, to develop much of the higher and more comprehensive powers of generalization. She judges of the great characters who are moving forward the mighty drama of politics as she would judge of beaux in a ball room, or friends and relatives in a parlor. Henrietta, queen of Charles I, is an admirable specimen of female politicians. She viewed the characters of great men with all the sensations of a woman. "Describing the Earl of Strafford," says D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, "to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person. 'Though not handsome,' said she, 'he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man in the world.'" The same author tells us, that when "landing at Burlington Bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house; and several shot reaching it, her favorite Jermyn requested her to fly; she safely reached a cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a *lapdog asleep* in its bed, she flew back, and, amidst the cannon-shot returned with this other favorite." Well might this have been termed a complete woman's victory. With such feelings, and sympathies, and judgments as these, however amiable and pure they may be, you can never expect to meet with the comprehensive views and well arranged plans of the great statesman: a Jermyn or a lapdog may disarrange or defeat them.

The peculiarities and minuteness of woman's speculations may be observed on all subjects, even on the graver and more impressive topic of religion. Although the celebrated Eloisa was deeply learned in all the cumbersome learning of the schools and the fathers, yet when speaking of the apostles, she seems to forget their religious character in order that she might express her astonishment that "even in the company of their master, they were so *rustic* and *ill-bred*, that regardless of *common decorum*, as they passed through cornfields they plucked the ears and ate them like children. Nor did they *wash their hands* before they sat down to table." Pope, who in his *Abelard and Eloisa*, has followed with wonderful exactness, the real history of these two lovers, makes Eloisa, when speculating on the use of letters, think of no advantage but those furnished to lovers.

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid."

This is truly characteristic of the woman, and it manifests an order of mind admirably adapted to the circumscribed sphere in which nature seems to have destined her to move. But it does not suit the wide arena of the statesman. Go, for example, into the great deliberative body of this country, and listen to the polemical combats of the minds that are there brought together, and mark particularly the powerful effusions of that individual with the master mind of this country—I had like to have said of the age in which he lives—and you will be amazed at the vast power of generalization and consequent condensation which his capacious mind displays. Is it the complicate and difficult subject of the banking system which has fallen under his review, then observe how he passes by unheeded, the petty details and minute histories of the little institutions around him which engage the little minds of the body, and fixes his eagle gaze on the great and prominent points of the subject; shows you that the *general* nature of man, and the *general* nature of this institution, is the same at Amsterdam, at Venice, at London, as at Philadelphia, Washington, or Baltimore. He points out the great and general circumstances which lead on to the corruption and final destruction of the system, and shows you that the straining and breaking of our banks in by-gone times, was not the result of chance and accident, but of causes as fixed and unerring in their operation as the law of gravity or the force of elasticity. Or is he on the great subject of the dangers to be apprehended from irresponsible power in the hands of a dominant majority, then observe how his mind ranges over the history of the past, and culls from the page of Greece and Rome, and even from that more sacred one of Israel's people, the great lessons which they inculcate upon this point. He shows you that the contests of patricians and plebeians, the forcible establishment of the power of the tribunes in ancient Rome, and the division of a modern parliament into the lords and commons, or the fearful disputes between the *tiers état* and the nobles and clergy in France, all prove the same great truth and teach the same great lesson, *that every great interest to be safe, must have the means of defending itself*. Such a mind as this when it fails, fails (if I may use the language of the logician) from not attending to specific and individual differences in the application of general principles: it fails because while leaping from the Appenines to the Alps, and from the Alps to the Pyrennees, it does not perceive the rivulets, the flowers, the little hills and dales which lie beneath. Such a mind is the very opposite of that of woman.

But it may be said there are women who have reigned with glory and lustre, and merited well of their country and mankind. Christina, for example, in Sweden, Isabella in Castile, and Elizabeth in England, have merited the esteem of their age and posterity. The two Catharines in Russia, and Maria Theresa, during the long wars about the pragmatic sanction, have each manifested the abilities of statesmen. To this however, I would remark in the first place, that we are concerned here with general rules and not with particular exceptions. Now the general rule is what I have stated; women make bad politicians, unsafe depositaries of power, and most partial and unequal administrators of

justice. In the second place, you will find that the weakness and errors of the good female sovereigns have almost always arisen from their feminine foibles or womanly judgments. Take, for example, Queen Elizabeth, whom Mr. Hume has pronounced to have been perhaps the greatest female sovereign who ever sat upon a throne. It was said of her that her inclinations and the coquetries of her sex, stole beneath the cares of her throne and the grandeur of her character. And it has been said, with perhaps too much truth, that if Mary Queen of Scotland had been less beautiful, Elizabeth had been less cruel; she always believed too readily, that the mere power of pleasing implied genius. The exaggerated but well-timed gallantries of Raleigh,* and the personal beauty and accomplishments of the earl of Leicester, made the fortunes of those individuals.

This celebrated queen has been described as passionately admiring handsome persons, and he was already far advanced in her favor who approached her with beauty and grace. It is said she had so unconquerable an aversion to ugly and ill-made men, that she could not endure their presence. Her aversion to boots was very marked, and highly characteristic of the woman. I think it is Sir Walter Scott who, in one of his romances, represents her as having had so much aversion to the boots of the Duke of Suffolk, who was brought forward by his party for the honor of knighthood, as to fly into a passion about it, and for some time to refuse to knight him in such a dress.† She is well known to have been a great coquette, giving all her suitors some hopes of finally obtaining her hand. She had likewise a most ardent desire to be thought beautiful. Raleigh was well aware of this excessive vanity, and made it a means of securing her favor and continuing in her good graces. Mr. Hume tells us that Sir Walter, in a love-letter written to the queen when she was sixty years old, after exhausting his poetic talent in exalting her charms and his devotion, concludes by comparing her to *Venus and Diana*. D'Israeli says that Du Maurier, in his *Memoirs*, writes: "I heard from my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her Majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times, to display her hands, which were indeed beautiful and very white." And he says, "She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language; and when Henry IV sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable vanity of this great queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state." Well then has it been said, that "the toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her ministers were her votaries: it was the reign of coquetry, and the golden age of millinery."

It is true, in spite of all these foibles and defects of

character, she made a great sovereign; but it is easy to mark throughout the whole course of her administration, even in the graver matters of legislation, the constantly modifying influence of feminine weakness. It was Elizabeth who granted, more extensively than any other sovereign, privileges and monopolies to her favorites, which is one of the worst forms which the restrictive system can assume. In doing this, she seems to have been anxious to solve the problem of doing every thing for her friends and pretended admirers, without disturbing her conscience by the infliction of too much injury on the body politic. But experience has shown that she most woefully failed by her plan in the solution of the problem, and took by these monopolies and privileges even a great deal more out of the pockets of the people, than could ever come into those of her favorites and flatterers. Even the celebrated laws of this reign in regard to the paupers of England, in my opinion, mark the overweening humanity of the woman, combined with a deficiency of that power of generalization, which can alone enable us to arrive at just conclusions on so delicate and complicated a subject. When she ordered the overseers of the poor to see that every individual in the kingdom should be well fed, clothed and employed, the order, although a humane one, was certainly impracticable. Mr. Malthus asserts, that when king Canute seated himself on the sea shore, and ordered the rising tide not to approach his royal feet, he was not guilty of more vanity than this celebrated order of Elizabeth displayed; but there was certainly humanity in the intention.

In addition to the preceding remarks upon the incapacity of woman in general for the able discharge of political duties, we may observe that she is more disposed to despotism while in power than man. This may be ascribed to greater physical weakness, and consequent dependence in general. When, therefore, she wields the sceptre, she is constantly disposed to manifest her power—to let the world see she is really a ruler. She makes a show of her authority, precisely for the same reason that a newly created nobleman is more tenacious of his title than an old one, or a legitimate monarch less suspicious on the throne than a usurper. Thomas says that great men are more carried to that species of despotism which arises from lofty ideas; and women above the ordinary class, to the despotism which proceeds from passion. The last is rather a sally of the heart than the effect of system. The despotism of woman however, very rarely, except when stimulated by violent love and jealousy, leads on to cruelty; they have too much feeling, sympathy and kindness to be cruel. Their despotism arises rather from caprice, and a desire to promote the interest of friends and flatterers, than from any regular system of ambition and vice. Give them unlimited sway, and you rarely find them exercising that merciless tyranny which delights in blood. Their sensibility rarely forsakes them, even on the throne. Deny them power, and they make monarchs as jealous and suspicious as rival beauties in a ball room. There never was on the throne of England a more determined stickler for prerogative than Queen Elizabeth. She was exceedingly jealous of the powers of her parliament; and up to the very last hour of her long life, a shuddering came over her whenever she thought of a successor to the throne.

* Raleigh threw a new plush cloak into the mud over which the queen was passing; she stepped cautiously on it, and shot forth a smile upon the young captain. This cunning gallantry introduced him to the queen for the first time; his advancement was rapid, and the title of captain was soon changed for that of Sir Walter.

† In the *Memoirs* of the Duchess d'Abrantes, it is stated that Madame Permon, mother of the Duchess, had a very great aversion to the boots of the Republican generals, particularly when wet and passing through the process of drying.

Yet Elizabeth was far from being as cruel as many of the male sovereigns who have sat on the English throne.

The passion of love, however, is the most dangerous one in the breast of the female sovereign. As I have already observed, it is the strongest of our nature whilst it lasts, even in the breast of man; but with woman, it is not only the strongest, but like Aaron's rod, it swallows up all the rest. Elizabeth's lovers were her dependents, and she was withal a woman of strong masculine mind, cultivated by an education of the most classical and severe character, yet we have seen the mighty influence which even her lovers exerted over her, in spite of all her caution.

Mary, the sister of Elizabeth, the bigoted Catholic, is a melancholy instance of the influence of even unrequited love, upon the politics of a female sovereign. While married to Philip of Spain, England was very little more than a Spanish province. Perhaps it was the example of Mary which in a great measure deterred Elizabeth from ever marrying, although repeatedly pressed to it by the Parliament. The caricature gotten up during the reign of Queen Mary is an admirable burlesque of the errors and weaknesses of female rule. It represented her Majesty "naked, meager, withered and wrinkled, with every aggravated circumstance of deformity which could disgrace a female figure, seated in a regal chair; a crown on her head, surrounded with the letters M. R. A. accompanied with Maria Regina Angliæ in smaller letters! A number of Spaniards were sucking her to the skin and bone, and a specification was added of the money, rings, jewels, and other presents with which she had secretly gratified her husband Philip."

To see what woman may be capable of doing under the influence of the passion of love accompanied by jealousy, let us at once recur to a state of semi-barbarism, where but little restraint is imposed on the feelings and passions, and where nature consequently manifests itself in all its most horrid deformities without wearing the mask which civilized manners and an enlightened and moral public opinion, aided by the printing press have imposed even upon the most hardy and most wicked in the polished countries of Europe. Among the *Memoirs of Celebrated Women* by Madame Junot, we find that of Zingha, a great African princess who ruled in her dominions with absolute sway. In the contemplation of her character we are fully disposed to acquiesce in the truth of Shakspeare's assertion, that "proper deformity shows not in the fiend so horrid as in woman." This princess was a perfect tigress when for a moment her argus-eyed jealousy conceived the least interruption to her amours, from the beauty, or the affections, or the accomplishments of another. We are told that "a young girl who waited on her had the misfortune to be attached to a man upon whom the queen had herself cast an eye of affection. Having discovered that the feeling was mutual between the youthful lovers, Zingha had them brought before her; and giving her poniard to the young man, ordered him to plunge it into the bosom of his mistress, to open her bosom and eat her heart! The moment he had obeyed this cruel order she turned to the wretched man, who perhaps expected his pardon, and looked at him as if to confirm this expectation. But she ordered his head to be severed from his body, and it fell upon the mutilated corpse

of his mistress." On another occasion she had spared a particular female from among those doomed to destruction, when perceiving a paramour looking with tenderness upon her, she immediately recalled her executioner, and coldly said, "take this woman also and throw her into the grave with her companion." Such is the influence of the passion of love and jealousy upon the female mind even in *Negro land*, and well may we join Madame Junot in the remark, that "this memoir (of Zingha) which is strictly true may lead to much reflection in those who so bitterly attack the whites for their treatment of negro slaves. The latter in our colonies have *never yet undergone such degradation*."^{*}

A woman in love, whilst she is willing to sacrifice all for the object beloved, may occasionally demand all. She is very apt to be too capricious for wise and prosperous government. A little experiment in love matters might occasionally be of more moment to her, than the regulation of trade, the modification of the corn laws, or the raising or lowering of the taxes. We all know that woman is sometimes extremely capricious and even despotic in the wars of Cupid. She does sometimes make most fearful exactions merely to manifest her power, or to confirm her faith in the fidelity and devotedness of her lover. Now all this will do well enough in private life, because it chequers the path of love with the powerfully exciting alternations of hope and disappointment, and throws around the object of our affections all those attractions, and all that more ethereal and imaginative loveliness, which the extreme difficulty of attainment ever generates in the mind. Although the lover may sometimes groan under such a despotism, and even attempt to renounce it,† yet the public sustains no injury. But when this capricious lover is a queen upon the throne, or an ambitious aspirant for political power, then the consequences may be truly disastrous. Rousseau tells us upon the authority of Brantome, that during the reign of Francis I, a young girl had a lover who was a great *babbler*. So capricious was she, and so fond of the exercise of power, that she ordered him to keep an absolute and profound silence, as the condition of her love, until she might release his tongue. He actually remained silent two years, when every body believed him dumb. Then one day in the presence of a large assembly, she boasted that by *one word* she could restore speech to the *dumb*. She looked him in the face and said, "*parlez !*" "*speak !*" when the man began to speak again! Now in this case no one suffered but the poor man, and he had no doubt hours of ecstatic felicity in her occasional kindness, and sympathy, and love, for so much devotion. He gloried in the chains which he wore: he might be a little restive at times, under the caprice and whim of his mis-

* "Add to this the horrible superstitions of the *Giagas*," says the same writer, "and our colonial slaves must have little to regret in their native country."

† We are informed that during the age of chivalry, a lady and her lover knight, at the Court of Vienna, were looking over a palisade at a very ferocious lion, when the lady designedly let fall her glove within the enclosure, and asked the knight to pick it up for her. Without hesitation he leaped the enclosure, threw a cloak at the lion, which diverted his attention for a moment, and escaped unhurt with the glove, and then in presence of the whole court renounced the lady and her love forever, because she had imposed so cruel and dangerous a test of his affections.

tress, but was no doubt in all his difficulties ever ready to apply to her the language of one of Martial's Epigrams on the whimsical waywardness of a friend,

"Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

but when such love or caprice as this reaches the throne, the people pay for the folly. *Delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.*

The poor Dutch saw but little sport or justice in those harassing campaigns of Lewis XIV in Holland, undertaken principally to please and amuse his mistresses, and exalt himself in their estimation as a military chieftain. The English too saw nothing but degradation and misfortune while Mademoiselle Queraille, the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth, was the favorite mistress of Charles, and by her predilections for France, and influence on Charles, made him the subservient tool of Lewis XIV, and England but a province to France. And the ill-fated Protestants of the same country had before but too mournfully lamented at the stake that England's Queen was the wife of the most sullen, dark, and ferocious bigot of his age.

But I have said enough, I hope, to show that the field of politics does not furnish the proper theatre for woman's glory and fame. It is strewn with too many brambles and thorns for her delicate and timid nature. It presents too many temptations to wander from the path of justice and equity, to be resisted by the modest gentleness and the unresisting pliancy of her sympathetic and humane temperament. Let her not then be over-ambitious in politics, lest she be brought to realize at last the maxim which is but too true—"Corruptio optimi pessima est." Let her ever remember that she who has the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, as Gisborne has well observed, enjoys a decoration superior to all the glories of the peerage. Not only, however, has the custom of the world generally excluded woman from political stations, but she has been excluded likewise from the right of suffrage or of voting. Her condition in society, her physical organization, the bearing and nursing of children, her delicacy, modesty, weakness and dependency on man, all concur to make such exclusion proper.* The *utilitarians* say, that no evil can result to the fair sex from this exclusion, because their interests are involved in the interests of the males, and consequently the former cannot be oppressed by the latter. Thus they say almost every woman has a husband, a brother, or a father, all of whom are interested in her welfare. She need not consequently fear an invasion of her rights, for those in power are interested in defending them. To a certain extent this assertion is true. But the condition of woman in past ages, and in the eastern nations, shows most conclusively that she may be oppressed by the stronger sex, and that her interests therefore have not been so completely involved in those of man as to make oppression impracticable. Well then, under these circumstances, does it behoove man, in the possession of *all* the political power, to guard against its abuse—to remember that the frailer and weaker member of our race is placed necessarily under his protection, and lies at his mercy—that hu-

*I do not then agree entirely with Talleyrand in the assertion that, "to see one half of the human race excluded by the other from all participation of government, is a political phenomenon that, according to abstract principles, it is impossible to explain."

manity, magnanimity, and even self-interest, alike require that her rights should be guarded, and her condition ameliorated—that she who is the delight and ornament of society, the Corinthian capital of our race, should not be permitted to pine under neglect and oppression, but should be conducted tenderly to that exalted eminence whence she may diffuse her benign influence over all the ramifications of social intercourse. And the more I have been enabled to read the page of history have I become convinced, that the continued amelioration of woman's condition is one of the most unerring symptoms of the continuing prosperity and civilization of the world.

But although I would say that woman is not fitted to take the lead in politics, or to vote at elections, yet would I recommend to all men in political life, or in any other situation, generally to consult female friends before they act in any very important matters. Their opinions and counsels are rarely to be despised, even in politics. The politician ought always to be possessed of their views, though he should not be implicitly governed by them. There is a chain of connection running through and binding together all the events of this world, moral, social, religious, and political. The mind of man, to act with perfect wisdom in any department, must survey all the causes and events, both great and small, which may have a bearing either direct or remote on the issue at which he aims. Now, although man may be able to generalize more extensively, and take a wider and more comprehensive view of the events which are passing around him, yet that very generalization and comprehension of mind, do often make him overlook those little causes, those secret motives, those nice and evanescent springs of action, which are frequently the real causes of the greatest events transpiring in the political drama. "It was not from a massive bar of iron, but from a small and tiny needle," as my lord Bacon observes, "that we discovered the great mysteries of nature." And thus it frequently happens, that by looking attentively at apparently unimportant passions or small events, we are enabled to arrive at the true causes of individual and even national distinctions. It is in this latter department of knowledge that the sagacity of woman is infinitely beyond that of man. She divines more certainly than he all those secret motives of the heart, and detects more readily those delicate, invisible springs of action which so frequently control the course of events. She is more thoroughly acquainted with the nature and character of that mighty influence which woman exerts over man in every condition of life in which he may be placed, and therefore her advice is never to be neglected. In reading the history of any epoch, I always consider my reading as incomplete until I can peruse the histories and the memoirs written by females. They are almost sure to fill the chasms left by the writers of our sex. They frequently enter some of the *penetrabilia* of the mind and heart which are inaccessible to man; they perceive the vibration of certain chords invisible to our duller optics. Their views may often be partial, prejudiced, and incomplete, yet when taken in connexion with the more enlarged and philosophical accounts of other writers, they enable the future historian to form a more perfect, more consistent, and more philosophical picture of the whole.

Historians have sometimes puzzled their brains to assign a philosophical cause for this or that course of conduct of a great statesman, when a woman would have told you at once that it originated from some little family feud, or perhaps from an ardent attachment to some sweet, coy, unobtrusive, timid creature, the bare mention of whose name on the page of history would crimson her cheeks with the deep blush of modesty. The historian may be puzzled to account for the sudden and injudicious march of Mareschal Villars, at the head of the grand army of France, towards Brussels. Reader, the true cause was that he was anxious to see his wife, who was staying in a small town on the road to Brussels.* It has been said that the course which Cicero pursued towards the conspirators in Rome, resulted principally from the instigation of Terentia, who had her private reasons for hating them. And the hatred of the great orator for Clodius the Demagogue was likewise inspired principally by his wife Terentia, on account of her jealousy of Clodia, the sister of Clodius, who had been anxious to marry Cicero. Now in regard to all those more impalpable and delicate causes which take their origin in the heart, the affections, the social relations, woman is much more sagacious than man; she sees them when they escape his vision; and consequently her penetration may enable her to make discoveries or applications which man would never have thought of. Hence, I repeat again, the counsel of woman ought ever to be taken before we enter upon important events. Dufresnay has shown that many conspiracies even have failed because not confided to woman. And many a man who has kept his transactions secret from his wife, has rued the consequences. Rousseau tells us that while travelling through Switzerland he frequently found the views and advice of *Therese* of the utmost importance; sometimes rescuing him from the great difficulties that surrounded him, and which could not have been so well overcome without her. And yet he tells us that she was not a well educated woman. The fact is, woman excels man, as has been well observed, in attaining her *present* purposes; her invention is prompt, her boldness happy, and her execution facile.

Even the warnings and cautions of women, for which no good reason can be assigned, ought not always to be disregarded. They are frequently inferences drawn from that nice discernment and tact so characteristic of the sex amid the little incidents of life, or from their capability of reading the varying features of the human countenance, or marking more distinctly the altered shades of manner, even when individuals are attempting to wear the mask of deception and hypocrisy. Cæsar's wife, we are told, implored him not to go to the Senate Chamber of Rome on the fatal day of the Ides of March; and although she could give no better reasons for her solicitude than dreams, visions, and strange feelings, yet it is more than probable that these were produced by the acute, the penetrating, microscopic observation of a woman's mind upon the events and characters which surrounded her in Rome. Brutus, Cassius, Dolabella, &c. might conceal their purposes during their daily intercourse, from him who had led the armies of

Rome to victory in Gaul, and Britain, and Illirium, and had, by the majesty and force of his own mind, overturned the liberties of his country, and grasped in his single hand the sceptre of the world, but, in all probability, they were unable to wear that countenance and assume those manners which would impose upon the more minute discernment of Cæsar's wife, amid the troubles, solitudes, and suspicions, incident to a season of revolution. Pontius Pilate would have released the Saviour of the world, and quieted a troubled conscience, if he had given heed to the solemn warning of his wife, to have nothing to do with that just man, (Jesus.) Yet she could give no better reason for her warning, than that she had suffered many things that day in a dream, because of him.

Conversation—Epistolary Writing.

I come now to the consideration of the relative merits of the sexes, in that most pleasing attitude in which we generally find them indulging familiar converse in the social circle. And here, I think, we shall be forced to assign the palm to the fair sex. The social talents of woman all over the world, where her education is not too much neglected, are superior to those of man. Her conversation we generally find more varied, more natural, more allied with the interesting incidents and events of life than that of man. She is a nicer, and more acute observer of what is passing around her. She treasures up more interesting details and occurrences; she is much better acquainted with that most interesting of all subjects, the play of the social and amorous affections; and she studies the most pleasing and fascinating manner of communicating her thoughts to others; hence she becomes the ornament and the boast of the social circle.

Some persons may imagine the conversational power to bear some proportion to the general strength of the intellect, and that, as man cultivates the higher powers of the mind more thoroughly than woman, he must therefore excel her in the social circle. This, however, is very far from being true. The beauty of conversation depends on two things: 1st. On the character of the facts, anecdotes, knowledge, &c. which form the staple of what is said. 2d. On the manner and style of communicating them. Now I conceive that the subjects most generally pleasing in promiscuous society, are not those of a deeply philosophical or abstract character, not those which require the greatest stretch of intellect to comprehend, but those subjects generally which have reference to the ordinary occurrences and transactions of life; those in which all are interested, and which all can comprehend: those, in fine, which concern ourselves *immediately* and particularly. Grave disquisitions and lectures on abstract subjects, are out of place in the drawing room; those who indulge much in them may be called learned, but they are generally considered intolerable *proposers*. The divine who is always talking to us about *grace* and its operation on the heart, the lawyer who is lavish of his profound learning on contingent remainders and executory devises, or the physician who tries to instruct us in the mysteries of animal life, by recounting theory after theory upon the subject, are ever looked upon as great bores in the social circle. Not only, however, is the character of the subject of importance in conversation, but there must be variety. No matter how important

* This celebrated general of Louis XIV. according to St. Simon, often turned his army aside from the great object which he had in view, from some such causes as these.

and interesting the topic, the patience of a company will soon be worn out by even an intelligent and fluent man who will discourse of nothing else. The most insufferable of all bores, says the author of Vivian Grey, is the man whose mind is engrossed with one single subject, who thinks of no other, and of course talks of no other.

So far as the subject matter, or *materiel* of conversation is concerned, let us enter a little into the *metaphysics* of the subject, and see, upon philosophical principles, how woman becomes superior to man in this respect.

The principle of association, or of suggestion as it is termed by the more recent writers on the philosophy of the human mind, is the great and controlling law of the mental frame; it is that principle which enables us to supply all our wants, to adapt means to ends, to call up the knowledge of the past, to look into the undeveloped events of the future. It is this associating faculty which may be looked upon as truly the master workman of the mind. Its agency is requisite in the action of all our mental powers, and consequently in pointing out the intellectual differences between the sexes, it is proper never to lose sight of so important a modifier of mental character. Metaphysicians tell us that there are three principles or laws, according to which the association of ideas operates. 1st. Resemblance. 2d. Contiguity in time or place. And 3d. Contrast. Now if we examine into these three divisions, we shall find each one susceptible of a subdivision into two classes, marked and distinct. Thus 1st. There may be resemblance in the objects themselves. Or 2d. In the effects or emotions which they excite. For example, I see a man—he is like, in face and feature, to one I knew well in France—I think immediately of the Frenchman: here is resemblance in objects themselves. I see a violent hurricane—it reminds me of the desolating ravages of a Zenghis Khan, or Tamerlane: here is resemblance in the effects, and not in the objects themselves. I hear the cooing of the dove, and I think of the gentleness and innocence of the child. I hear a man reviling and blaspheming his God, and I think of midnight darkness: here is similarity in the emotions excited by the objects. A corresponding division may be made of contrast. Thus I see a dwarf, and he calls instantly to my mind the largest man I ever saw: this is contrast in the objects. I see a raging, destructive lion, and think immediately of the meek and humble Saviour of the world: here is contrast in the effects. I see the white and tender lily on the drooping stalk, and I think of the fiendish passions of a Macbeth or a Richard: here is contrast in the emotions excited by the objects. Lastly, contiguity in time and place may be divided into casual and fixed; thus I see a man to-day whom I saw yesterday in company with another: I instantly think of that other. I hear the last *eclipse* mentioned, I think of the place I was in at that time, the company I was with, the anecdotes told, &c. In the first instance we have casual contiguity in place, and in the second in place and time both. I see the moon on the meridian, and think of the tides in our rivers. I see a magnet, and I think of its attraction for iron; here is necessary contiguity in time, and in the last instance in place too. Upon this last species of contiguity is dependent that most important of all relations, the relation of cause and effect, and of premises and conclusions.

In unison with the division here made of the associating principles, it is easy to explain the character of three distinct orders of mind, which will of course appear widely different in the conversational displays of the social circle. There is, first, the *common mind*, associating its ideas together by palpable resemblance or contrast among them, and by the mere casual and loose contiguity in time and place. Secondly, the *poetical or sentimental mind*, associating principally by resemblance or contrast in the effects produced by objects or the emotions which they excite. And thirdly, the *philosophical mind*, associating principally by necessary contiguity in time and place, by cause and effect, premises and conclusions.

Such a mind as the first, is most impressed with the details and occurrences around. It never ascends to the original contemplation of ideas and thoughts which belong to the region of philosophy and poetry. It may, it is true, recollect sometimes, distant and beautiful analogies, or even philosophical associations, but it is purely because it has heard these things spoken of by others, and not from original conception. Such a mind has no creative power of its own; as it receives so does it pour forth, without alteration. It has been well compared to the cistern into which water is poured; you have nothing to do but turn the cock and out it comes (as one of our newspaper editors recently observed, in relation to a different subject,) "water, dirt, sticks, bugs, pine tags and all!" Such a mind has no *productive power* whatever. In this flood of details, you see no connecting principle like cause and effect, premises and conclusions, &c.—but this thing is remembered because it is like that. This fact is now related because it was spoken at the same time with that, or in the same place. Such an individual as this has, as Diderot expresses it, "*une tête meublée d'un grand nombre de choses disparates*," which he says resembles a library with mismatched books, or a German compilation garnished, without reason and without taste, with Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and Latin.

Such individuals as these are more pleasing and amusing to us in conversation, when the mind is not otherwise engaged, than most of us are willing to allow. They spread before us a promiscuous feast of neighborhood news, and like Mathews the comedian, although there be but one speaker, they give you the *sayings*, the *conjectures*, the *shrugs*, and the *winks* of all the parties concerned, and thus give to their communications quite a dramatic effect. Barbers, midwives, seamstresses, hostesses, &c. cultivate this kind of association to the greatest pitch of perfection. Their professions may be said to demand it.

Such individuals, when called into court to give testimony, are sometimes exceedingly amusing, from the pertinacity with which they detail all, even the most minute circumstances, and when interrupted because of the irrelevancy or illegality of their testimony, they are very apt to begin again at the very beginning of their narrative. In the minuteness of their remembrances they are like Mrs. Quickly in the play, when she wishes to make Falstaff remember the time when he promised to marry her.* The *Cicerone* of Italy have generally memories of the same description.

* This has generally been adduced by the metaphysicians since the time of Lord Kames, as an exemplification of this

Individuals of this character are the little chroniclers of the day. They are the little historians of the little events transpiring around them. They form a sort of cement for society—they furnish a species of connecting link between the past and the present. They embalm for a few years the memory of those who would otherwise have passed away and been forgotten. The smallest and greatest of the human race love fame. The temple at Ephesus was burnt down for fame, and it is the character which I have just been describing that gives a little fame to classes that would never have been heard of, and in old age such a being can tell the young around him of the deeds and achievements of their sires and grandsires and great grandsires. Such individuals as these are remarkable for very exact memories, and as they are never persons of much comprehension of mind, it has been generally imagined that good memories are rarely accompanied with good understandings. Hence the couplet of Pope,

"When in the mind the Memory prevails,
The more solid power of the understanding fails."

This however is but one form which the memory assumes, and consequently we must draw no enlarged inferences from it. Women have generally much more of this memory than men. The sphere in which they move, the occupations in which they are engaged, the lesser necessity on their part for original thought and action of mind, all tend to produce this character.

The second class of mind, according to the division made above, is the poetic or sentimental—that species of mind which associates by the more distant analogies and resemblances, or contrast in objects, in their effects, or in the emotions which they excite. Imagination is the essence of such a mind as this. It enables us to see resemblances and contrasts where others see none. "How many are there," says Doct. Brown, "who have seen an old oak, half leafless amid the younger trees of the forest, and who are capable of remembering it when they think of the forest itself, or of events that happened there! But it is to the mind of Lucan that it rises *by analogy*, to the conception of a veteran chief:

"Stat magni nominis umbra
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro."

What a scene for the enjoyment of love and friendship—what a group of delightful and beautiful images has Virgil brought together in two lines of his *Eclogues*!

minute memory, and it illustrates so well the remarks which I have been making above, that I cannot forbear to add it in a foot note.

Falstaff. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hostess. Marry, if thou wast an honest man, thyself and thy money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin Chamber, at the round table, by a sea coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound. And didst not thou when she was gone down stairs desire me to be no more familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me Madame! and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath, deny it if thou canst."—*Sec. Part, Hen. 4, Act 2d. Scene 2.*

"Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata Lycori,
Hic nemus: hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo."

Many have seen a starling in a cage, but it is a Sterne who in imagination sees a captive in his dungeon, half wasted away with long expectation and confinement. Pale and feverish, the western breeze for thirty years had not fanned his blood. He sees him sitting upon the ground in the farthest corner, on a little straw, alternately his chair and bed, with a little calendar of small sticks, and etching with a rusty nail another day of misery to add to the heap.

When this species of association is dwelt on too much the individual is characterized by a sort of sickly, morbid sentimentality, which is both highly unnatural, and very disagreeable. He is ever trying to display the effects of what Mary Woolstonecraft calls a "pumped up passion." Those writers whom Dr. Smith in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments* calls whining philosophers, possess minds of this order. They can never see happiness in one part of the world but to reflect on the misery which is experienced in another. Is our country at peace, happy and prosperous, then rejoice not at it, for there are millions of human beings suffering in China, Japan, Hindostan, and Bengal. Thompson's writings are deeply imbued with this whining philosophy, and so perhaps are Cowper's, as was to be expected from the state of his mind.

It is, however, the association by distant resemblances in objects, by analogies in effects and in emotions which furnishes the mind with perhaps the most interesting materials for social converse. Such a mind is what the world calls *brilliant*. We soon tire of it, however, if it does not occasionally relax, and give us a few of those details and minutiae, which belong to the mind of the first order in our division. As was said of the poetry of Thomas Moore, we do not like always to feed upon the *whip syllabubs*, we soon become hungry for *bread and meat*.

Such a mind as the one I have just been describing, has rarely a very accurate or exact memory. The imagination is too active for the fidelity of the memory. Pope has well asserted, that

"Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away."

Men possessing such minds as these rarely make good historians or profound philosophers. They neither narrate with fidelity, nor can they philosophize with ability. Their imagination gilds and varnishes the knowledge they have accumulated. Events, as Boswell expresses it, *grow mellow* in their memories.* But for this very reason do they become exceedingly brilliant in conversation, when they have the power of communicating their ideas well. Mr. Stewart tells us that Boswell himself was a striking exemplification of his own remark, "for his stories," says Mr. S. "which I have often listened to with delight, seldom failed to *improve* wonderfully in such a keeping as *his* memory afforded. They were much more amusing than even his printed anecdotes; the latter were deprived of every chance of this sort of *improvement*, by the scrupulous fidelity with which (probably from a secret distrust of the accuracy

* "I have often experienced," says Boswell in his tour through the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, "that scenes through which a man has past *improve* by lying in the memory: they *grow mellow*."

of his recollection) he was accustomed to record every conversation which he thought interesting, a few hours after it took place."

With regard to the order of mind which we have just been considering, it may be said that although a few men may cultivate it to a much higher pitch of perfection than it is generally found to exist among women, yet taking the sexes together, it is rather a characteristic of the weaker sex, at least in as much as the associations are dependent on similarity or contrast in emotions. Women, taking the whole sex together, have undoubtedly more imagination than men, especially in relation to what I would term the sentimental and romantic portions of our nature. They have nicer discernment and tact, more feeling, sympathy, emotion and curiosity of all descriptions, and so far as these furnish materials for association, they are superior to our sex. Now these are precisely the materials which are most interesting when properly clothed in the fascinating unaffected phraseology of a well educated lady. Moreover, although men may perhaps display more originality generally in the species of association falling under our second division, yet I apprehend for that very reason they have less variety, and, as we shall soon see, less quickness and ease in calling up their associations.

The third class of minds, according to our arrangements is the *philosophical* mind—that which associates principally by the relation of *necessary* contiguity in time and place, by cause and effect, premises and conclusions. This is undoubtedly the mind of the first quality, and much the rarest in the human family. Knowledge, however, which is acquired by associations of this character, is too abstruse and unintelligible to the great mass of mankind to be interesting in the social circle, and persons who have this order of mind rarely have the other two in any perfection, and consequently their conversation is not of that attractive character which pleases by its ease, grace, and variety. Individuals of this character very rarely display a good memory for mere words and details. Their knowledge is arranged under certain general principles, and when they wish to arrive at the detail, they are obliged to reason down from the principle to the fact which is arranged under it. Such a mind has rather a knowledge of general principles, than of particular facts and incidents. General abstract subjects rarely produce much impression on the mind of the mass. This is one reason why divines, who have the most grand and sublime theme to descant on, nevertheless often fail to produce much effect on their audiences. Their subject, although grand, is yet a general one. The vices against which they preach are the vices of the human race. The awful judgment of which they speak, is a judgment to come at some indefinite time hereafter. Mankind to be moved and interested must be addressed specially and personally. You must not come before them clothed in abstractions and generalizations. Look to that celebrated sermon of Massillon, pronounced by Voltaire in his article on Eloquence, in the *Encyclopedie Française*, to be one of the most eloquent effusions of modern times, and examine particularly that portion which had so startling an effect on the audience as to make them spring simultaneously from their seats, and you will see that it was just at that moment that the eloquent divine dropped all his abstractions and general-

ties and applied his subject to those very persons who were listening to him. "Je m'arrête à vous, mes freres, qui êtes ici assemblés. Je ne parle plus au reste des hommes," &c. And again, "Je suppose que c'est ici votre dernière heure, et la fin de l'univers; que les cieux vont s'ouvrir sur vos têtes—Jesus Christe paraître dans sa gloire au milieu de ce temple," &c.

It is useless to say that men much oftener have minds of the third class in our arrangement than women; not because there is any natural difference between the sexes in this particular, but because ours is placed in a situation requiring the cultivation of this species of mind more than the other. Our professions and occupations exert, if I may say so, a more effectual demand for the development of this order of intellect, than those of woman. Men in their passage through life, are obliged to examine into the *necessary* connection between events; they must adapt means to ends; they must attain their purposes by well arranged plans, according to the relation of cause and effect. Woman, on the contrary, from the nature of the sphere in which she moves, and the character of the occupations in which she is engaged, is more conversant with objects than with their *necessary* connections and relations. She is not obliged to arrange so many concatenated plans; her mind is more alive to the perception of the objects around her, and less to the *causa rerum*. Her feelings and sympathies are most exquisite, but she attends less to their relations and dependences. She is in fine a creature of emotion rather than of philosophy.

It is for this reason that women rarely make good metaphysicians, although their feelings and sympathies are of the most exquisite character. Yet they are not in the habit of reflecting upon them—arranging them into classes, according to their necessary connections, and thence deducing the general principles and laws of the mind. Mr. Stewart says that the taste for the philosophy of the human mind is rarer among the sex, than even for pure mathematics. He seems to think that there are but two names in the whole catalogue of female authors, at all celebrated for deep metaphysical research—Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael; and he deems it not unfortunate for the world that the former was early diverted from such unattractive speculations, to that more brilliant career of literature which she has pursued with so unrivalled a reputation.*

* In regard to Madame de Stael, it is proper to remark, that although certainly an able metaphysician—perhaps the very ablest that has ever appeared of her sex—yet you see throughout her writings the character of the woman. Her isolated aphorisms and maxims are most splendid; but when you come to examine any one of her productions as a whole, you see the want of system and complete connection between the parts. Her descriptions of our emotions and feelings are almost unrivalled for pathos and beauty; but when she would put together the different parts of the mind, and sketch out a heroine or a hero—a *Corinne* or her *lover*—she presents incongruous beings such as nature never produces. Her mind, after all, was but the mind of a woman—a mind that could furnish the very best materials in the world for a philosopher to weave into his systems—a mind too susceptible of emotion to philosophize on abstract principles—a mind that relied on feeling, rather than reason, to guide it to truth. In her work on the French Revolution, though certainly very able, you see how her mind is warped by her affection for her father, (M. Necker.) You see how her conceptions of the Revolution as a whole, are biassed and prejudiced by too intense a consideration of the scenes and events transpiring

Having described three distinct and separate orders of mind, remarkable for different kinds of associations, and all widely differing in the possession of that information suited to social converse, I come now to compare the sexes together, in relation to the second point essential to conversation, the power of communicating our knowledge pleasantly and attractively to others. He undoubtedly is the most pleasing companion in the social circle whose mind is of that capacious, well stored kind that is capable of ranging at will through the various classes of associations just pointed out, giving you at one time connections and relations of abstract principles, or philosophical deductions—at another, of analogies between objects, effects, and emotions—and at another, interesting and circumstantial details of the common events of every day life. "Conversation," says a modern writer, "may be compared to a lyre with seven chords—philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, scandal, and the weather. There are some professors who, like Paganini, 'can discourse most eloquent music' upon one string only, and some who can grasp the whole instrument, and with a master's hand, sound it from the top to the bottom of its compass." Such individuals as these are very rare. Perhaps Dr. Johnson,* McIntosh and Coleridge might be cited as specimens in England, and Schlegel in Germany. Individuals of this character are very rare, because in the first place, there are very few whose minds are capable of ranging through the whole extent of knowledge; and secondly, it does by no means follow, that those possessing the information, might be able to communicate it to others with that brilliancy of diction, and judgment in the selection of matter and its quantity, which will insure complete success in the social circle.

I will make a few promiscuous remarks on these two points. Men of deeply philosophic minds, are almost sure, from the character of their speculations, to glide imperceptibly into habits of abstraction, and to withdraw their attention from the scenes and occurrences transpiring around them, to the contemplation of that world of thought in which they dwell. Their thoughts are not the thoughts of other men; the world in which they live is not the world of others. A Newton, while wrapt in these philosophic visions, can sit for hours in the cold, half dressed, eyes fixed, unconscious of all around him; he can forget to dine; he can, in fine, forget himself, his friends, and the world in which he lives. An Adam Smith, while studying the great laws which regulate the accumulation, distribution, and consumption of wealth, can so far forget himself and the world, as to mimic with his cane, a soldier, who presents arms to him through respect, and march after him when he moves off; he can be present when toasts are drunk, and know nothing of what is passing.†

immediately around her, and concerning her family. Goethe seems to think that Madame de Stael had no idea what duty meant, so completely was she a creature of feeling.

* Johnson's style in conversation must have been too grandiloquent and studied, to have admitted of that variety and ease so necessary to the social circle.

† It is said that Dr. Smith was one day present, when the toast to "absent friends" was drunk by the company. A friend who sat by the Doctor, told him that he had just been toasted, whereupon he thanked the company for the honor, and apologised for his absence of mind, very much of course to the amusement of his friends so well aware of his habits of abstraction.

Minds of this order are almost sure to neglect associations of a lighter character. They fail to acquire that species of information which is most pleasing in conversation. And, moreover, they are apt to have what are called *slow* memories; they cannot call up their knowledge quick, and utter it with volubility. The process by which they hive their wisdom is slow and tedious, depending on patient thought, and persevering reflection. Such a mind has been compared, in the social circle, to a ship of the line run a ground in a creek. It is too massive and ponderous for the element and space in which it floats. It is said that Newton was rather slow and dull in conversation even upon philosophical subjects. Many an individual in Europe, of far inferior genius, was more brilliant in conversation than himself, even upon his own discoveries. Descartes, whose mind was of the first order, was silent in mixed company. It was said that he received his intellectual wealth from nature in *solid bars*, not in *current coin*.* Men like these are better pleased with the contemplation of the solid wealth in their possession, than with the means of making it glitter and attract the gaze of the world. They value ideas more than words—knowledge more than the *media* of communication. They think it better, as Spurzheim on Education says, to have two ideas with one mode of expressing them, than one idea with two modes of expression. Such men as these then are apt, unless stimulated by very peculiar circumstances, to be deficient, first, in that variety requisite for agreeable conversation, and secondly, in the style and power of communicating their ideas to others.

Again, men of poetic or miscellaneous minds, possessing that varied store of knowledge and thought so well calculated to form the staple of conversation, may nevertheless, from various causes, be unable to make any display in the social circle. They may write beautifully whilst they converse badly. Addison's dulness in company is well known. Peter Corneille, who has been called the Shakspeare of France, it is said, did not *speak* correctly that language of which he was so perfect a master in his composition. His answer to his friends, when laughing at his spoken language was, "*I am not the less Peter Corneille!*" Virgil is said to have been dull in the social circle. La Fontaine, whose writing was the very model of poetry, was coarse, heavy, and stupid in conversation. Chaucer's silence was said to be much more agreeable than his talking. And Dryden says of himself, "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved." Thus do we find that it is not only necessary that the mind should be stored with pleasing and varied knowledge, in order that we may converse well; but we must have besides the power of communicating that knowledge agreeably to others—a power which is by no means universally coupled with the knowledge.

Let us then for a moment examine into the character of woman in this respect. We have already seen that she has more of the *proper materiel* for conversation than

* The character of Oliver Cromwell in this respect is well known. He did not, during his whole parliamentary career, make one single lucid, perspicuous speech. In fact, his speaking was almost unintelligible; and yet his course of conduct, although that of an usurper and tyrant, marks most generally, clearness of judgment, and great decision of character. Of course I am not here considering his moral character, which was detestable.

man. If then her power and manner of communicating be better, she may certainly be pronounced his superior in the social circle. In the first place I would remark, that she has in general much less professional bias than man. When men arrive at the age of maturity, they generally engage in some one profession or occupation, which employs most of their time and exertion. Their intellectual characters are, to a very great degree, modelled by their employments. Hence an inaptitude to acquire what does not belong to one's business—an indocility upon all subjects not strictly professional. I recollect once to have been a member of a country debating society, in which we had divines, lawyers, doctors, farmers, schoolmasters, &c.; and upon all topics discussed, it was easy to determine at once the profession of the speaker. You saw immediately the professional bias and the professional language and knowledge. Woman is in general, except so far as affected by her husband, free from this influence, which is so unfavorable to that varied and brilliant conversation suited to promiscuous society.

Again, the social circle is the field in which woman wins her trophies, displays her accomplishments, and achieves her conquests. The art of pleasing by conversation is all and all to her. The power of colloquial display is her greatest accomplishment—her most irresistible weapon. Hence, while man in general aims to make himself plain and perspicuous, woman endeavors not only to be understood, but to delight and fascinate the hearer at the same time by her style and manner. "Man in conversation," says Rousseau, "has need of knowledge—woman of taste." We are instructed profoundly in a *few things* by the conversation of an intelligent man. The conversation of woman embraces *many things*, and though we may not be profoundly instructed in any, yet we have a living and moving panoramic view presented to the mind, which soothes and charms it by the beauty, variety, and brilliancy of the parts. Rousseau was so struck with the differences between the sexes in conversation, that he seems (I think erroneously) to imagine a natural difference in this respect between them. "Women," says he, "have a more flexible tongue: they speak sooner, more easily, and more agreeably than men. They are accused of speaking more. That is just as it should be; this should be considered an ornament of the sex, and not a reproach. Their mouth and eyes have the same activity, and for the same reason."

The occupations of women are generally of such a character as to allow full scope for their conversational talents, while their work is advancing. Knitting, sewing, &c. invite to a free use of the tongue, while the occupations of men will generally allow of no such indulgence. Moreover, the business of woman is oftener social; it can be carried on in society; whereas that of man cannot, being generally much more solitary. This difference in the occupations of the two, produces a much greater effect on the social differences between the sexes than most persons are aware of. Lastly, the greater *docility* of woman, her greater susceptibility to impression, have a tendency to generate more conversational talent than is developed in man. Woman, as we have frequently remarked, is made physically weaker than man; she is, therefore, dependent on him, and looks up to him as a protector. Man is the

governing member of the human family all over the world. Woman submits to his guidance and direction. She adapts herself to him, and endeavors to conform to his nature. Hence a quiet submissiveness on the part of the weaker sex to control and dictation, even when very intelligent, and able to act for themselves. I have known intelligent women look up to their husbands for direction in most matters, and with pleasure submit to their will, when it was evident to the whole world that they were vastly superior in intellectual endowments to those whose dictation and direction they thus seemed to court. All a woman's ambition is for the promotion of her husband. Her own elevation is generally a secondary matter, because always derived from his. Shakspeare makes even the fiendish acts of Lady Macbeth, to proceed from a desire to elevate her own husband rather than herself. This condition of woman makes her more docile and susceptible of impression. Her nature becomes more pliant and flexible. At one period of her life she may be the wife of a divine, at another of a lawyer, and at a third of a physician: and she can quickly conform to these different natures with which she has to deal. Her docility is far superior to that of man. Mr. Stewart thinks that women learn languages even with greater quickness, and pronounce them much better than men. He says Fox spoke French better than any Englishman of his acquaintance, but he knew many females who spoke it better than he.

Now this greater docility and susceptibility of impression, while it admirably adapts the weaker to the stronger sex, at the same time improves greatly the conversational powers of woman. She is alive to all that is passing around; she sees what our duller eyes fail to behold. She thus gathers more, and details it more vividly and impressively. While we are gathering general and stale news, she collects that which is more special and impressive. Every one who has ever been in the habit of paying what are called morning visits, with intelligent ladies, must have remarked the great difference between the sexes in this respect.

Before leaving the subject of conversation, I shall take leave to make a few remarks on the practice so prevalent among the married and elderly gentlemen, of separating themselves from the rest of the company at dinner parties and evening gatherings, to talk among themselves on those topics more congenial to their feelings and business. Such an abstraction as this leaves the young to themselves, and frees them from a restraint which may sometimes be irksome, but is almost always salutary. The elderly portion are in the habit of excusing themselves, by saying the conversation of the young is too frivolous for their attention; that their tastes have changed, and they take now no pleasure in the gaieties, pastimes, and frivolities of youth. But they should recollect that this division is calculated to produce that very frivolity of which they complain. Separate the old and intelligent from the young and thoughtless, and you immediately give a loose to all the wild, buoyant feelings of youth. Lyncurgus could never have succeeded in Sparta in enforcing so completely his celebrated system of laws, but for the public tables, which brought the old and young, intelligent and simple together. The young learned modesty in the presence of the old, and the ignorant imbibed wisdom from the instruction of the intelligent. If our most intelligent

men would always mingle in the social circle, they would elevate the character of the topics discussed, while they would stimulate the young to more thought and intellectual exertion. The young would be improved by the instruction they would receive, and the laudable ambition that would be exerted by the example of the old and intelligent; and the latter would be compensated by the great improvement which social intercourse produces on all our finer feelings, tastes, and emotions, by the cultivation of talents which would otherwise become dormant and useless, and the consequent opening of new sources of enjoyment. But duty to the rising generation—particularly to that portion for whom we feel the warmest solicitude, because the weaker and more dependent—absolutely demands this intercourse. It would elevate the intellectual character of the sex, and thereby improve the general condition of society. Our wives and daughters would become fit companions for intelligent husbands, and the social circle would lose its unmeaning conversation and reckless frivolity in the presence of age and intelligence.

The social circles of France are greatly improved by the free and unrestrained intercourse of all ages together. There is no man in Paris, it matters not what is his standing or intelligence, but has social ambition; he aims at distinction in conversation, at reputation in the social circle, no less than he does at winning trophies in the field, or fame in the senate chamber. The consequence is, that, frivolous as we consider that people as a nation, they far excel us in the social circle, both in the dignity of the topics discussed, and the ability displayed by both sexes, especially by the females, in conversation. Women who enjoy the society and conversation of the wittiest and greatest men of their country will themselves become witty and clever. "I was talking," says Bulwer in his *France*, "one evening with the master of the house where I had been dining, on some subject of trade and politics, which I engaged in unwillingly in the idea that it was not very likely to interest the lady. I was soon rather astonished, I confess, to find her enter into conversation with a knowledge of detail and a right perception of general principles which I did not expect. 'How do you think,' said she, when I afterward expressed my surprise, 'that I could meet my husband every evening at dinner, if I were not able to talk on the topics on which he has been employed in the morning.' " Let us then at least imitate the French in this particular, certain that it will in the process of time be productive of the most marked and happy result.

For the same reason that woman surpasses man in conversation, she is superior to him in epistolary composition. Her letters are generally more varied, more lively and impressive, more replete with interesting facts and details, than those of our sex. A gentleman, in writing a mere letter of friendship, is engaged in a business which rather breaks in on his habits, and interrupts for a time the accustomed routine of his thoughts and tastes. He is very apt to run off upon the general news of the day, and commence prosing upon some subject which we would find perhaps infinitely better handled in the public prints than in his letter. He has no variety; he forgets to tell us of our friends, and of what they are doing and saying. He forgets that we have hearts, and thinks only of our heads. He

omits to mention trifles, because he considers them "light as air," when some of these trifles might touch a chord that would vibrate to the heart, and fill the soul with joy and gratitude. When Mr. Dacre writes to the Duke of Fitzjames, in the *Young Duke*, and says in conclusion, "*Mary* desires me to present her regards to you"—this was worth all the letter besides to the young duke; 'twas this he read over and over again, and forgot his estates and his debts, while his heart was reeling with gratitude for just this little kindness from *her* whom he loved so devotedly. With woman, letter writing is in complete unison with her condition in society. The details of most interest to her correspondents are precisely those with which she is most conversant. She presents no mutilated picture; she gives that which delights. She is apt to know, too, the little Goshen of our hearts, and to pay all due attention to it. And she is sure to tell, as if by accident, precisely the *sweetest* things in the world to us. She writes with ease, variety, and interest—because she pursues the course of the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, (who has never perhaps had an equal in our sex for epistolary composition.) "Il faut un peu entre bons amis," says Madame de S. "laisser trotter les plumes comme elles veulent, la mienne a toujours la bride sur le cou."

I had intended, before concluding my remarks on the intellectual differences of the sexes, to offer some considerations in favor of improving the system of female education; but my number has already expanded to a size greatly beyond my anticipations when I commenced it. This subject I must therefore postpone for the present, and resume it in my next, if my time and occupations will permit me.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO F****.

And could'st thou F—— then believe
That I had thought thy guileless heart
Would prompt thee meanly to deceive,
And stoop to play a treacherous part?

No, lady no!—I saw thee move,
Artless in unsuspecting youth;
That heart I saw had learn'd to love
The hallowed sanctity of truth.

Could F——'s throbbing bosom beat
Victims on victims to ensnare:
Point to the lovers at her feet,
And proudly count the captives there?

No, lady no! to honor true,
Thou would'st not—could'st not thus appear—
Triumphs like these would seem to you,
Too dearly purchased to be dear.

These, these are arts alone allied
To spirits yet akin to earth;
The generous soul with nobler pride
Spurns the poor trick, and trusts to worth.

Yes, lady yes! such worth as thine,
Which kindred worth and genius rules,
To baser spirits may resign
The mad idolatry of fools.

H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MARY.*Tune.*—Gramachree.

The vernal month comes on with flowers
To deck the plains around,
No more the frown of winter lowers,
Or chills the fertile ground.

The snow-white lily, nature's pride,
Now blooms in every vale,
The rose breathes fragrance far and wide,
And perfumes every gale.

The vocal thrush pours forth her note
To hail the glad some morn,
And every warbler strains his throat,
From garden, brake, and thorn.

Come then, dear Mary, let us fly
To join the impassioned lay,
And pluck each flower whose modest eye
Just opens into day.

And whilst we view the sweetest charms
That grace the new born year,
I'll fold thee gently in my arms,
And crush each budding care.

I'll say the blush upon thy cheek
Outvies the rose's hue,
The lily blooming o'er the vale,
No purer is than you.

But soon kind nature's sweetest flowers
Will wither and decay,
And that bright glow which decks thy cheek,
Like them will fade away:

But let not this alarm thy peace,
Nor tremble at thy doom,
For though the flush of youth will cease,
Thy soul shall ever bloom.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SONG.

I will twine me a wreath of life's withering flowers,
And bind with their brightness this aching heart,
And wear a smile through the long, long hours,
As if in their gladness I bore a part.

I will seek mid the gay and festive throng,
To check each thought of the love I cherished,
And playfully murmur his favorite song,
As if not a tone of its sweetness had perished.

Tho' the flowers of feeling are fallen and faded,
Yet the fragrance of memory may still remain:—
And the heart by their withered leaves o'ershaded,
May hide the wound though it nurse the pain.

And if ever we meet upon earth again,
He shall not know it by word or by token:
For the eye shall still sparkle, though only with pain,
And the lip wear a smile, while the heart may be broken.

MORNA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

REMEMBER ME, LOVE.

By the late Mrs. ANN ROY, of Mathews county, Virginia.

When afar thou art roaming love,
In sunny climes where maidens' eyes
Beam bright as their own glowing skies,
Where lofty domes and scented bowers
Gleam with the golden orange flowers;
And many a column and fallen fane
Tell of Italia's buried fame:
Oh! then remember me, love!

When woo'd by the proud and gay, love,
And mirthful smiles and voices sweet,
As angel's lutes united meet
Thy eager ear, thy raptured glance,
As they pass thee by in the joyous dance,
Ah pause and think of the *lonely* one,
Whose bosom throbs for *thee* alone:
Oh! then remember me, love!

Fame's glittering wreath allures thee, love;
Ah, when thou bindest it round thy brow,
And heartless crowds around thee bow;
When stern ambition's meed is won,
Ah, think of her who urged thee on
To climb the proudest height of fame,
And carve thyself a deathless name:
Oh! then remember me, love!

And should grief or death assail me, love,
While thou art o'er the dark blue wave,
And carest not to soothe or save,
My latest sigh shall be breathed for thee,
On my fading lips thy name shall be,
And my dying words shall be a prayer
To heaven that thou mayest love me there:
Oh! then remember me, love!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO SARAH.

When melancholy and alone,
I sit on some moss-covered stone
Beside a murm'ring stream;
I think I hear thy voice's sound
In every tuneful thing around,
Oh! what a pleasant dream.

The silvery streamlet gurgling on,
The mock-bird chirping on the thorn,
Remind me, love, of thee.
They seem to whisper thoughts of love,
As thou didst when the stars above
Witnessed thy vows to me;—

The gentle zephyr floating by,
In chorus to my pensive sigh,
Recalls the hour of bliss,
When from thy balmy lips I drew
Fragrance as sweet as Hermia's dew,
And left the first fond kiss.

In such an hour, when are forgot,
The world, its cares, and my own lot,
Thou seemest then to be,
A gentle guardian spirit given
To guide my wandering thoughts to heaven,
If they should stray from thee. SYLVIO.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

BON-BON--A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"Notre Gulliver"—dit le Lord Bolingbroke—"a de telles fables."—*Voltaire*.

That Pierre Bon-Bon was a Restaurateur of uncommon qualifications, no man who, during the reign of —, frequented the little Café in the Cul-de-sac Le Febvre at Rouen, will, I imagine, feel himself at liberty to dispute. That Pierre Bon-Bon was, in an equal degree, skilled in the philosophy of that period is, I presume, still more especially undeniable. His *Patés à la fois* were beyond doubt immaculate—but what pen can do justice to his essays *sur la Nature*—his thoughts *sur l'Ame*—his observations *sur l'Esprit*? If his *omelettes*—if his *fricandeaux* were inestimable, what *litterateur* of that day would not have given twice as much for an 'Idée de Bon-Bon' as for all the trash of all the 'Idées' of all the rest of the *savants*? Bon-Bon had ransacked libraries which no other man had ransacked—had read more than any other would have entertained a notion of reading—had understood more than any other would have conceived the possibility of understanding; and although, while he flourished, there were not wanting some authors at Rouen, to assert "that his *dicta* evinced neither the purity of the Academy, nor the depth of the Lyceum"—although, mark me, his doctrines were by no means very generally comprehended, still it did not follow that they were difficult of comprehension. It was, I think, on account of their entire self-evidency that many persons were led to consider them abstruse. It is to Bon-Bon—but let this go no farther—it is to Bon-Bon that Kant himself is mainly indebted for his metaphysics. The former was not indeed a Platonist, nor strictly speaking an Aristotelian—nor did he, like the modern Leibnitz, waste those precious hours which might be employed in the invention of a *fricassée*, or, *facili gradu*, the analysis of a sensation, in frivolous attempts at reconciling the obstinate oils and waters of ethical discussion. Not at all. Bon-Bon was Ionic. Bon-Bon was equally Italic. He reasoned *a priori*. He reasoned also *a posteriori*. His ideas were innate—or otherwise. He believed in George of Trebizond. He believed in Bossarion. Bon-Bon was emphatically a—Bon-Bonist.

I have spoken of the philosopher in his capacity of Restaurateur. I would not however have any friend of mine imagine that in fulfilling his hereditary duties in that line, our hero wanted a proper estimation of their dignity and importance. Far from it. It was impossible to say in which branch of his duplicate profession he took the greater pride. In his opinion the powers of the mind held intimate connection with the capabilities of the stomach. By this I do not mean to insinuate a charge of gluttony, or indeed any other serious charge to the prejudice of the metaphysician. If Pierre Bon-Bon had his failings—and what great man has not a thousand?—if Pierre Bon-Bon, I say, had his failings, they were failings of very little importance—faults indeed which in other tempers have often been looked upon rather in the light of virtues. As regards one of these foibles I should not have mentioned it in this history but for the remarkable prominency—the extreme *alto relievato* in which it jutted out from the plane

of his general disposition. Bon-Bon could never let slip an opportunity of making a bargain.

Not that Bon-Bon was avaricious—no. It was by no means necessary to the satisfaction of the philosopher, that the bargain should be to his own proper advantage. Provided a trade could be effected—a trade of any kind, upon any terms, or under any circumstances, a triumphant smile was seen for many days thereafter to enlighten his countenance, and a knowing wink of the eye to give evidence of his sagacity.

At any epoch it would not be very wonderful if a humor so peculiar as the one I have just mentioned, should elicit attention and remark. At the epoch of our narrative, had this peculiarity *not* attracted observation, there would have been room for wonder indeed. It was soon reported that upon all occasions of the kind, the smile of Bon-Bon was wont to differ widely from the downright grin with which that Restaurateur would laugh at his own jokes, or welcome an acquaintance. Hints were thrown out of an exciting nature—stories were told of perilous bargains made in a hurry and repented of at leisure—and instances were adduced of unaccountable capacities, vague longings, and unnatural inclinations implanted by the author of all evil for wise purposes of his own.

The philosopher had other weaknesses—but they are scarcely worthy of our serious examination. For example, there are few men of extraordinary profundity who are found wanting in an inclination for the bottle. Whether this inclination be an exciting cause, or rather a valid proof of such profundity, it is impossible to say. Bon-Bon, as far as I can learn, did not think the subject adapted to minute investigation—nor do I. Yet in the indulgence of a propensity so truly classical, it is not to be supposed that the *Restaurateur* would lose sight of that intuitive discrimination which was wont to characterize, at one and the same time, his *Essais* and his *Omelettes*. With him Sauterne was to Medoc what Catullus was to Homer. He would sport with a syllogism in sipping St. Peray, but unravel an argument over Clos de Vougeot, and upset a theory in a torrent of Chambertin. In his seclusions the Vin de Bourgogne had its allotted hour, and there were appropriate moments for the Côtes du Rhone. Well had it been if the same quick sense of propriety had attended him in the peddling propensity to which I have formerly alluded—but this was by no means the case. Indeed, to say the truth, *that* trait of mind in the philosophic Bon-Bon *did* begin at length to assume a character of strange intensity and mysticism, and, however singular it may seem, appeared deeply tinged with the grotesque *diablerie* of his favorite German studies.

To enter the little Café in the Cul de Sac Le Febvre was, at the period of our tale, to enter the sanctum of a man of genius. Bon-Bon was a man of genius. There was not a *sous-cuisinier* in Rouen, who could not have told you that Bon-Bon was a man of genius. His very cat knew it, and forbore to whisk her tail in the presence of the man of genius. His large water-dog was acquainted with the fact, and upon the approach of his master, betrayed his sense of inferiority by a sanctity of deportment, a debasement of the ears, and a dropping of the lower jaw not altogether unworthy of a dog. It is, however, true that much of this habitual respect might have been attributed to the personal ap-

pearance of the metaphysician. A distinguished exterior will, I am constrained to say, have its weight even with a beast; and I am willing to allow much in the outward man of the *Restaurateur* calculated to impress the imagination of the quadruped. There is a peculiar majesty about the atmosphere of the little great—if I may be permitted so equivocal an expression—which mere physical bulk alone will be found at all times inefficient in creating. If, however, Bon-Bon was barely three feet in height, and if his head was diminutively small, still it was impossible to behold the rotundity of his stomach without a sense of magnificence nearly bordering upon the sublime. In its size both dogs and men must have seen a type of his acquirements—in its immensity a fitting habitation for his immortal soul.

I might here—if it so pleased me—dilate upon the matter of habiliment, and other mere circumstances of the external metaphysician. I might hint that the hair of our hero was worn short, combed smoothly over his forehead, and surmounted by a conical-shaped white flannel cap and tassels—that his pea-green jerkin was not after the fashion of those worn by the common class of *Restaurateurs* at that day—that the sleeves were something fuller than the reigning costume permitted—that the cuffs were turned up, not as usual in that barbarous period, with cloth of the same quality and color as the garment, but faced in a more fanciful manner with the particolored velvet of Genoa—that his slippers were of a bright purple, curiously filagreed, and might have been manufactured in Japan, but for the exquisite pointing of the toes, and the brilliant tints of the binding and embroidery—that his breeches were of the yellow satin-like material called *aimable*—that his sky-blue cloak resembling in form a dressing-wrapper, and richly bestudded all over with crimson devices, floated cavalierly upon his shoulders like a mist of the morning—and that his *tout ensemble* gave rise to the remarkable words of Benevenuta, the Improvisatrice of Florence, “that it was difficult to say whether Pierre Bon-Bon was indeed a bird of Paradise, or the rather a very Paradise of perfection.”

I have said that “to enter the *Café* in the *Cul-de-Sac* Le Febvre was to enter the sanctum of a man of genius”—but then it was only the man of genius who could duly estimate the merits of the sanctum. A sign consisting of a vast folio swung before the entrance. On one side of the volume was painted a bottle—on the reverse a *Paté*. On the back were visible in large letters the words *Œuvres de Bon-Bon*. Thus was delicately shadowed forth the two-fold occupation of the proprietor.

Upon stepping over the threshold the whole interior of the building presented itself to view. A long, low-pitched room of antique construction was indeed all the accommodation afforded by the *Café* in the *Cul-de-Sac* Le Febvre. In a corner of the apartment stood the bed of the metaphysician. An array of curtains, together with a canopy *à la Gréque* gave it an air at once classic and comfortable. In the corner diagonally opposite appeared, in direct and friendly communion, the properties of the kitchen and the *bibliothèque*. A dish of polemics stood peacefully upon the dresser. Here lay an oven-full of the latest ethics—there a kettle of duodecimo *melanges*. Volumes of German morality were hand and glove with the gridiron—a toasting fork

might be discovered by the side of Eusebius—Plato reclined at his ease in the frying pan—and cotemporary manuscripts were filed away upon the spit.

In other respects the *Café* de Bon-Bon might be said to differ little from the *Cafés* of the period. A gigantic fire-place yawned opposite the door. On the right of the fire-place an open cupboard displayed a formidable array of labelled bottles. There Mousseux, Chamberlin, St. George, Richbourg, Bordeaux, Margaux, Haubron, Leonville, Medoc, Sauterne, Bârac, Preignac, Grave, Lafitte, and St. Peray contended with many other names of lesser celebrity for the honor of being quaffed. From the ceiling, suspended by a chain of very long slender links, swung a fantastic iron lamp, throwing a hazy light over the room, and relieving in some measure the placidity of the scene.

It was here, about twelve o'clock one night, during the severe winter of ———, that Pierre Bon-Bon, after having listened for some time to the comments of his neighbors upon his singular propensity—that Pierre Bon-Bon, I say, having turned them all out of his house, locked the door upon them with a *sacre Dieu*, and betook himself in no very pacific mood to the comforts of a leather-bottomed arm-chair, and a fire of blazing faggots.

It was one of those terrific nights which are only met with once or twice during a century. The snow drifted down bodily in enormous masses, and the *Café* de Bon-Bon tottered to its very centre, with the floods of wind that, rushing through the crannies in the wall, and pouring impetuously down the chimney, shook awfully the curtains of the philosopher's bed, and disorganized the economy of his *Paté-pans* and papers. The huge folio sign that swung without, exposed to the fury of the tempest, creaked ominously, and gave out a moaning sound from its stanchions of solid oak.

I have said that it was in no very placid temper the metaphysician drew up his chair to its customary station by the hearth. Many circumstances of a perplexing nature had occurred during the day, to disturb the serenity of his meditations. In attempting *Des Œufs à la Princesse* he had unfortunately perpetrated an *Omelette à la Reine*—the discovery of a principle in Ethics had been frustrated by the overturning of a stew—and last, not least, he had been thwarted in one of those admirable bargains which he at all times took such especial delight in bringing to a successful termination. But in the chafing of his mind at these unaccountable vicissitudes, there did not fail to be mingled a degree of that nervous anxiety which the fury of a boisterous night is so well calculated to produce. Whistling to his more immediate vicinity the large black water-dog we have spoken of before, and settling himself uneasily in his chair, he could not help casting a wary and unquiet eye towards those distant recesses of the apartment whose inexorable shadows not even the red fire-light itself could more than partially succeed in overcoming.

Having completed a scrutiny whose exact purpose was perhaps unintelligible to himself, Bon-Bon drew closer to his seat a small table covered with books and papers, and soon became absorbed in the task of retouching a voluminous manuscript, intended for publication on the morrow.

"I am in no hurry, Monsieur Bon-Bon"—whispered a whining voice in the apartment.

"The devil!"—ejaculated our hero, starting to his feet, overturning the table at his side, and staring around him in astonishment.

"Very true"—calmly replied the voice.

"Very true!—what is very true?—how came you here?"—vociferated the metaphysician, as his eye fell upon something which lay stretched at full length upon the bed.

"I was saying"—said the intruder, without attending to Bon-Bon's interrogatories—"I was saying that I am not at all pushed for time—that the business upon which I took the liberty of calling is of no pressing importance—in short that I can very well wait until you have finished your Exposition."

"My Exposition!—there now!—how do you know—how came you to understand that I was writing an Exposition?—good God!"

"Hush!"—replied the figure in a shrill under tone; and arising quickly from the bed he made a single step towards our hero, while the iron lamp overhead swung convulsively back from his approach.

The philosopher's amazement did not prevent a narrow scrutiny of the stranger's dress and appearance. The outlines of a figure, exceedingly lean, but much above the common height, were rendered minutely distinct by means of a faded suit of black cloth which fitted tight to the skin, but was otherwise cut very much in the style of a century ago. These garments had evidently been intended *a priori* for a much shorter person than their present owner. His ankles and wrists were left naked for several inches. In his shoes, however, a pair of very brilliant buckles gave the lie to the extreme poverty implied by the other portions of his dress. His head was bare, and entirely bald, with the exception of the hinder part, from which depended a queue of considerable length. A pair of green spectacles, with side glasses, protected his eyes from the influence of the light, and at the same time prevented our hero from ascertaining either their color or their conformation. About the entire person there was no evidence of a shirt; but a white cravat, of filthy appearance, was tied with extreme precision around the throat, and the ends hanging down formally side by side, gave, although I dare say unintentionally, the idea of an ecclesiastic. Indeed, many other points both in his appearance and demeanor might have very well sustained a conception of that nature. Over his left ear he carried, after the fashion of a modern clerk, an instrument resembling the *stylus* of the ancients. In a breast-pocket of his coat appeared conspicuously a small black volume fastened with clasps of steel. This book, whether accidentally or not, was so turned outwardly from the person as to discover the words "*Rituel Catholique*" in white letters upon the back. His entire physiognomy was interestingly saturnine—even cadaverously pale. The forehead was lofty and deeply furrowed with the ridges of contemplation. The corners of the mouth were drawn down into an expression of the most submissive humility. There was also a clasping of the hands, as he stepped towards our hero—a deep sigh—and altogether a look of such utter sanctity as could not have failed to be unequivocally prepossessing. Every shadow of anger faded from the countenance of the metaphysician,

as, having completed a satisfactory survey of his visitor's person, he shook him cordially by the hand, and conducted him to a seat.

There would however be a radical error in attributing this instantaneous transition of feeling in the philosopher to any one of those causes which might naturally be supposed to have had an influence. Indeed Pierre Bon-Bon, from what I have been able to understand of his disposition, was of all men the least likely to be imposed upon by any speciousness of exterior deportment. It was impossible that so accurate an observer of men and things should have failed to discover, upon the moment, the real character of the personage who had thus intruded upon his hospitality. To say no more, the conformation of his visitor's feet was sufficiently remarkable—there was a tremulous swelling in the hinder part of his breeches—and the vibration of his coat tail was a palpable fact. Judge then with what feelings of satisfaction our hero found himself thrown thus at once into the society of a—of a person for whom he had at all times entertained such unqualified respect. He was, however, too much of the diplomatist to let escape him any intimation of his suspicions, or rather—I should say—his certainty in regard to the true state of affairs. It was not his cue to appear at all conscious of the high honor he thus unexpectedly enjoyed, but by leading his guest into conversation, to elicit some important ethical ideas which might, in obtaining a place in his contemplated publication, enlighten the human race, and at the same time immortalize himself—ideas which, I should have added, his visitor's great age, and well known proficiency in the science of Morals might very well have enabled him to afford.

Actuated by these enlightened views our hero bade the gentleman sit down, while he himself took occasion to throw some faggots upon the fire, and place upon the now re-established table some bottles of the powerful *Vin de Mousseux*. Having quickly completed these operations, he drew his chair *vis à vis* to his companion's, and waited until he should open the conversation. But plans even the most skilfully matured are often thwarted in the outset of their application, and the *Restaurateur* found himself entirely *nonplused* by the very first words of his visitor's speech.

"I see you know me, Bon-Bon,"—said he:—"ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho!—hu! hu! hu!"—and the devil, dropping at once the sanctity of his demeanor, opened to its fullest extent a mouth from ear to ear so as to display a set of jagged, and fang-like teeth, and throwing back his head, laughed long, loud, wickedly, and uproariously, while the black dog crouching down upon his haunches joined lustily in the chorus, and the tabby cat, flying off at a tangent stood up on end and shrieked in the farthest corner of the apartment.

Not so the philosopher: he was too much a man of the world either to laugh like the dog, or by shrieks to betray the indecorous trepidation of the cat. It must be confessed, however, that he felt a little astonishment to see the white letters which formed the words "*Rituel Catholique*" on the book in his guest's pocket momentarily changing both their color and their import, and in a few seconds in place of the original title, the words *Registre des Condamnés* blaze forth in characters of red. This startling circumstance, when Bon-Bon replied to

his visiter's remark, imparted to his manner an air of embarrassment which might not probably have otherwise been observable.

"Why, sir,"—said the philosopher—"why, sir, to speak sincerely—I believe you *are*—upon my word—the d—dest—that is to say I think—I imagine—I *have* some faint—some *very* faint idea—of the remarkable honor —"

"Oh!—ah!—yes!—very well!"—interrupted his majesty—"say no more—I see how it is." And hereupon, taking off his green spectacles, he wiped the glasses carefully with the sleeve of his coat, and deposited them in his pocket.

If Bon-Bon had been astonished at the incident of the book, his amazement was now increased to an intolerable degree by the spectacle which here presented itself to view. In raising his eyes, with a strong feeling of curiosity to ascertain the color of his guest's, he found them by no means black, as he had anticipated—nor gray, as might have been imagined—nor yet hazel nor blue—nor indeed yellow, nor red—nor purple—nor white—nor green—nor any other color in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. In short Pierre Bon-Bon not only saw plainly that his majesty had no eyes whatsoever, but could discover no indications of their having existed at any previous period, for the space where eyes should naturally have been, was, I am constrained to say, simply a dead level of cadaverous flesh.

It was not in the nature of the metaphysician to forbear making some inquiry into the sources of so strange a phenomenon, and to his surprise the reply of his majesty was at once prompt, dignified, and satisfactory.

"Eyes!—my dear Bon-Bon, eyes! did you say?—oh! ah! I perceive. The ridiculous *optics*, eh? which are in circulation, have given you a false idea of my personal appearance. Eyes!!—true. Eyes, Pierre Bon-Bon, are very well in their proper place—that, you would say, is the head—right—the head of a worm. To *you* likewise these optics are indispensable—yet I will convince you that my vision is more penetrating than your own. There is a cat, I see, in the corner—a pretty cat!—look at her!—observe her well. Now, Bon-Bon, do you behold the thoughts—the thoughts, I say—the ideas—the reflections—engendering in her pericranium?"

There it is now!—you do not. She is thinking we admire the profundity of her mind. She has just concluded that I am the most distinguished of ecclesiastics, and that you are the most superfluous of metaphysicians. Thus you see I am not altogether blind: but to one of my profession the eyes you speak of would be merely an incumbrance, liable at any time to be put out by a toasting iron or a pitchfork. To you, I allow, these optics are indispensable. Endeavor, Bon-Bon, to use them well—*my* vision is the soul."

Hereupon the guest helped himself to the wine upon the table, and pouring out a bumper for Bon-Bon, requested him to drink it without scruple, and make himself perfectly at home.

"A clever book that of yours, Pierre"—resumed his majesty, tapping our friend knowingly upon the shoulder, as the latter set down his glass after a thorough compliance with this injunction.

"A clever book that of yours, upon my honor. It's

a work after my own heart. Your arrangement of matter, I think, however, might be improved, and many of your notions remind me of Aristotle. That philosopher was one of my most intimate acquaintances. I liked him as much for his terrible ill temper, as for his happy knack at making a blunder. There is only one solid truth in all that he has written, and for that I gave him the hint out of pure compassion for his absurdity. I suppose, Pierre Bon-Bon, you very well know to what divine moral truth I am alluding."

"Cannot say that I —"

"Indeed!—why I told Aristotle that by sneezing men expelled superfluous ideas through the proboscis."

"Which is—hiccup!—undoubtedly the case"—said the metaphysician, while he poured out for himself another bumper of Mousseux, and offered his snuff-box to the fingers of his visiter.

"There was Plato too"—continued his majesty, modestly declining the snuff-box and the compliment—"there was Plato, too, for whom I, at one time, felt all the affection of a friend. You knew Plato, Bon-Bon?—ah! no, I beg a thousand pardons. He met me at Athens, one day, in the Parthenon, and told me he was distressed for an idea. I bade him write down that "*o nous estin augos*." He said that he would do so, and went home, while I stepped over to the Pyramids. But my conscience smote me for the lie, and, hastening back to Athens, I arrived behind the philosopher's chair as he was inditing the "*augos*." Giving the gamma a fillip with my finger I turned it upside down. So the sentence now reads "*o nous estin aulos*," and is, you perceive, the fundamental doctrine of his metaphysics."

"Were you ever at Rome?"—asked the Restaurateur as he finished his second bottle of Mousseux, and drew from the closet a larger supply of Vin de Chambertin.

"But once, Monsieur Bon-Bon—but once. There was a time"—said the devil, as if reciting some passage from a book—"there was an anarchy of five years during which the republic, bereft of all its officers, had no magistracy besides the tribunes of the people, and these were not legally vested with any degree of executive power—at that time, Monsieur Bon-Bon—at that time *only* I was in Rome, and I have no earthly acquaintance, consequently, with any of its philosophy."*

"What do you think of Epicurus?—what do you think of—hiccup!—Epicurus?"

"What do I think of *whom*?"—said the devil in astonishment—"you cannot surely mean to find any fault with Epicurus! What do I think of Epicurus! Do you mean me, sir?—I am Epicurus. I am the same philosopher who wrote each of the three hundred treatises commemorated by Diogenes Laertes."

"That's a lie!"—said the metaphysician, for the wine had gotten a little into his head.

"Very well!—very well, sir!—very well indeed, sir"—said his majesty.

"That's a lie!"—repeated the Restaurateur dogmatically—"that's a—hiccup!—lie!"

"Well, well! have it your own way"—said the devil pacifically: and Bon-Bon, having beaten his majesty at an argument, thought it his duty to conclude a second bottle of Chambertin.

* Ils écrivaient sur la Philosophie (Cicero, Lucretius, Seneca) mais c'était la Philosophie Grecque.—Condorcet.

"As I was saying"—resumed the visiter—"as I was observing a little while ago, there are some very *outré* notions in that book of yours, Monsieur Bon-Bon. What, for instance, do you mean by all that humbug about the soul? Pray, sir, what is the soul?"

"The—hiccup!—soul"—replied the metaphysician, referring to his MS. "is undoubtedly"—

"No, sir!"

"Indubitably"—

"No, sir!"

"Indisputably"—

"No, sir!"

"Evidently"—

"No, sir!"

"Incontrovertibly"—

"No, sir!"

"Hiccup!"—

"No, sir!"

"And beyond all question a"—

"No, sir! the soul is no such thing." (Here the philosopher finished his third bottle of Chambertin.)

"Then—hic-cup!—pray—sir—what—what is it?"

"That is neither here nor there, Monsieur Bon-Bon," replied his majesty, musingly. "I have tasted—that is to say I have known some very bad souls, and some too—pretty good ones." Here the devil licked his lips, and, having unconsciously let fall his hand upon the volume in his pocket, was seized with a violent fit of sneezing.

His majesty continued.

"There was the soul of Cratinus—passable:—Aristophanes—racy:—Plato—exquisite:—not *your* Plato, but Plato the comic poet: your Plato would have turned the stomach of Cerberus—faugh! Then let me see! there were Nævius, and Andronicus, and Plautus, and Terentius. Then there were Lucilius, and Catullus, and Naso, and Quintus Flaccus—dear Quinty! as I called him when he sung a *seculare* for my amusement, while I toasted him in pure good humor on a fork. But they want *flavor* these Romans. One fat Greek is worth a dozen of them, and besides will *keep*, which cannot be said of a Quirite. Let us taste your Sauterne."

Bon-Bon had by this time made up his mind to the *nil admirari*, and endeavored to hand down the bottles in question. He was, however, conscious of a strange sound in the room like the wagging of a tail. Of this, although extremely indecent in his majesty, the philosopher took no notice—simply licking the black water dog and requesting him to be quiet. The visiter continued.

"I found that Horace tasted very much like Aristotle—you know I am fond of variety. Terentius I could not have told from Menander. Naso, to my astonishment, was Nicander in disguise. Virgilius had a strong twang of Theocritus. Martial put me much in mind of Archilochus—and Titus Livy was positively Polybius and none other."

"Hic—cup!"—here replied Bon-Bon, and his majesty proceeded.

"But if I have a *penchant*, Monsieur Bon-Bon,—if I have a *penchant*, it is for a philosopher. Yet let me tell you, sir, it is not every dev—I mean it is not every gentleman who knows how to *choose* a philosopher. Long ones are *not* good, and the best, if not carefully

shelled, are apt to be a little rancid on account of the gall."

"Shelled!!"

"I mean taken out of the carcass."

"What do you think of a—hiccup!—physician?"

"Don't mention them!—ugh! ugh! (Here his majesty retched violently.) "I never tasted but one—that rascal Hippocrates!—smelt of asafetida—ugh! ugh! ugh!—caught a wretched cold washing him in the Styx—and after all he gave me the cholera morbus."

"The—hiccup!—wretch!"—ejaculated Bon-Bon—"the—hic-cup!—abortion of a pill-box!"—and the philosopher dropped a tear.

"After all"—continued the visiter—"after all, if a dev—if a gentleman wishes to *live* he must have more talents than one or two, and with us a fat face is an evidence of diplomacy."

"How so?"

"Why we are sometimes exceedingly pushed for provisions. You must know that in a climate so sultry as mine, it is frequently impossible to keep a spirit alive for more than two or three hours; and after death, unless pickled immediately, (and a pickled spirit is *not* good,) they will—smell—you understand, eh? Putrefaction is always to be apprehended when the spirits are consigned to us in the usual way."

"Hiccup!—hiccup!—good God! how *do* you manage?"

Here the iron lamp commenced swinging with redoubled violence, and the devil half started from his seat—however with a slight sigh he recovered his composure, merely saying to our hero in a low tone, "I tell you what, Pierre Bon-Bon, we *must* have no more swearing."

Bon-Bon swallowed another bumper, and his visiter continued.

"Why there are *several* ways of managing. The most of us starve: some put up with the pickle. For my part I purchase my spirits *vivente corpore*, in which case I find they keep very well."

"But the body!—hiccup!—the body!!"—vociferated the philosopher, as he finished a bottle of Sauterne.

"The body, the body—well what of the body?—oh! ah! I perceive. Why, sir, the body is not *at all* affected by the transaction. I have made innumerable purchases of the kind in my day, and the parties never experienced any inconvenience. There were Cain, and Nimrod, and Nero, and Caligula, and Dionysius, and Pisistratus, and—and a thousand others, who never knew what it was to have a soul during the latter part of their lives; yet, sir, these men adorned society. Why isn't there A—, now, whom you know as well as I? Is *he* not in possession of all his faculties, mental and corporeal? Who writes a keener epigram? Who reasons more wittily? Who—but, stay! I have his agreement in my pocket-book."

Thus saying he produced a red leather wallet, and took from it a number of papers. Upon some of these Bon-Bon caught a glimpse of the letters MACHI....., MAZA...., RICH....., and the words CALIGULA and ELIZABETH. His majesty selected a narrow slip of parchment, and from it read aloud the following words:

"In consideration of certain mental endowments which it is unnecessary to specify; and in farther con-

sideration of one thousand *louis d'or*, I, being aged one year and one month, do hereby make over to the bearer of this agreement all my right, title, and appurtenance in the shadow called my soul." (Signed) A * (Here his majesty repeated a name which I do not feel myself justifiable in indicating more unequivocally.)

"A clever fellow that A"—resumed he; "but like you, Monsieur Bon-Bon, he was mistaken about the soul. The soul a shadow truly!—no such nonsense, Monsieur Bon-Bon. The soul a shadow!! ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hu! hu! hu! Only think of a fricasséed shadow!"

"Only think—hiccup!—of a f-r-i-c-a-s-s-e-e-d s-h-a-d-o-w!!" echoed our hero, whose faculties were becoming gloriously illuminated by the profundity of his majesty's discourse.

"Only think of a—hiccup!—fricasséed shadow!!! Now damme!—hiccup!—humph!—if I would have been such a—hiccup!—nincompoop! *My* soul, Mr.—humph!"

"Your soul, Monsieur Bon-Bon?"

"Yes, sir—hiccup!—*my* soul is!"

"What, sir?"

"No shadow, damme!"

"Did not mean to say!"

"Yes, sir, *my* soul is—hiccup!—humph!—yes, sir."

"Did not intend to assert!"

"*My* soul is—hiccup!—peculiarly qualified for—hiccup!—a"—

"What, sir?"

"Stew."

"Ha!"

"Soufflé."

"Eh?"

"Fricassée."

"Indeed!"

"Ragout or Fricandeau—and I'll let you have it—hiccup!—a bargain."

"Could'nt think of such a thing," said his majesty calmly, at the same time arising from his seat. The metaphysician stared.

"Am supplied at present," said his majesty.

"Hiccup!—e-h?"—said the philosopher.

"Have no funds on hand."

"What!"

"Besides, very ungentlemanly in me!"

"Sir!"

"To take advantage of!"

"Hiccup!"

"Your present situation."

Here his majesty bowed and withdrew—in what manner the philosopher could not precisely ascertain—but in a well-concerted effort to discharge a bottle at "the villain," the slender chain was severed that depended from the ceiling, and the metaphysician prostrated by the downfall of the lamp.

The Unities.

Aristotle's name is supposed to be authority for the three unities. The only one of which he speaks decisively is the unity of action. With regard to the unity of time he merely throws out an indefinite hint. Of the unity of place not one word does he say.

* Quære—Arouet?—Editor.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Lines in remembrance of Thos. H. White,

Who died in Richmond, Va. October 7, 1832, aged 19 years.

When nations prosper, they grow proud and vain,
And give the reins to luxury and pleasure,
Spurn their Creator and defy his power:
To check their pride, Jehovah from his throne,
Scatters his judgments o'er a guilty world.
Forth from that idol land, where on the Ganges,
The Mother to false Gods devotes her offspring,
Or mounts the funeral pile—o'er half the earth
Speedeth the Pestilence. Nor cold, nor heat,
Mountains nor seasons can its course arrest.
Realm after realm hath bowed beneath its power,
Till o'er the vast Atlantic to our shores
It brings the work of death. In early life
I fell a victim to this deadly foe.

Thanks to that blessed volume, which hath brought
Light, Life and Immortality to Man,
Death has no terror to the heir of heaven—
It is the portal to his Father's throne.
This world is full of care, and toil, and suffering;
Its joys are transient, vain and fleeting all,
Illusive as a shadow. Happy he
At peace with God, who quits it earliest
For purer bliss. Rather rejoice than mourn
That I so soon have earth exchanged for heaven.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A MANIAC'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Thou pale!—thou beautiful!—to thee I kneel,
Watching thy wandering thro' yon dark blue sky
In silent gaze—as if my heart could feel
Deep adoration for thee, and was nigh
To a bright being that had look'd on me
Ev'n from the first days of my infancy.

Is it not so? Near to those yellow shores
Where roll my native streams, oh! hast thou not
Seen my young pleasures, when our busy oars
O'er the cool wave at dusky night would sport
On that bright pathway where thy silvery beam
Fell beautiful upon the glossy stream.

When thou didst rise at evening's twilight hour,
A mighty crescent o'er the broken tower,
Then would I wander 'neath the crumbling wall;
Or chase my playmates thro' the ruined hall,
Nor fearing any Spectre-Knight would play
His frightful gambols in thy harmless ray.

Away—away!—and when we there did sweep
The deep black billows of the roaring ocean,
Still high amid the heavens thou didst keep
Steady and bright; and with a wild emotion
Guiarra trembling did look up to thee
To guide him safely o'er that dismal sea,
And kindly light his weary hands to spread
The rattling canvass o'er his giddy head.

These skies are foreign, and I tread the ground
My fathers saw not: yet while thou art flinging
Upon the hills, the woods, the vales around
Thy gentle beam, ev'n though my heart be clinging

To other lands, still it can hold most dear
This stranger home since it can meet thee here.

We'll climb yon hill—we'll wander o'er yon plain—
We'll skim yon lake: Moon! we will roam together
Till mother earth call home her child again:
Then part we!—part we! fair Moon!—aye, for ever!
'Tis not for a bright thing like thee to glow
In the deep shades where the departed go.

Yet thou canst look upon the road that leads
To my far dwelling place: there will be flowers
And fresh green blades, and moss, and harmless weeds
To point the passage. Oh! at midnight hours
Wilt thou not smile upon those things that bloom
All wild, all heedlessly above my tomb?

I sit, and weave beneath thy gentle light
A wreath of cypress and of roses bright,
And ere it wither, or its glow be fled,
I'll gaily bind it round my dying head.
'Twill still the throbbing of my fever'd brow
To wear those flowers pluck'd from the tender stem
Where they were springing beautiful—and thou
As beautiful wast shining above them.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

To an Infant Nephew in England.

By the late Mrs. ANN ROY, of Mathews county, Virginia.

Tho' Ocean's *pride* be thy home, my boy,
I have heard thy laugh of infant joy;
Tho' Albion's breezes fan thy rest,
I have seen thee smile on thy mother's breast.

Like the forms that float in the summer heaven,
Fair Fancy's dreams have often given
Thy cherub beauty to my sight
Than those fairy tints more soft, more bright.

Yes, I have watched in sleep thine eye,
More darkly blue than the starlit sky,
By thy fringed lids now hid—now beaming
Like harebells mid a snow-wreath gleaming.

And I've longed thy ruby lip to press,
And I've sighed thy sunny brow to bless,
And to teach thee thy father's land to love,
So come o'er the wave, my island dove!

For here the sun doth brightly beam
Mid the feathery foam of the mountain stream,
And o'er the lake's clear beautiful face,
The dark trees bend with a shadowy grace.

And in rosy bowers the Eglantine
With the golden blossoms of Jasmine twine,
And the fruits and flowers wear a brighter hue,
And the heavens look on us more cloudlessly blue;

And from each hearth at the quiet even,
The voice of prayer ascends to heaven;
And the wild birds carol with joyous glee,
In our own fair land of the happy and free.

Come list to the music of every rill,
Which sends through our bosoms a magical thrill;

Dream not of the depths of the dark blue sea,
For the heavens will surely smile on thee.

Sweet scion of Columbia's race,
Come to thy kindred's fond embrace!
Come to the land once thy parents home,
Never again from her shores to roam!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD.

O! there are many brilliant things
To light this darksome life,
And many bright imaginings
With wild enjoyment rife.
The flashing of the sparkling stream—
The billows bounding free—
The glittering of the sunny beam
Upon the dark green sea.
The lightning flash that rends the air—
The meteor's dazzling light
That fiercely gleams with fitful glare
Amid the starless night.

And there are many lovely things
That grace the smiling earth—
The gushing of a thousand springs—
The laughing streamlet's mirth—
The swift deer bounding through the wood—
The merry singing bird;—
Its sweet tones in the solitude
Of lonely forests heard.
The greenwood and the grassy plain—
The silent mountain glen
Where nature sways her wild domain,
Far from the haunts of men.

The mountain where the cedars high
Bend to the passing breeze—
The murm'ring pines that softly sigh—
The music of the trees—
The sparkling dew-drop on the grass—
The river's golden sand—
The flitting of the shades which pass
In grandeur o'er the land.
The whippoorwill's sad cry at night,
Heard from some lonely dell—
The streaming of the pale moonlight,
Old nature's magic spell.

The rainbow's arch that spans the sky—
The shining stars above—
The glancing of a kindling eye—
The tones of one we love.
The glowing kiss all fondly pressed
On lips both warm and true—
The beating of a tender breast,
Which only throbs for you.
These gild with sunshine and delight
The paths of life, and throw
Upon its darkling streams a bright,
And never fading glow.

By what *bizzarerie* does it happen that Sardanapalus
is discovered in Greek literature under the name of
Tenos Concoleros?

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACTS FROM MY MEXICAN JOURNAL.

Visit to Tescuco—Bath of Tescusingo—Otumba—Aqueduct of Zempoala—Agave Americana—Pyramids of Teotihuacán.

DECEMBER 25, 1825. Mr. P. and myself left Mexico at half past nine this morning for *Tescuco*. We travelled in a Mexican coach, equipped in the usual style, and loaded with the usual encumbrances of beds, &c. Following the road which leads towards *Vera Cruz* as far as the little Indian town of *Los Reyes*, we there left it to cross the dry bed of the lake of *Tescuco*, upon the border of which we had been riding, to the small village of *La Magdalena*; and soon reached a pretty and well cultivated country, strewed thickly with villages and farmhouses (*haciendas*). After passing *Chiquilupa* and *Quautlalpa*, we again were in view of the lake, which an intervening ridge had intercepted. On the left, less than a league from *Tescuco*, is the fine *hacienda* of *Chapingo*, owned by the Marquis of *Vivanco*. Between this and the town, we passed what is called "El puente de los Bergantines"—a pile of strongly cemented stone, through which the road is cut, presenting not the slightest resemblance to a bridge. But this is classic ground, for here *Cortes* is said to have launched his vessels into the lake upon that memorable occasion which preceded the destruction and capture of the seat of the Mexican Empire. On entering a place so celebrated in the histories of the Conquest, the wretched adobe-built houses near the gate of the town, might well diminish the enthusiasm of the traveller and the antiquarian, were not his attention caught by a large artificial pile, now in ruins, without the gate to the right. Every thing connected with this remarkable people is interesting, even although the remaining vestiges are too slight to enable one to trace them distinctly and satisfactorily. Such is the nature of this ruin; but the presumption may not be altogether unfounded, that this was the site of an ancient temple, and perhaps the centre of this once great city.

We arrived at two o'clock, the distance from Mexico being seven leagues by the route we were obliged to travel, but only five across the lake. After an introduction to the ladies of the house, to which we had been kindly invited, we were conducted to the cock-pit, where we were presented to our host. We found it filled with men, women, and children, all taking a lively interest in the scene; but as we were less ardent sportsmen, we soon left the place, eager to commence our rambles in search of antiquities.

We were directed first to the *Aduana*—custom house—in the *patio* or court of which lay a coiled rattlesnake, tolerably well sculptured out of a block of gray porphyry—its head, however, appeared disproportionately large. It still wears the mark of paint, although it has been exposed many

years to the weather. Several other figures were shown to us—one a female with a finely turned shoulder—another was the arms of Spain, made probably shortly after the conquest—the rest were imperfect. Thence we were conducted to a house, outside the door of which was planted for a seat, a part of a human figure, of large size. In the degraded position it occupied, we could form no opinion of its excellence.

Thence we strolled to what is called the palace of the *Tescucan* kings. Its site fills the western side of the *Plaza*. Traces of its great extent are every where visible, but not clearly defined, for the ground it covered has been long cultivated, and a part of it is planted in *magueyes*. Several large stones still retain the position they must have occupied in the edifice—those which no doubt formed a corner, being squared and cut nicely, in a manner which would not be discreditable to the workmen of the present day in Mexico. At regular distances of about fifteen feet were placed others, the upper surfaces of which are rounded irregularly. In an excavation distant a few paces is a portion of a column, so covered that we could not discover its dimensions. If a conjecture can be hazarded, these stones were parts of corridors, supported by stone columns—possibly an excavation may disclose apartments below. It is, however, futile to form plans upon such insufficient data. The cutting of a ditch through the western section of the ruins, has exposed to view stones curiously scooped out, as if for the use of the founder; and near the centre of the square is another of a different figure, cut apparently for the same purpose—perhaps to mould a kettle which should rest on three corners or feet—the bottom hollowed. We continued our investigations until nearly dark, when we walked to the church of *San Francisco*, near by, in the pavement before the door of which, are several of these anciently wrought stones—some of very large dimensions—one is circular with a carved surface, but so much worn that we could not trace its figures.

The walls of the fortress which *Cortes* is represented to have constructed for his quarters, were next shown to us. Their height is about twenty feet—their width at the base about six or seven, decreasing towards the top. Some pronounce this the work of a more remote age, but the manner of its construction is sufficient evidence to the contrary. That it is a work of the Conqueror is a more reasonable conjecture, though even this is beset with difficulties. The time *Cortes* is said to have occupied the city of *Tescuco*, appears too short to have completed so huge a building: to this, however, it may be said, that he possessed ample means, with so many thousand Indians under his orders. But where was the necessity of raising such strong walls against adversaries so feeble, when, without so much severe labor, he

might have defended himself equally well, and in the event of his being compelled to abandon it, he would have encountered less difficulty in recovering possession of it?

Thence we proceeded some distance—the moon shone brightly—to see other remains of an ancient structure, but being unsuccessful in our search, we returned to the house of our kind friends, the Camperos.

The town of *Tescuco* now contains about 5,000 inhabitants—the houses are of one story only—with regular but unpaved streets, not very neat. Its modern mediocrity must contrast strongly with its ancient magnificence, if the early historians of Mexico are to be credited. During the revolution a ditch was dug around it, in order to repel the attacks of cavalry. It was assailed several times, and suffered some injury. It is by no means a pretty town, but is situated amid a pretty country, and supplied with good water.

DEC. 26. We appointed to-day to visit the mountain of *Tescusingo*. Before setting out, we made another circuit about the town, and found on a wall in front of one of the churches, a circular stone, the circumference of which was curiously carved. Near the northwestern corner of the *Plaza* is a well constructed arch of *tetzontli*, cemented with lime, which had been discovered in opening a ditch—the extent and purpose of it are alike unknown. We next visited the house of the Most Holy Trinity, *La Casa de la Santissima Trinidad*, to examine an arch of stone, said to have been taken from the ruins of the palace. Its figure is beautiful—the whole is well wrought—and would do credit to any edifice. If an antique, of which there seems very little doubt, it proves beyond any thing I have yet seen, the civilized state which the Indians of Mexico had attained prior to the conquest. The arch of three pieces, and four stones which support it, believed to have once formed a portal in the palace, are perfect. The latter now are the sides of an entrance to a stable, the arch lies neglected in the yard—two stones are wanting to complete the supports to the arch.

We continued our walk to the ruins of an extensive building, upon which are growing numerous plants of the *maguey*. The layers of cement are seen distinctly—very smooth and hard. An old woman who lives near, has collected large pieces of this cement with which she has paved the *patio* of her house; so solid is it, that one of our companions believed it to be stone, until he had tested it with the hammer.

At eleven o'clock we set out in our coach for the mountain distant near two leagues to the eastward of *Tescuco*. About a quarter of a mile from the town, we observed two circular carved stones which we had not time to examine. After riding a league over the plain, we stopped at the *Molino de las Flores*—mill of flowers—a most romantic

spot. Great labor has been expended upon the race for conducting the water to the mill from the natural dam of rocks, over which the stream during the rainy season, dashes in torrents into a rugged bed. The plain from thence to the foot of the mountain being broken by deep *barrancas*—gullies—our carriage was unable to proceed farther. We were, therefore, compelled to walk, against our inclinations, for the sun was scorching, and we were aware of the labor we must encounter in the ascent of the mountain.

A walk of two miles brought us to the foot of the mountain of *Tescusingo*, the steep sides of which covered with *nopal*,* we began to climb slowly. After winding about midway up on the western side, our guide conducted us to the mouth of an apparently artificial cavern, with an entrance about six feet high—descending a dozen steps it takes a new direction. Having no lights we were obliged to leave it unexplored. Continuing to ascend, we passed towards the southern declivity, and soon met with cement, which in various parts of the mountain denotes extensive remains of ancient edifices—with walls constructed of *tetzontli*—and particularly with a large square stone hollowed neatly like a drain; and a reservoir for water appeared to have existed below it. We were now about three-fourths of the distance up the mountain, and had attained a terrace, along which we walked to the *Bath of Tescusingo*—the chief object of our visit. This remarkable work is cut out of a solid rock—hard feldspar porphyry—which hangs like a bird's nest upon the steep side, which faces to the south. An irregular platform of seven feet and a half diameter appears to have been first cut into the rock—the sides of the rock forming a wall smooth on the inside, nearly two feet and a half high, the outside left as nature made it—in the centre of this platform a circular bath is cut out, with a diameter of four feet seven inches, two feet deep, with two steps to descend into it. A perforation in one part of the platform shows where the water was admitted, and it escaped from the bath by a cleft which extends from top to bottom. The bath was probably covered with a roof—cavities in the rock seeming to indicate where posts once stood.

The view from this spot is the most beautiful that could have been selected on the mountain; and warmed by the sun, and sheltered from the winds of the north, it was, also, the most delightful. The city of Mexico is seen distinctly, the lake of *Tescuco* and populous plains intervening, in the southwest; and to the south rise the snowy mountains of *Puebla*.

From the bath, we continued our walk along the terrace, upon which still exist traces of an aqueduct, which, at the eastern extremity of *Tes-*

* *Nopal*, a species of cactus.

cusingo, crossed from the contiguous mountain upon an artificial pile of stone, conveying water, we were informed, a distance of seven or eight leagues. We were yet several hundred feet from the top. Ascending farther, we encountered other remains of structures, and came to a levelled surface about fifty feet square. All these are convincing proofs of the numerous edifices which once existed upon this mountain, but we must ever remain ignorant of their nature and purpose. Upon the summit, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, is a rock of huge size, in which seats have been cut.

In our descent on the northern side, which is very rough and steep, we discovered accidentally a flight of seven steps cut out of a single rock—of these, our guide, an Indian antiquarian of *Tescuco*, had heretofore been ignorant. Many objects worthy of investigation will no doubt reward those who should diligently extend their researches upon the mountain of *Tescusingo*. We reached the foot without further incident, and rejoined our carriage at the mill, much fatigued with our ramble under a burning sun. Soon after four we were again under the roof of our kind host.

After dinner, our friend, Don Nicolas Campero, conducted us to the ruins which I have already mentioned to be just without the gate of the town. Their structure and extent are marked by the revolutionary trenches which surround them. The occasional layers of cement are perpendicular as well as horizontal, and between them are laid *adobes*—unburnt bricks—which compose the work. Judging from appearances, it would not be rash, perhaps, to conjecture that this was the site of the west Temple, which, we are assured, was always constructed upon eminences like this. Its distance from the palace amply proves the extent of the ancient city of *Tescuco* to have been very great.

DEC. 27. After breakfast, we rode a league to see the *ahuahuetes**—cypress trees—of large dimensions, some of them are not less than fifty feet in circumference. A large edifice, it is believed, stood once in the midst of them. There are traces of buildings. The regularity with which these trees are disposed, proves, beyond a doubt, that they were planted. They are so regular, that in order to enclose three sides of a square it was necessary to lay a few *adobes* only between them. Two rows of these trees form a long street. This grove of *ahuahuetes* is seen distinctly from the city of Mexico, their deep green contrasting strongly with the dry and open plain which surrounds them.

We employed the afternoon in revisiting the

* *Cupressus disticha*. The largest tree known of this description is at the village of Atlixco, in the state of Puebla. It is in circumference 23.3 metres, or 76½ English feet.—*Humb. New Spain*, l. 3. c. 8, p. 154. Ed. of 1827.

antiquities of *Tescuco*. We were also conducted to the garden belonging to the convent of San Francisco, where a remarkable carved stone lies neglected under a tree. It is round and represents a man, whose nose is prodigious, in a kneeling attitude, holding something—what it is we could not discover—in his hands; behind him is another figure, which defied all our efforts to decipher it.

At night, we accompanied the young ladies of the house to a ball given by the principal merchant of the town. The room was filled with men, women, and cigar smoke. This compelled us to make an early retreat, for our eyes were not yet insensible to its effect.

DEC. 28. After an early breakfast, and the completion of some repairs to our coach, we took leave of the excellent family who had entertained us most hospitably. We now directed our steps towards *Otumba*. Passing several small villages—some of them are very picturesque, with their enclosures of the *cactus cylindricus*, which grows to the height of fifteen or eighteen feet—the country became barren and uninteresting, until we reached the fine hacienda of *San Antonio*. Here we deviated from the direct route, but were compensated for the loss of time by the sight of an extensive stone wall, built to contain water for the purpose of irrigating the estate, and for the use of the cattle. This large *presa*—or pond—was the work of the Jesuits, who formerly owned the finest property in New Spain, and who were sagacious and industrious in improving their possessions. Retracing our steps, we passed the extensive buildings of *San Antonio*, leaving immediately upon our left its beautiful wheat fields, which the laborers were then engaged in watering. This is the dry season, and wheat will grow only where it can be irrigated frequently.

Beyond the village of *San Pedro*, we ascended the *tepetate** lomas—*lomas*—of the eastern side of the plain of Mexico, upon which soil the roads are always worn deep and rough. On arriving at the summit of a low ridge which we were crossing, the Pyramids of Teotihuacán unexpectedly presented themselves to our view. Though ignorant that we were so near to them, yet we could not mistake them, their figure is still so well preserved, whilst centuries have rolled away since their construction.

Leaving the pyramids and village of San Juan de Teotihuacán to our left, we travelled on two leagues farther to *Otumba*, where we arrived at three o'clock, having been six hours on the road from *Tescuco*. We were told the distance was only seven leagues. It is true we once lost our way, and our kicking mules occasioned some

* A hard white clay peculiar to the plains of Mexico, devoid of vegetation, and very painful to the eyes under a burning sun. The *lomas* are the rising ground between the plains and the mountains.

detention, but I think another league may be safely added.

A gentleman of *Otumba*, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction, being unfortunately absent, we were directed to the only *meson*—public house—in the place, where we took a hasty meal in the kitchen, having, in the mean time, sent our letter to the gentleman's brother, who might, we thought, aid us in our research for antiquities. But this man sent us an un-courteous answer, and we sallied out in quest of the curate, who was absent also; but we found what perhaps was better—a remnant of an ancient column in the churchyard. We met a well-dressed man, from whom we expected to glean some information. He proved to be a stupid lay-priest, who knew nothing of the existence of any antique in *Otumba*, but he undertook to inquire at a store near the *plaza*. Those he asked were as ignorant as himself; but our foreign appearance having by this time excited some curiosity, several of the inhabitants collected around us, and learning our wish to find an ancient column which we understood to exist there, conducted us to the centre of the *plaza*, where the object of our search was lying prostrate. It is a column of reddish sand stone, the base, and a portion of the shaft only remaining, the entire length of which is eight feet two inches. The shaft is an octagon of unequal sides, and carved with diamond figures interchained with each other. The lower part of the shaft, one foot and a half next the base, is of a bulbous figure, also carved. The diameter of the column is one foot and three quarters. In another spot, a cleft fragment was shown, seven feet two inches long, said to have formed a part of the column above described—if so, augmenting its entire length to fifteen and a half feet, without the capital, of which we could discover no traces. We were told that this column, previously to the revolution, was standing in the *plaza*, supporting the arms of Spain. During the war it was thrown down—has been broken for various purposes, and its remains now lie neglected, an object of interest to the curious traveller only.

All our new friends now volunteered to show us something, and we had nearly seen nothing in the contest of each to carry us to different places. At length, we effected a compromise, and were carried to search a *corral* or cattle yard for the capital of the column. We looked in vain in yard and stable, notwithstanding one present assured us he had seen it. We abandoned the pursuit of the evanescent block, and were conducted by an old man (who was called Cortés, and who affected to be of pure Indian blood, and to despise all others who were not,) to his house, in a corner of which was worked a carved stone—evidently an antique, but it was a work posterior to the conquest, for it represented an armed man on horseback. Cortés

then carried us to the rear of the church, to see another carved stone, but it was placed so high in the wall that we could scarcely distinguish it, but enough appeared to convince us that it bore the arms of Spain. These instances prove how cautious we must be in adopting the opinions of the natives on antiquarian matters.

It was now dark, and we returned to our *meson*, as miserable and cheerless a house of entertainment as traveller ever entered. We made, nevertheless, a good supper of eggs, *frijoles* (beans), and wine, of which we partook in the kitchen.

On making inquiries respecting a celebrated aqueduct which we understood to exist in the vicinity of *Otumba*, we learned that it was distant nearly five leagues. We had intended to return to Mexico on the morrow, but we now determined to visit this work. During the evening, one of our lately formed acquaintances called to introduce one of his friends, who politely offered us horses, a favor which we gladly accepted.

DEC. 29. We rose early, and joined by three of our new acquaintances, were soon on horseback. One of those who attended us, was manager of two fine *haciendas*, which we visited on our way to the arches of Zempoala. The first, Soapayuca, owned by the *Conde de Tepa*, a Spanish nobleman, is about a league from *Otumba*. Having been burnt during the revolution it has been rebuilt on an extensive scale. Our road ran along the *lomes* of the mountains, through fields of the *maguey*. About two leagues and a half from *Otumba*, we were shown, on our left, the plain of *San Miguel*, where Cortés is represented to have gained his celebrated victory, in the retreat from Mexico to *Tlascal*. A ride of three leagues brought us to the *hacienda* of *Ometusco*—an estate from which *pulque* only is made, which gives to its owner, Don Ignacio Adalid, of Mexico, a nett profit, as we were informed, of \$15,000 a year. Here we took breakfast, and after viewing the buildings, pursued a narrow path through the *magueyes* to the *Arcos de Zempoala*.

These arches are sixty-eight in number, crossing a deep valley from north to south, and are eleven hundred paces in length. The greatest height is one hundred twenty-two and a half feet, where two arches, one supported above the other, are thrown across the deep *barranca*. The width above is four feet and a half, with a narrow, and shallow channel in the centre for the conveyance of the water. This is a work of great antiquity, constructed about the year 1540, under the direction of a Franciscan Monk, to supply *Otumba* with good water, of which it is sadly in want. Though made at an immense expense, the aqueduct is now wholly useless, but the arches are in an excellent state of preservation.*

* Torquemada relates—*Monarquía Indiana*, l. 20, c.

After taking a rough measurement of this magnificent work, we retraced our steps to the *hacienda* of Ometusco, where our kind host showed us the entire process of making *pulque*. A good plant of the *Agave*,* under the most favorable circumstances, reaches maturity in eight years. This state is indicated by a disposition in the central leaves to throw up a stalk, which, when permitted to grow, rises to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, branching at the top not unlike a chandelier. In this critical state a large incision is made with a sharp iron bar in the heart; a large basin, as it were, is scooped out with much care, and being then filled with dry leaves or rubbish, is permitted to rest unmolested for about six months, when it begins to yield juice in abundance and of good quality. On being taken from the plant, which operation an Indian performs morning and evening with a long gourd acting as a syphon, the *agua miel*, or honey water, as it is then called, is of a sickening sweetness; but after being poured into

63—that a Franciscan Friar, Francisco de Tembleque, undertook and accomplished this work, achieving an exploit “which great and powerful kings would scarcely have undertaken to accomplish, nor would he have engaged in such a work (although the poet says, fortune favors the bold) if he had not been inspired by heaven, and aided especially by divine grace, which overcomes all obstacles and provides the means of easily surmounting the greatest difficulties.” The time taken to execute this work was 16 or 17 years, five of which were consumed on the principal arches; “which,” our author says, “may be regarded as one of the wonders of the world.” According to his statement, there are sixty-seven arches (we counted sixty-eight) extending 1059½ *varas*—about 975 yards. The middle arch is 42½ *varas*, about 118 feet high—and 23½ *varas*, about 21½ yards wide, “which fills with astonishment and wonder those who see so marvellous a work.” There are two other ravines, one crossed by thirteen the other by forty-six arches. The entire length of the aqueduct was 160,496 Spanish feet—more than fifteen leagues. Torquemada gives no dates, but this work appears to have been constructed soon after Tembleque arrived from Spain, which was in 1538; and our author mentions, that though built seventy years (he wrote about 1610 or 12) it had not sustained the smallest injury.

As a specimen of Torquemada's credulity, I extract the following “most pure truth”—*purísima verdad*. He says that “the good Father Francisco de Tembleque, had no other companion during this long and painful work than a large yellow cat, which hunted in the fields by night, and at daybreak brought to his master the fruits of his hunt, hares or partridges, for the day's subsistence, which may seem incredible, but it is a most pure truth: many clergy witnessed this wonderful thing, who, passing by, stopped at the hermitage at night for the sole purpose of seeing the fact, and of convincing themselves of the care of the cat, for it was commonly reported through the land, how he sustained himself and his master.”

* The American aloe.

large vats—made of untanned hides, with the hair inside—in one week it effervesces; but when poured, as in common, upon the lees of old *pulque*, it is prepared in one or two days, and is carried to market in hogs' skins. After yielding during six months, from 200 to 250 gallons, and sometimes more, the plant dies, and a young sucker is planted to succeed it. A plant ready to yield, is worth from eight to twelve dollars, and produces three or four *cargas*, or mule loads: a *carga* is sold in market at four dollars.

Pulque is intoxicating to those who use it too freely. The taste is far from pleasant to me, and the odor of it is sickening; but it improves with use, and when taken moderately is thought to be wholesome.

The *Agave Americana* is a most valuable plant. Independently of its agricultural profits upon barren soils where little else would grow, it serves a great variety of uses. From *pulque*, a strong brandy is distilled. This and *pulque* are the common drink of the people. The fibres of the leaf of the *maguay* are manufactured into coarse cloths, which are used for bagging, as saddlecloths, and for the *aparejos*, packsaddles; they form thread of every texture, twine, and rope of the largest size; and the juice of the leaf is efficacious in the cure of ulcers, especially of the galls and sores of brute animals: the leaf itself acts in place of gutters and spouts for the cabins of the Indians, and makes a roof to their rude dwellings: its prickly or thorn, is a needle in case of necessity; and at certain stages of its growth the *maguay* may be taken as food, and was so used during the revolution by many hungry wanderers.

Thus this plant may be the food, drink, and clothing of the Mexicans; and from the variety of purposes to which it may be applied, the *Agave Americana* may safely be said to be the most valuable of the vegetable creation.

It was dark when we returned to our lodgings in *Otumba*, having consumed the whole day in seeing what we might have accomplished in a few hours; but our friends were so polite, that we were obliged to submit to their dilatory movements.

DEC. 30. Provided again with horses, we set out at an early hour for the Pyramids, leaving our carriage to join us at *San Juan de Teotihuacan*. After a ride of nearly two leagues, we alighted at the foot of the smaller pyramid, which, although the ascent was steep, rough, and overgrown with weeds, we soon surmounted. This, more dilapidated than the larger one, still preserves its pyramidal shape, so as easily to be distinguished. The construction seems to be of stones thrown indiscriminately together, and, at occasional intervals, a layer of lime crosses it horizontally. Upon its summit are the remains of a small stone building, which bears abundant evidence of being the work of the

Conquerors. It was probably a chapel, built to fill the place of the temple which it usurped. At the southern foot of this pyramid is a circle surrounded either by diminutive pyramids, or by the ruins of small edifices, or perhaps both intermingled. Near the centre of this circle is a similar ruin, from which proceeds a regular street forty or fifty feet wide, running north and south, and bounded on both sides by ruins of apparently small pyramids, on which are distinct traces of the walls of houses divided into small apartments. At the head of the street is a large rough stone, with a circle sculptured on one side of it; beyond the wall of this circle, on the west, we were shown a singularly cut stone of large size. It is ten feet three inches long, five feet one inch wide, and four feet five inches high above the ground, in which it seems partly buried. We collected every where various wrought pieces of obsidian.

The larger pyramid is a little distant from the street to the east of it. As our time was limited I ascended it hastily, and found that, except in size it differs only in one respect from the other: about midway a terrace extends around it. The faces of both pyramids correspond with the four points of the compass. The view from them extends over the lake of *Tescuco* to the city of Mexico, and beyond the western barrier of the plain to the snow-capped mountain of *Toluca*.

The large pyramid of *Teotihuacan* is called *Tonatiuh Ytzaqual*, or House of the Sun. According to *Oleyza's* measurements* its base is 208 metres—682½ English feet—its perpendicular height is 55 metres—180.4 feet. The base of the other pyramid is much less than that of the former. This is called *Mextli Ytzaqual*, or House of the Moon: its height is 144.4 feet.

The construction of these pyramids is ascribed to the *Tolteck* nation, in which event they were built in the eighth or ninth century.† It has been asserted that these and the other Mexican Pyramids are hollow; but as far as investigations have been carried, their solidity seems established. Constructed as they are, if they were hollow the destructive influence of so many centuries which have elapsed since their erection, would have discovered it. The supposition is equally ill-founded that they are mere casings or crusts to natural eminences. So far as rains have laid them open, or the hand of man exposed to view their interior, all is artificial. It is idle to argue that if they were completely artificial, the materials which form them must have been dug from some contiguous spot, and that this has no where been discovered. Places are seen from which the materials have been collected; and the circumjacent plain is strewn thickly with *tetzontli*, quite abundant

enough to build other pyramids, without being reduced to the necessity of digging into the earth.

At *San Juan*, about half a league from the pyramids, we rejoined our carriage, and at 11 A. M. set out for Mexico, distant ten leagues. We travelled rapidly over a dreary but not a bad road, and passing *Tololcingo*, crossed the dry bed of the lake of *Tescuco*, shortening our ride a league or so. At a *venta*, or small inn, near *Santa Clara*, we had the good fortune to meet with an idol, dug up in the vicinity, which we bought; it represents a naked female, her hands crossing her breast, her nose of prodigious size, and hair plaited down the back. The figure is about two feet high.*

We arrived at *Guadalupe* at 3 P. M. and an hour's ride over a good *calzada*, bordered with pretty aspens, brought us to the capital. Our jaunt has been very delightful, and we have met with great kindness. From what we have seen of the antiquities of Mexico, we are impressed with a far more favorable opinion than we had entertained of the civilized state of the Indians before the Conquest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MR. WHITE:

The subjoined copy of an old Scotch ballad, contains so much of the beauty and genuine spirit of by-gone poetry, that I have determined to risk a frown from the fair lady by whom the copy was furnished, in submitting it for publication. The ladies sometimes violate their promises—may I not for once assume their privilege, in presenting to the readers of the Messenger this "legend of the olden time," although *I promised not*? Relying on the kind heart of the lady for forgiveness for this breach of promise, I have anticipated the pardon in sending you the lines, which I have never as yet seen in print.

SIDNEY.

BALLAD.

They have giv'n her to another—
They have sever'd ev'ry vow;
They have giv'n her to another,
And my heart is lonely now;
They remember'd not our parting—
They remember'd not our tears,
They have sever'd in one fatal hour
The tenderness of years.

Oh! was it weal to leave me?
Thou couldst not so deceive me;
Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n thee to another—
Thou art now his gentle bride;
Had I lov'd thee as a brother,
I might see thee by his side;
But *I know with gold they won thee*,
And thy trestling heart beguil'd;
Thy mother too, did shun me,
For she knew I lov'd her child.

* Humb. T. 2. l. 3. c. 8. p. 66.

† Humb. T. 2. l. 3. c. 8. p. 67.

* This idol was sent to the museum of the college at Charleston, S. C.

Oh! was it weal to leave me?
Thou couldst not so deceive me;
Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n her to another—
She will love him, so they say;
If her mem'ry do not chide her,
Oh! perhaps, perhaps she may;
But I know that she hath spoken
What she never can forget;
And tho' my poor heart be broken,
It will love her, love her yet.

Oh! was it weal to leave me?
Thou couldst not so deceive me;
Lang and sairly shall I grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel!

From the Baltimore Visiter.

THE COLISEUM. A PRIZE POEM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length, at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage, and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered, and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence and Desolation! and dim Night!
Gaunt vestibules! and phantom-peopled aisles!
I feel ye now: I feel ye in your strength!
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls;
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat:
Here, where the dames of Rome their yellow hair
Wav'd to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle:
Here, where on ivory couch the Caesar sate,
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder:
Here, where on golden throne the monarch loll'd,
Glides spectre-like unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.

These crumbling walls; these tottering arcades;
These mouldering plinths; these sad, and blacken'd
shafts;

These vague entablatures; this broken frieze;
These shattered cornices; this wreck; this ruin;
These stones, alas!—these gray stones—are they all—
All of the great and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours to Fate and me?

"Not all,"—the echoes answer me; "not all:
Prophetic sounds, and loud, arise for ever
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
As in old days from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men. We rule

With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not desolate—we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone; not all our fame;
Not all the magic of our high renown;
Not all the wonder that encircles us;
Not all the mysteries that in us lie;
Not all the memories that hang upon,
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

Written in the Village of A——, Virginia.

Sweet village of the mountain glen!
Thy verdant shades are dear to me;
I shun the busy haunts of men,
And to thy peaceful bosom flee;
For smiling nature's summer home
Is found beside thy flashing rills,
And when the winter-tempests come,
She reigns upon thy rugged hills.

Upon thy rocks the tow'ring pine,
The hemlock and the cedar grow;
And high the wild and flow'ring vine,
Its tendrils round their branches throw.
'Tis sweet to stray thy paths along,
Beside some bright and rippling stream
Whose waters with a murmur song,
Glance gaily in the sunny beam.

Through distant lands my feet may roam,
In foreign climes my dwelling be,
Unchang'd where'er I make my home,
My heart will still abide with thee.
Yes! still with thee, in joy or woe,
On desert land, or stormy sea,
In pain or bliss, where'er I go,
My love will ever dwell with thee. A. L. B.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Extracts from the *Auto-biography of Pertinax Placid.*

MY FIRST NIGHT IN A WATCHHOUSE.

CHAP. II.

This was our hero's earliest scrape; but whether
I shall proceed with his adventures is
Dependent on the public altogether:
We'll see, however, what they say to this.

[Don Juan.]

We found Fenella in much trouble. That buoyant
mind which the vicissitudes of a changing and preca-
rious profession could not sadden or subdue, proved
itself vulnerable to the weapons of ridicule.

"And so, my young deserter, you have come at last.
Here have I been grieving myself to death at the ma-
lice of Mc——, and you have felt no sympathy in my
trouble, or have been too indolent or indifferent to give
me one word of comfort. Shame on you! Is this your
friendship?"

I made my excuses with the best grace I could as-
sume, and assured her I had just learned the cause of
her uneasiness. She readily believed me, for she was
too sincere herself to doubt the sincerity of others.

"I do not know," said she, "but my annoyance at
this affair may seem overstrained. To those who call

themselves philosophers, it may appear childish in me to grieve at such an attempt to render me ridiculous. But I am a mere woman, and no philosopher; besides, my case is a peculiar one. On the stage we have so often, I might say so habitually, to overstep what by other women are considered the bounds of modesty, that she who preserves the essential principle of that great charm of the sex, is most jealous in keeping her claim to it inviolate. The world gives us credit for but little feminine delicacy—and the world reasons correctly in doing so. But correct reasoning does not always reach the facts of peculiar cases. It may be thought strange, but I know it to be true, that a woman who in the presence of hundreds suffers herself to be embraced, kissed, and fondled by men of gross character and disgusting manners, and who embraces and caresses them in turn, should revolt at the idea of permitting such liberties in private. I know this to be so in my own case. And even were all those women whose lot is unfortunately cast upon the stage, as licentious as both the virtuous and the vicious are pleased to suppose them, they must indeed be debased and degraded, to yield themselves to that indiscriminate licentiousness which the world's censure would imply. Few know how far the enthusiasm of an artist, his aspirations after excellence, his love of abstract beauty, may check and overcome every prurient thought, every low born imagination. The sculptor, when he moulds the beings of his fancy into forms of loveliness, is alive only to the spirit of his art; his mind is filled with the beauty of his conceptions, and is purified by the intenseness of his desire to attain the summit of excellence, from every grovelling idea. He is not, surely, to be classed with those who, looking upon his works with vulgar eyes, find in them food for lascivious thoughts, and stimulants to unhallowed passions. So it is with acting. The actress has placed before her a mark of excellence which she is ambitious to attain, and in striving for its attainment, all minor considerations are thrown aside. The exhibition of a passion must not be shorn of its accessories; and whatever is necessary to its full development she yields to, with as little thought of grossness or indelicacy in caressing an individual who represents her husband or her lover, as the artist indulges when painting Eve in the undress of nature. It would be well for such as suppose that these exhibitions indicate a want of modesty, to know how totally the mind is absorbed in the desire to embody the conceptions of the poet, when an actress in Belvidera or Monimia gives a loose rein to the passions, and regardless of the being with whom she is associated, contributes, by the very freedom which the over-virtuous delight to censure, in producing the delusion of the scene. In playing her part, not one thought is given to the man whom she embraces. No—she is for the time a fictitious character—the character of the scene, insensible to any other feeling but that which the poet has delineated. But how differently do the work-a-day world argue this matter. They seldom, if ever, separate the *actress* from the *woman*—and every action is judged of according to the gross ideas of the vulgar minded, or the fastidious scruples of those who measure a dramatic representation by the rules which prevail in private society. I know full well the invidious position which, as an actress, I occupy in the opinion

of the public; and a consciousness that in my unfortunate profession, every step towards the achievement of excellence must be gained by a sacrifice of personal respect, often gives me melancholy sensations. Do you then wonder at the pain I have suffered from this malignant endeavor of Mc——'s to render me ridiculous?"

"But still," said Nichols, "the attack in itself is unworthy of notice. The same talent might render the proudest woman in the city an object of equal ridicule."

"Very true, but it would not find the public disposed to laugh with the caricaturist. The general sentiment would be against him, for he would have outraged what every man would be ready to defend—the sanctity of female privacy, and the decencies of social life. But such a case is strongly contrasted with mine, and it is that which renders it to me so peculiarly painful. The actress lives in the full glare of public observation, and the libeller who holds her up to contempt, invades no sanctuary which all hold sacred; he only makes her subservient to public amusement in a new character. If her pride be wounded, if her delicacy be shocked—she has few to sympathise with her, for few believe she possesses either pride or delicacy, and none deem it their duty to defend her from the attacks of her enemy."

Fenella paused, and I saw the tears glisten upon her cheek; but she turned away her face, and hastily brushed them off, as if ashamed that her weakness should be observed.

"You do your friends injustice," said I. "You do indeed. There are a few who do not think thus lightly of your feelings, and who are ready to defend you from assaults of whatever kind."

"Doubtless there are a few," said she, "who feel for me. It would be unjust in me to doubt it. But it is the want of that *general* feeling of sympathy which would be excited in favor of any other woman, that I feel most keenly. To know that in proportion as my professional exertions are admired, my private feelings are disregarded, gives point to the malice of Mc——, and renders that a cause of pain and mortification which ought to be the object of contempt. But we will say no more upon the subject. Perhaps I have said too much, for I see that you and Nichols are distressed by my complaints. I will not repeat them; but endeavor to display more of what Nichols calls philosophy."

The train of our conversation was broken off by the entrance of Selden and Cleaveland. Fenella's spirits were soon restored, and she became as gay and fascinating as usual. Various topics were discussed, and much pleasant *badinage* filled up the time until tea—which Fenella particularly patronized, in spite of the fashion—made its appearance.

"Pray, Master Pertinax," said Fenella, "how have you employed your time since I last saw you? You have lost a deal of green room scandal, and missed seeing some of the finest of green room absurdities, by your long estrangement from the Theatre."

"Well, saving your presence, I have been occupied with better things—a hard student have I been—and although the merry bells of the Driving Club sounded their peals under my windows twice during my seclu-

sion; although I saw their gorgeous train of *carioles* piled with buffalo robes, and flaunting in blue and crimson trimmings, glide merrily by; and though among the furred and feathered *demoiselles* who sat within them, I knew there was one whom it would have been delightful to be near; nay more, although under a silver-grey Chinchilla bonnet, there shone forth two lustrous black eyes—yet did I resist the lure, and turn again to my studies. I have declined three balls where I knew I should meet that “Cynthia of the minute,” with whom, at this particular time, I cannot but believe I am most foolishly in love. I have resisted the temptation of skating, and a special invitation from the Curling Club to witness an important match. All these and many more allurements have failed to withdraw me from my books.”

“Bless me, what a Solomon you will become, if you persevere in your labors! But your stoicism surprises me. Can it be possible that Marian Lindsay’s *load-stars* failed in attraction?”

“Nonsense! I have said nothing of Marian Lindsay or her *load-stars*, as you are pleased to call them. Her eyes are not *black*, nor are they those I spoke of.”

“What, a new attraction! Well, I see that I must relinquish the task of keeping you steady. I had hopes, when I prudently endeavored to prevent your falling in love with me, (which you cannot deny you had more than half a mind to do,) by directing your amorous disposition towards a proper object, that your fancy would endure at least a month or two. Do you not now perceive what a folly I should have been guilty of, had I suffered you to dangle, as you wished, at my apron string?”

“I do indeed. Still, I may say with honest Jack Falstaff, ‘ere I knew *thee*, I knew nothing.’”

“Yes,” said she, “and I can finish the sentence with equal truth—‘and now art thou little better than one of the wicked.’ But I deny your declaration, for you have confessed to the truth of your intrigues with the little Canadian milliner, and the blue eyed *Irlandaise*.”

“I admit it; but those were unsophisticated flirtations.”

“Unsophisticated! Mercy on us!”

“Oh yes,” said Selden, “and he stoutly denies having ever sighed to you, Fenella; and talks a deal of nonsense about friendship, as though such a feeling ever existed between a lad of nineteen and a lady under twenty-five.”

“Upon that subject,” replied Fenella, “we can at least keep our own counsel.”

“Come, Cleaveland,” said I, “we are bound in the same direction. I have a few words to say to you, and if you are at leisure we will walk.”

“I hope I have not driven you away,” said Selden.

“Pshaw! I am not so easily driven.”

Tea was over, and Cleaveland and I rose to depart. Fenella accompanied us to the door, and said to me in a monitory tone: “Now, Pertinax, be careful what you do in relation to the caricature. Keep out of difficulty with Me—. You cannot be of any service to me in that affair, and may injure yourself by your interference. I know your disposition to serve me; but I also know that your impetuosity is more likely to involve you in difficulty than to bring me out of it. Be cautious, I beseech you.”

“Do not be alarmed,” said I, somewhat piqued, “my *indifference* will be my protection.”

“I do not believe that, nor do I believe that you are indifferent to my feelings; and the caution I now give you is a proof that I do not think so.”

A pressure of the hand was my only reply to this conciliatory speech; and we left the house.

It was early in the evening, and quite dark, as we mounted the ice in the middle of the street, preferring the risk of being run down by *traineaus* or *carioles*, on that narrow pass, to stumbling against steps, cellar doors, and other obstructions on the *trottoir* of an avenue, feebly lighted by here and there a dim and solitary lamp. We pursued our way down St. Paul’s street, and in passing the shop where “Timothy Crop, Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perruquier,” shone in gilt letters, illuminated by a lamp, a glance shewed us two copies of Fenella’s effigy, displayed with most provoking prominence in a bow-window, which was brilliantly lighted.

“Curses on that fellow,” said I. “Is there no way in which this nuisance can be prevented? You are fertile in schemes, Cleaveland; cannot you contrive some plan, if not to stop the issue of these libels, to revenge the insult offered to our friend?”

“Not I indeed, unless we hire *Felix Sans Pitié** to thump the artist, or get *Piquet*,† the retired bully, to break his right arm.”

* There was a family of *Sans Pitiés*, belonging to a neighboring seignory, celebrated for their muscular frames and pugilistic powers. They were *Voyageurs* in the service of the North West, or Hudson’s Bay Companies, at the time when those associations were at deadly feud, out of which grew the massacre at Red River. In the spring, previous to the setting out of the North West expeditions, the *voyageurs* of these companies had their rendezvous in Montreal for a day or two, during which they were generally intoxicated, and scarcely an hour passed that was not distinguished by a pugilistic combat in the old market place, which was their peculiar haunt. The *Sans Pitiés* when present, were the champions, and challenged all comers with nearly uniform success. I have never seen more magnificent forms than these brothers displayed, when stripped for a fight. Their chests and shoulders would have been fine models for a Hercules, so muscular were they, and devoid of superfluous flesh. Their style of hitting was peculiar, and differed entirely from the English system, being far more rapid and eccentric. In general an English pugilist was more than a match for the best Canadian bully; but in one instance the youthful gladiator referred to in the text, was triumphant over a skilful pupil of Crib. It is worthy of remark, that the English bully, when completely *sewed up*, (to use a phrase of the prize ring) declared in a faint voice, that he had been beaten contrary to all rule, and that *Sans Pitié* knew no more about boxing than a horse. But the Canadian champion was once well beaten by an antagonist as little skilled as himself in the arts and mysteries of the Five’s Court. I was witness to this conflict between him and an English sailor, not half his weight. The Jack-tar completely overcame his Herculean opponent, when it seemed to me that had his frame been made of any material softer than iron, he must have been demolished by *Sans Pitié*’s blows.

† Monsieur *Piquet* was about this time a member of the Provincial Parliament. How he got there I do not exactly know: the station seemed rather inconsistent with the situation occupied by him in early life. He was a man of uncommon muscular vigor; and had

"Not bad ideas, but impracticable. Felix is at Red River, or thereabouts—and Piquet is in Parliament, which should argue that his powers of maiming are fully employed upon the laws of the province."

We had paused involuntarily before the window. The shop was thronged with customers, and we saw the barber take down one of the caricatures and exhibit it to an individual, who laughed immoderately as he examined it. My blood boiled as I witnessed this scene. I had been deeply impressed by Fenella's description of her defenceless condition, and the absence of that general feeling of resentment in her case, which would have existed had any other woman been the object of such ridicule. The hearty laugh of the examiner of the picture—the gusto with which he enjoyed the ludicrous figure before him, inspired me with most unchristian feelings, and I could, with the greatest good will, have tweaked his nose with the hot curling irons which the man of hair was applying to his head.

As we moved away, I vowed that I would be revenged on the malicious barber—that he at least should not escape. A few moments brought us to my lodgings in the *Vieux Marché*. We sat down by a hot stove, and after having listened to Cleaveland's description of the last party at Madame Feronnier's, without hearing one word, I broke silence.

"Cleaveland," said I, "will you join me in a scheme which I have been revolving since we left that infernal barber's?"

"I shall be better prepared to give you an answer, when you tell me what you propose."

"Then you will not enlist until you know my plan."

"Not I. It is my luck to engage in so many hair-brained scrapes of my own, that I will be led blind-fold into none of your planning."

"But you must not fail me. I have set my heart on your assistance. If I had asked it of Selden, he would have stifled me with prudent advice. Nichols has not hardihood enough for any wicked act; and Marryatt is so completely bewitched with his brunette beauty in the Recolet Suburbs, that he cannot find time for any

in his youth been employed by the North West Company, as the *bully* of their expeditions. His duty was to punish any refractory subordinate by the application of the fist. The *voyageurs* were an ignorant and lawless set of men, engaged by the company to navigate their *batteaux*, and to carry the merchandize which constituted their freight, across the portages. The goods were arranged in sacks containing about ninety pounds each and were transported (or perhaps *toted* would be a more proper word in our latitude) by the *voyageurs* where the navigation failed. Their labors were consequently very severe; and it may readily be believed that few but the most reckless and unworthy characters enlisted in these expeditions. They were generally accompanied and conducted by one or two clerks or partners, who required some strong executive power to keep their followers in due submission. Some trusty individual of uncommon strength and hardihood was selected to perform this duty—and such was the situation held by Piquet. He was successful in his enterprizes, and as I was told amassed considerable wealth. At any rate, I knew him as a legislator. I was once in company with this man, when he related some of his early adventures; particularly one, in which, being necessitated to quell the turbulent spirit of a refractory *voyageur*, he broke the arm of the brawler with one blow of his fist—an achievement of which Monsieur Piquet seemed not a little proud.

VOL. I.—90

other roguery. Now for a stirring adventure you are just the lad—first, because you like it, and secondly, because you have the spirit to go through with it."

"Really you speak of your enterprize in the Hotspur vein, for like him it seems you are about to

—'read me matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.'

But be it what it may, propose to me any reasonable mischief, and *je suis à vous*."

"It is nothing very dangerous in the performance, and the consequences must take care of themselves. I only intend to smash, and that shortly, the bow-window of our friend the barber—to scatter his perfumes about his own head, and give his next door neighbor, the glazier, a job?"

"Is that all? Bless me, how reasonable! Selden himself could not have advised a more rational and moral mode of punishing this impudent barber.—Why, Pertinax, I did not think you capable of a conception so brilliant. As to breaking the window and scattering the perfumery, 'we may do it as secure as sleep'—and for the consequences, I have nothing to say on that subject, because they come *afterwards*; and as Father De Rocher used to tell us, questions must be considered in their proper order: besides, all the wise ones say that *fore-thought* is better than *after-thought*. But independent of these considerations, it would be inconsistent in me, who never yet gave a thought to consequences, to do so now; and some political proser in the *Spectateur*, said the other day that consistency was a jewel."

"Then you enlist in the service."

"Yes, my Hotspur; 'it is a good plot as ever was laid—an excellent plot. My Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action.' So here is my hand. We will take some pains to do that which will cost Timothy Crop many panes to remedy; and if we escape the pains and penalties therefor, all will be well."

"We must rely upon our heels for that. Give me six yards the start, and I defy any barber in the Canadas to overtake me. We must show Master Timothy that we have not played at cricket, or run foot races on the wind-mill common for nothing."

"But what missiles shall we use?—have you thought of that, *Mon Général*?"

"What can be better than these?" said I, taking up a couple of billets of oak from the stove-pan.

"Admirable! And when shall we proceed to business?"

"Now—this very hour—we cannot wish a darker night; and the sooner we carry our design into effect the better."

"Very true, for Shakspeare says, that

'Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.'

We will dream as little upon it as possible."

"*Allons donc!* Take your billets, and let us march."

We sallied forth into the street. It was about nine o'clock, and all was quiet. The light from Crop's window shone brightly in the distance, and invited us to our revenge.

The heavy falls of snow are a serious inconvenience in the narrow streets of Montreal, and the manner in which it is disposed of, gives to them a peculiar appearance. When a storm subsides, the whole town is alive with the business of shovelling the snow from the side-walks into the middle of the street, which in the course of a few weeks after the winter sets in, is elevated several feet above its natural level. On the top of this ridge vehicles of all descriptions are forced to pass, and while guiding a *cariole* along the height, you nod to your pedestrian friends on the side-walks, many feet below you, and peep, if you have any curiosity, into the windows of your neighbor's second story. By gradual packing and freezing, this *high-road* becomes a complete rampart of ice, along which *carioles* and *traineaux* are driven with alarming velocity—to a strange eye presenting the constant prospect of their being hurled down to the side-walk. But such accidents seldom happen. In their own awkward fashion, the Canadian drivers are uncommonly expert, and their hardy little horses are equally so.

We kept the side-walk until we reached the corner of St. Nicholas and St. Paul streets, and here we stopped to confer.

"By the way," said I, "we had better decide upon the manner of running away. Crop is a tall fellow and long in the legs. It will not do for us to keep together. My plan is this—I will dive into the alley, leading up to the city hotel, cross St. Peter's street and get into the Jesuits's grounds.* You had better take to the opposite side-walk, for you will be perfectly safe there, as you may turn the left corner of St. Peter, and skim away towards the *Sœurs Gris*, before Tim can climb to that side of the street. When we have confounded the chase, we will rendezvous in front of the *Petit Seminaire*, in College street. We shall be near the Mansion

* These grounds have since been devoted to public use, and are now intersected by Lemoine, St. Helen, and Recolet streets. They were formerly attached to the religious establishment of the brotherhood, the building of which faced upon Notre Dame street, and were filled with noble elms, all of which have I believe fallen beneath the axe. The accommodations were spacious; but the buildings, with the exception of the Recolet church, which occupies nearly a centre position, had been appropriated to other than monastic uses long before my recollection. During and just after the last war they were used as the barracks of a regiment of British infantry, and at the grated windows which once let in the light upon the ascetic pursuits and rigid ceremonies of these bigoted religionists—soldiers were seen scouring their muskets or whitening their belts. More recently, the southern portion has been occupied as a Young Ladies Seminary, and the northern as the City Watch-house. The buildings had become public property by the operation of some condition relative to the decrease of the numbers of the order. One only was alive in my time; and he was often seen in the streets, wearing a small black skull cap, and a long black robe fastened around his body by a white woollen girdle. The Recolet church is to this day a place of Catholic worship, opened on stated days and uncommon occasions. Whether it has been embellished or altered since I saw it, I know not—but at that time it presented a melancholy appearance of decay and dilapidation. It was remarkable for a rude carving over the entrance representing two hands and arms issuing out of the sea, and crossing each other. The carving was colored most unnaturally, and the waves of the sea resembled a congregation of pewter platters.

House, where we may refresh ourselves with a bottle of Martinant's London particular, and call at Fenella's on our way home."

"I see no objection to your plan, Pertinax, only that your part of it is the most hazardous. If Crop pursues, he will naturally stick to his own side-walk, and you must leap in front of him from the street into the alley."

"Oh, never fear for me—I shall be scudding through the old Jesuits's elms, long before he will find the hole by which I make my escape. Recollect the rendezvous at the College."

Our plan of retreat having been settled, we mounted into the middle of the street, and were in two minutes opposite the devoted shop-window. The lights burned brightly, and at a glance we saw that there was no one within but Crop and a little boy. The window was filled with bottles of *Eau de Cologne*, *Eau de jasmin*, *extrait de bergamotte*, with pots of *pommade extraordinaire*, and the like; and there still hung the offending caricatures. We were elevated some feet above the window, and it presented the finest imaginable mark.

"Now," said Cleaveland, "let us separate a few paces, that we may give our object a raking fire, and do the more execution."

We were just about to proceed to business, when the sharp sound of a horse's hoofs rang upon the ice near the corner of St. Peter's street. We drew back from the glare of the window to allow the horse and his rider to pass—when, as they approached us, we perceived Marryatt, mounted on his shaggy Shetland pony.

"Hey dey," said he, as we made our appearance—"what mischief is in the wind now?"

"Stay a moment," said I, "and see us demolish Crop's bow window."

"Oh ho, is that the project? Well I will witness the crash, as I have especial means of escape. I cannot say as much for you or Cleaveland. Crop will catch one or both of you to a certainty."

"That is our own concern—but he shall have a race for it. Stay where you are Marryatt, and witness the performance."

Cleaveland and I then approached the window, and levelling our billets simultaneously, they fell with unerring aim in the centre of the window, scattering pictures, pomatum and perfumery in every direction. A second billet from each of us completed the work of destruction, and we took to our heels. Cleaveland slipped down to the pavement on the opposite side, and vanished in an instant. I was about ten paces from the alley, (which entered St. Paul street on the same side with the barber's shop,) but before I had cleared that short distance, I was sensible that Crop was in pursuit. From the high ridge of ice on which I stood, to the pavement was at least five feet, and on coming opposite the alley I made a flying leap across the side walk into its entrance. But alas for human hopes!—I had neglected to substitute a pair of shoes for my boots on coming out, and my boot heels were covered with plates of brass, in conformity to a very ridiculous fashion. I cleared the side-walk in gallant style; but I alighted on my heels in a spot covered with the smoothest ice. The consequence was, that my feet flew from under me, and I fell prostrate. But this was not the worst—I struck my knee upon the ice with a force which might have broken a joint of iron. I made an effort to rise,

which was at first ineffectual. The sound of Timothy's feet struck on my ear as he turned the corner. He was within two paces of me, and in a second more would have stumbled over me in the dark. But the idea of being captured gave me sudden vigor, and overcame the pain of my bruised knee. I sprang upon my feet, and bounded away towards the entrance of the City Hotel, turned short to the left, and crossing St. Peter's street by another alley, kept on under the wall of Thatcher's livery stables.

Rapidly as I had taken leave of Timothy, he had not lost sight of me for a second, until I turned the farther corner of the stables. At this point there had been, a few weeks previous, a gap in the enclosure of the Jesuits's grounds, through which I had often passed; and by means of this opening I had intended to lead the chase into those grounds, with all the turnings of which I was well acquainted, and where a number of old elms would serve to cover my retreat.

What was my consternation on reaching the spot, to find that the opening had been closed! I was completely cornered, without means of escape, except by the steep path up which I had come. Along that path I heard the footsteps of my pursuer, as he picked his way in the dark. Not a moment was to be lost, and my determination was instantly taken. I again turned the corner of the stables, and ran down the path with my utmost speed, intending to overthrow Timothy by running against him. As I approached him, he stopped, and seeming to comprehend my object, veered a little from the path, so as to break the force of the shock, and grasped at me with both his hands.

And here but for my boot heels I might have escaped; but again they failed me, I slipped, and Timothy and I were rolling on the ground together—he clutching to hold me fast, and I struggling to get away. By mutual consent we soon rose upon our feet—he still holding on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, upon the collar and breast of my clothing.

I had not lived five years in Montreal without becoming sensible of the value of *science* in the use of the fist, and I had taken a series of rude lessons from an Irish sergeant—Fuller not having then appeared in Canada to teach the 'manly art of self-defence.' The moment that we were on our feet, I attacked Timothy, in hopes that he would loosen his hold in showing fight, and give me another opportunity of escape. But he was a philosopher in his way, and did not regard pugilistic *punishment* so much as the retention of his prisoner. He allowed me therefore to *mill* him without mercy, dodging to avoid my blows, but making no offensive demonstration. I pommelled him severely, and might possibly have broken his hold by my repeated attacks, but for the slippery place on which we stood. Several times I lost my footing and came to the ground. At last yielding to necessity, I relinquished the contest and walked quietly with him to the street, determined when on better ground, to make another effort for liberty.

Instead of returning towards his shop, as I supposed he would have done, he turned up St. Peter's street, and led the way towards Notre Dame. I did not then perceive his object—perhaps I was too much flurried to think of it. We paced along in a very friendly manner, until we reached the corner of St. Sacrament street,

running midway between and parallel with St. Paul's and Notre Dame. Here the snow was firm, and the spot inviting to my purpose, for St. Sacrament offered me a number of places of retreat, where I might have defied the scent of my antagonist.

At this corner therefore I made a halt, and while Timothy was endeavoring to force me forward, I struck him a right handed blow in the face, which made him bound from his feet and brought him down like a shot. But true to his object he still held to my coat with his right hand, and while I was endeavoring to disengage his grasp, he rose again to his feet, and matters assumed their former aspect. Grown desperate by my disappointment, I fell upon Timothy without mercy, hitting right and left whenever I could bring him within the range of my blows—for he avoided many of them by leaping aside. At length a chance blow took effect on his throat and I was momentarily freed from his hold, but I was so weakened by my exertions that I stumbled, and again measured my length on the snow. Before I could recover myself, Timothy had as firm a grasp upon me as ever.

Up to this time, not a syllable had passed the lips of either: but at this juncture, Timothy opened his mouth, and to some purpose, bellowing "Watch!" at the top of his voice. Instantly the rattles were heard at no great distance; and Timothy repeating the call, we were soon surrounded by half a dozen watchmen, with staves, rattles and lanterns.

I saw plainly that the game was up with me, and yielding with a good grace, I followed them in silence. I was much surprised to find that we had turned the left corner of Notre Dame Street, and were entering the decayed gate of a building which was once an appendage of the Recolet Church, and part of the establishment of the decayed brotherhood of Loyola. This building had recently been occupied as a watchhouse; a fact of which I was ignorant, or master Timothy Crop would not have led me so easily into the lion's den.

We entered the building, and found ourselves in a rude barrack-like room, around which were the "guardians of the night," as they are poetically termed, sitting, standing, and lying—eating, drinking, and smoking. They were nearly all Canadians; and in their blue and grey *capots*, with the addition of slouched hats, they might have been taken for a gang of banditti in their cavern.

When the door closed upon us, and not 'till then, Timothy Crop loosened his hold upon my raiment. I turned to look at him, and saw sufficient proof that my blows, although aimed in the dark, had not been made in vain. His visage exhibited various contusions, and streams of *claret* were trickling from his nostrils. But Timothy, to do him justice, was true *game*; and he returned the smile which his pickle brought into my face, with a triumphant expression that raised him much in my estimation.

While we were eyeing each other an inner door opened, and the captain of the watch made his appearance. Timothy gave me in charge, and the man of authority conducted me with all due ceremony into his innermost den, where he invited me to take a seat by the stove, and pointing to a dirty straw pallet in a corner of the room, gave me to understand that upon it I was to spend my first night in a watch-house.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following translations pretend to no other merit than fidelity. The only aim of the translator has been to give as literal a version as the genius of the languages would permit. He has not presumed to blend his own with the pure conception of his author, or to obscure with ornament the inimitable beauty of his chaste, unaffected expression; he regrets that the necessity of a measure has obliged him more than once perhaps, to expand a thought whose concentration he admired:—the sin, however, was involuntary.

Lib. 1. Ode v. Ad Pyrrham.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus in liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? heu! quoties fidem,
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! miseri, quibus
Intenta nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Translation.

What slender youth whom liquid odors lave,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave
Pyrrha?—for whom with care
Bind'st thou thy yellow hair
Plain in thy neatness? Oft alas! shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and sea
Rough with black tempests ire
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous—all gold—
For him still vacant, lovely to behold
Hopes thee: of treacherous breeze
Unmindful. Hapless these
To whom untried thou seemest dazzling fair.
Me Neptune's walls, with tablet vowed, declare
My shipwrecked weeds unwrung
To the sea's potent God to have hung.

Adrianus ad Animulam.

Animula, vagula, blandula;
Hospes, comesque corporis!
Quo nunc abibis in loco
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.

Translation.

Little rambling, coaxing sprite,
Tenant and comrade of this clay,
Into what distant regions say
Pale, naked, cold, wingst thou thy flight?
Nor wilt thou joke as wont in former day.

Lib. 1. Ode xxxv. Ad Fortunam.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:

Te pauper ambit sollicitâ prece
Ruris colonus; te dominam æquoris,
Quicumque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni,
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ahenâ; nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquit.
At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro
Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis
Cum fœce siccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque Rubro.
Eheu! cicatricum et sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque: quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde manum juvenus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? O! utinam novâ
Incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

Translation. To Fortune.

Goddess whose mandate lovely Antium sways,
Prompt at thy will from humblest grade to raise
Weak mortals, or proud triumphs turn
To the sad funeral urn!
Thee the poor rustic sues with anxious prayer:
Thee, Arbitress of Ocean all revere,
Who with Bithynian keel adventurous brave
The rough Carpathian wave.
Thee wandering Scythians, thee the Dacian boor
Cities and nations, Latium fierce adore:
Mothers of barbarous kings grow pale,
Tyrants in purple quail
Lest with insulting foot thou spurn'st their proud,
Unshaken column: lest th' assembled crowd
Laggards to arms, to arms should wake,
And their dominion break.
Ruthless Necessity before thy band
Forever walks: in her resistless hand
Wedges and spikes: the hook severe
And molten lead are near.
Thee Hope attends, and spotless Faith so rare,
Robed in pure white: nor these depart whene'er,
With vestments changed and hostile lower,
Thou leav'st th' abodes of power.
But shrink the faithless herd and perjured queen:
Friends too skulk off, the casks drained dry, unseen:
Too treacherous equally to brook
Adversity's hard yoke.

Guard Cæsar bound 'gainst Britain's distant land,
 Limit of earth—preserve the new-formed band
 Of Youths, by Eastern realms to be
 Feared, and by the Red Sea!
 Alas! I blush for public crimes and rage;
 For brothers too: what have we, hardened age,
 Eschewed? what vice untried disdained?
 When have our youth restrained [spared?
 Their hands through fear of Heav'n? what altars
 Grant to reforge, on anvil new-prepared,
 From civil strife our blunted swords,
 'Gainst Scythian and Arabian hordes!

Lib. 3. Ode III.

Justum, et tenacem propositi virum
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Non vultus instantis tyranni
 Mente qualis solidâ, neque Auster,
 Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
 Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
 Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
 Innixus, arces attigit igneas:
 Quos inter Augustus recumbens
 Purpureo bibit ore nectar.
 Hâc te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
 Vexère tigres, indocili jugum
 Collo trahentes: hâc Quirinus
 Martis equis Acheronta fugit:

Translation.

The upright man tenacious of design,
 Nor civil rage commanding acts malign,
 Nor tyrant's frown,* in fierce career,
 Shakes in his firm resolve with fear:
 Nor Auster, restless Adriæ's stormy king,
 Nor Jove's strong hand upraised the bolt to wing.
 Should Heaven's burst vault sink on his head
 The wreck would strike him undismayed.
 Pollux, and wandering Hercules, sustained
 By arts like these, the starry summits gained,
 Mid whom reclining Cæsar sips
 Rich nectar with empurpled lips;
 Thee, Bacchus, thus deserving virtue's prize
 With yoke on neck indocile to the skies
 Thy tigers bore—thus Rhea's son
 On steeds of Mars 'scaped Acheron.

Lib. 2. Ode xvi. Ad Grosphum.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
 Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
 Candidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
 Sidera nautis;
 Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
 Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
 Grosophe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
 Nale, nec auro.
 Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
 Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
 Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
 Tecta volantes.
 Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum

* Glance would perhaps be more expressive.

Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum;
 Nec leves somnos timor aut Cupido
 Sordidus aufert.
 Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
 Multa? quid terras alio calentes
 Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
 Se quoque fugit?
 Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
 Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
 Ocior cervis, et agente nimbo
 Ocior Euro.
 Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
 Oderit curare, et amara lento
 Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
 Parte beatum.
 Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
 Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:
 Et mihi forsân, tibi quod negârit,
 Porriget hora.
 Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
 Mugiant vaccæ; tibi tollit hinnitum
 Aptâ quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
 Murice tinctæ
 Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, et
 Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ
 Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
 Spernere Vulgus.

Translation. To Grosphus.

For ease, to Heaven the seaman prays,
 Caught in the wide Ægean seas
 When black clouds wrap the sky,
 Nor moon nor well known star to guide
 His barque along the treacherous tide,
 Shines to his practised eye.
 For ease the Thracian fierce in fight
 And Parthian graced with quiver light,
 To Heaven incessant sigh.
 Ease, which nor gold, nor gems can buy,
 Nor robes of Tyria's costly dye.
 For wealth or power can quell
 No wretched tumults of the breast,
 Nor cares, aye fluttering without rest,
 Round sculptured domes, dispel.
 Well does he live in humble state,
 Whose father's salt-stand—his sole plate,
 Shines on his frugal board.
 Nor fears to lose disturb his rest,
 Nor sordid avarice goads his breast
 To gain a useless hoard.
 Why daring aim beyond our span,
 Through distant years at many a plan
 When life so brief we find?
 Why long 'neath other suns to roam?
 What exile from his native home
 Has left himself behind?
 Fell care ascends the brazen poop,
 Nor yet forsakes the horseman's troop,
 Outstrips the stag and wind.
 Pleased with the present—ills beyond,
 The man who loves not to despond,
 To trace will wisely shun:
 And when they come with tempering smile
 The bitter of his cup beguile
 Or sweeten ere 'tis done.

In youth the great Peleides sunk,
 With tardy age Tithonus shrunk,
 For nought is wholly blest.
 So time perhaps extends for me
 The hour he still denies to thee,
 Of choicest gifts possesst.
 Thee—numerous flocks and herds surround,
 Thy neighing coursers paw the ground,
 For princely chariot meet.
 Rich fleeces steeped in murex bright
 Invest thy limbs with purple light
 And flow around thy feet.
 To me content, veracious heaven
 A little farm to till has given
 In independence proud,
 A gentle breath of Grecian muse
 Its airy visions to infuse
 And scorn the envious crowd.

Critical Notices and Literary Intelligence.

Visit to the American Churches, by Doctors Reed and Matheson; 2 vols. New York: Harpers.—This work is excellent in its way—being a fine addition to the already numerous commentaries of the English upon our country. The writers, in the present instance, were delegated, about two years since, by the dissenting churches in Great Britain, to visit the United States, for inquiry into our religious condition and character, and were favorably received by our countrymen. They have shown themselves peculiarly free from unworthy prejudice, and have gleaned, with indefatigable zeal, and surprising accuracy, a mass of secular as well as religious information in relation to the United States. The book consists of six hundred closely printed pages, abounding with acute comment, and replete with valuable statistical details. It has a value, too, particularly its own, as exhibiting the real views of two well-educated English clergymen upon the religious, more especially that upon the political and social aspect of our land. The volumes are well written, and likely to do much good in England as well as in the United States. Our readers will remember Doctor Reed as the author of *No Fiction*, and *Martha*, both of which publications were favorably noticed in a former number of the Messenger.

The Black Watch, by the author of the Dominie's Legacy; 2 vols. E. L. Carey and A. Hart.—This is perhaps the best of all the writings of this author. The *soubriquet* of "The Black Watch" is familiar in the anecdotal annals of our country. We all remember its celebrity at Crown Point, and among the wild doings at Lake George. We should be pleased, did it not interfere too much with our arrangements, to give an extract from this novel in our present number. We must, however, confine ourselves to a general recommendation.

Magpie Castle; 1 vol: by Theodore Hook. E. L. Carey and A. Hart.—This is one of the finest trifles we have had the pleasure of looking into for many years. Hook is a writer more entirely original in his manner of thinking and speaking than many of his literary brethren who possess a greater reputation.

The American Journal of Science and the Arts, by Benjamin Silliman, M. D., L. L. D. &c. Vol. XXVIII—No.

11. *New Haven: Hezekiah Howe & Co.*—We are glad to see that this admirable Journal is no longer in immediate danger of decline. It is the only work of the kind in the United States, and it would be positively disgraceful to let it perish from a want of that patronage which, in the opinion of all proper judges, it so pre-eminently deserves. We perceive a suggestion in the New York American on this subject—an appeal to the lovers of sound knowledge, calling upon them for their aid in behalf of the Journal, and urging them not to let slip any opportunity of speaking a word in its favor. To this appeal we take pleasure in cordially responding. We positively can call to mind, at this moment, *no work whatever*, more richly deserving of support; and it *must* be supported, if only for the justice of the thing—it *will* be supported, we believe, for the credit of the country. The present number, among many well written articles of pure science, contains not a few of universal and practical interest to the people. We beg leave also to call the attention of our readers to the very interesting paper entitled "An Ascent to the summit of the Popocatepetl, the highest point of the Mexican Andes, eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea." We have been nearly tempted to extract the entire article.

The Manual of Phrenology; 1 vol. 350 pp. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. This is a summary of Dr. Gall's system, and a translation from the fourth Paris edition. We might as well make up our minds to listen patiently.

Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobuca and Batalha, by Beckford, the author of Vathek, have been recently published in London. We have had occasion before to speak of the author of Vathek, and, without having seen this his last production, we have taken up an idea that it must bear a family resemblance to that heterogeneous, tumid, and blasphemous piece of *Easternism*, by which Mr. Beckford has acquired so much notoriety. We hope not, however, for the writer's sake, who is undoubtedly a man of genius and fine imagination. However this matter may eventuate—whether we prove to be true prophets, or false—one thing is certain: the work of which we are now speaking, as indeed any book whatever from the same pen, will be read with eagerness; and this for no better reason which we can discover, than that the world have habituated themselves to mix up in their fancy the mind and writings with the former fine house and furniture of Mr. Beckford—the gorgeous nonsense of Vathek, with the vast and absolute magnificence of the Abbey of Fonthill. We predict for the book a rapid sale in this country. The notices which we have seen merely speak of it as a charming specimen of a book made up from nothing at all. It is said, however, to give a faithful picture of monastic life, and a sprightly view of Portugal in 1794.

P. S. It appears that we have not been altogether mistaken in our pre-supposition touching this book. The *Recollections* consist of little more than a glowing description of monastic epicurism and *gourmandise*.

The Wife and Woman's Reward, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, editress of the London Court Journal, has been republished by the Harpers. We have merely glanced at the book, and can therefore say very little about it. Mrs. Norton's name however is high authori-

ty. She has written some of the most touching verses in the language, imbued with poetry and passion: and since we saw her lately at breakfast in Frazer's Magazine, we have fallen positively in love with her, and intend to look with a favorable eye upon each and all of her future productions.

The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde; 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers.—This novel is from the pen of Mr. Herbert of New York, one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine. Detached chapters of it have appeared from time to time in that journal, and gave indication of the glowing talent which is now so apparent in the entire work. As an historical novel, in excellent keeping, written with great fluency and richness of diction, we know of (nothing?) from the American press possessing higher claims than *The Brothers* of Mr. Herbert.

Letters to Young Ladies; by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. W. Watson of Hartford, has just published a second edition of this little volume. It contains 200 pages, and consists of twelve letters on subjects appertaining to the female character. Mrs. Sigourney blends a strong and commanding good sense, with the loftier qualities of the poet. She has written nothing which is not, in its particular way, excellent.

Hilliard, Gray & Co. have just published *The Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scriptural and Modern Geographical Names*, by J. E. Worcester; 1 vol. 12 mo. Also—*An Elementary Dictionary for Common Schools, &c. &c.*; by the same. The latter of these two works is merely a condensation of the former; and is in so much to be preferred, as it omits references and authority—giving, in cases of doubt, what is deemed upon the whole the proper pronunciation. The Comprehensive Dictionary was first published in 1830. Several editions have been since printed. It contains 6000 words more than Walker.

Matsells, of Chatham, New York, has published *A Few Days in Athens, being a translation of a Greek M.S. discovered in Herculeum*; by Frances Wright.—We have been sadly puzzled what idea to attach to this very odd annunciation—the book itself we have not yet been able to obtain. What it is, and what it is not, must deeply concern every lover of Fanny Wright, pure Greek, and perfect independence.

We perceive that J. N. Reynolds' Voyage of the United States' Frigate Potomac—Dr. Bird's Infidel—Tocqueville's Democracy in America—Professor Longfellow's Outre-Mer—and John P. Kennedy's Horse-Shoe Robinson—all of which we noticed favorably in the Messenger—are highly praised in the London Literary Gazette. Outre-Mer sells in that city for nearly \$5—Horse-Shoe Robinson, and the Infidel, for \$6 50 each.

A superb work has appeared in Paris—*Descriptions of the French Possessions in India*, viz: Views of the Coromandel and Madras Coasts—Sketches of the Temples, Gods, Costumes, &c. of the inhabitants of French India. The book is richly ornamented with lithographic plates of exquisite finish, and altogether the publication is worthy of the government under whose direction it has been gotten up.

The July number of the London New Monthly Magazine contains a portrait of Mrs. Hemans (from the

bust by Angus Kecher,) engraved on steel by Thompson. This is the only likeness of Mrs. Hemans ever published. There is also an article by Willis entitled *The Gipsy of Sardis*. Since the secession of Campbell in 1831, Samuel Carter Hall has edited the New Monthly—the editorship of Bulwer only enduring for a short interval.

Robert Gilfillan, of Edinburgh, the Scottish lyrical writer, has published a second edition of his songs. Some of them are said to be of surpassing beauty.

Mr. Hoskins' *Travels in Ethiopia above the Second Cataract of the Nile*, are very highly spoken of. The work is a large quarto; and the expense of getting it up has been so great, as to leave its author no chance of remuneration. It contains ninety illustrations, by a Neapolitan artist of great eminence. The risk attending the publication of so valuable a book, will operate to deter any American bookseller from attempting it.

The new number of Lardner's Cyclopædia is *A History of Greece*, vol. 1, by the Rev. C. Thirwall, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. There will be three volumes of it. Alas, for our old and valued friend, Oliver Goldsmith! The book is said to be faithful—but very stupid.

Anecdotes of Washington, illustrative of his patriotism and courage, piety and benevolence, is the title of one of the last of the "Books for the Young." It is a Scottish publication.

Sir James Mackintosh has just issued *A View of the Reign of James II, from his accession to the enterprize of the Prince of Orange. The History of the Revolution in England in 1688*, a late work by the same author, sold for three guineas: it was reprinted by the Harpers. The present book is said to be nothing more than a part of the former work in a new dress.

The Honorable Arthur Trevor has issued a volume of *The Life and Times of William III, King of England, and Stadtholder of Holland*.

Irving's *Crayon Sketches, Parts I and II*, have been reprinted in Paris by Galignani. Fanny Kemble has been also reprinted there.

Captain Ross, the hero of the North Pole, is losing ground in public favor. Singular discrepancies are said to have been discovered in his last volume, between his map and his text.

Sketches of American Literature, by Flint, are in course of publication in the London Athenæum. They are not very highly spoken of—being called abstruse and dull.

The finest edition ever yet published of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, is that of Sir Egerton Brydges, of which the first volume is already issued. It contains the first six books—an engraving from Romney's picture "Milton Dictating to his Daughter," and a fine vignette, "The Expulsion," by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. The edition will be completed in six vols.

The Right Hon. J. P. Courtney has in press "*Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple*."

James, the author of *Darnley*, has completed the *Life of Edward the Black Prince*.

Lady Dacre, who wrote the *Tales of a Chaperon*, has published *Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry*. The work is ostensibly edited by Lady Dacre, but there can be no

doubt of her having written it. Every lover of fine writing must remember the story of *Ellen Wareham* in the *Tales of a Chaperon*. Positively we have never seen any thing of the kind more painfully interesting, with the single exception of the *Bride of Lammermuir*. The *Tales* in the present volumes are *The Countess of Nithsdale*, *The Hampshire Cottage*, and *Blanche*.

Willis' *Pencillings by the Way* are regularly republished in the *Liverpool Journal*.

The *Canzoniere of Dante* has been translated by C. Lyell with absolute fidelity, and of course with correspondent awkwardness.

Barry Cornwall's *Life of Edmund Kean* is severely handled in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July.

The seventh *Bridgewater Treatise* has appeared in two volumes. It is by the Rev. W. Kirby, the naturalist, and treats of *The History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals*. The article on the *Bridgewater Treatises* in the *London Quarterly* (we believe,) is one of the most admirable essays ever penned—we allude to the paper entitled *The Universe and its Author*.

A second edition of *Social Evils*, by Mrs. Sherwood, has appeared. Mrs. S. is now well advanced in years.

A political novel is also in press—*Mephistopheles in England, or the Confessions of a Prime Minister*.

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, is in preparation by Lister, author of *Granby*.

Joanna Baillie is about to issue three new volumes of *Dramas on the Passions*. She is, in our opinion, the first literary lady in England.

The *London Quarterly Review* is especially severe on Fanny Kemble's *Journal*—while an article on the same subject in the last *New England Review* is as particularly lenient. The paper in the *Quarterly* is from the pen of Lockhart.

Dr. Bird is preparing for the press a new novel under the name of *The Hawks of Hawk's Hollow*. The adventures of a band of refugees, who during the revolutionary war infested the banks of the Delaware, will form the groundwork of the story.

Halleck's Poems are in press, and will speedily be published. This announcement has been received with universal pleasure. As a writer of light, airy and graceful things, Halleck is inimitable.

Mr. Simms, author of the *Yemassee*, has in preparation a novel founded upon incidents in the war of the revolution in South Carolina. He will thus find himself at issue with Mr. Kennedy in *Horse-Shoe Robinson*. De Kalb, Marion, Gates, and a host of other worthies will figure in the pages of Mr. Simms.

We are looking for *The Gift* with great anxiety. This annual will have few, perhaps no rivals any where. Its embellishments are of the very highest order of excellence; and a galaxy of talent has been enlisted in its behalf. It is edited by Miss Leslie, and will be issued from the press of Carey and Lea early in September.

In conclusion. Charles Kemble is reported to have said that Fanny's is, beyond doubt, the best and truest book ever published, with the exception of *Byron* and the *Bible*.

To Readers and Correspondents.

It has been our custom, hitherto, to offer some few *Editorial Remarks* explanatory, complimentary, or other-

wise, upon each individual article in every *Messenger*. For this we had many reasons which it will be unnecessary to mention in detail. But although, in the infancy of our journal, such a course might have seemed to us expedient, we are now under no obligation to continue it. We shall therefore, for the future, suffer our various articles to speak for themselves, and depend upon their intrinsic merit for support.

In our next will appear No. VIII of the *Tripoline Sketches*: No. III of the *Autobiography of Pertinax Placid*: and many other papers which we have been forced for the present to exclude. Many poetical favors are under consideration.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity again to solicit contributions, especially from our Southern acquaintances. While we shall endeavor to render the *Messenger* acceptable to all, it is more particularly our desire to give it as much as possible a *Southern* character and aspect, and to identify its interests and associations with those of the region in which it has taken root.

As one or two of the criticisms in relation to the *Tales* of our contributor, Mr. Poe, have been directly at variance with those generally expressed, we take the liberty of inserting here an extract from a letter (signed by three gentlemen of the highest standing in literary matters) which we find in the *Baltimore Visiter*. This paper having offered a premium for the best *Prose Tale*, and also one for the best *Poem*—both these premiums were awarded by the committee to Mr. Poe. The award was, however, subsequently altered, so as to exclude Mr. P. from the second premium, in consideration of his having obtained the higher one. Here follows the extract.

"Among the prose articles offered were many of various and distinguished merit; but the singular force and beauty of those sent by the author of the *Tales of the Folio Club*, leave us no room for hesitation in that department. We have accordingly awarded the premium to a Tale entitled *MS. found in a Bottle*. It would hardly be doing justice to the writer of this collection to say that the Tale we have chosen is the best of the six offered by him. We cannot refrain from saying that the author owes it to his own reputation, as well as to the gratification of the community, to publish the entire volume, (the *Tales of the Folio Club*.) These *Tales* are eminently distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and poetical imagination—a rich style—a fertile invention—and varied and curious learning.

(Signed)

JOHN P. KENNEDY,
J. H. B. LATROBE,
JAMES H. MILLER."

We presume this letter must set the question at rest. *Lionizing* is one of the *Tales* here spoken of—The *Visionary* is another. The *Tales of the Folio Club* are sixteen in all, and we believe it is the author's intention to publish them in the autumn. When such men as Miller, Latrobe, Kennedy, Tucker, and Paulding speak unanimously of any literary productions in terms of exalted commendation, it is nearly unnecessary to say that we are willing to abide by their decision.

In every publication like ours, a brief sentence or paragraph is often wanted for the filling out a column, and in such cases it is customary to resort to selection. We think it as well, therefore, to mention that, in all similar instances, we shall make use of *original* matter.